VOL. XXXII TORONTO SEPTEMBER 1919 No. IX

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"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"



SEPTEMBER
1919

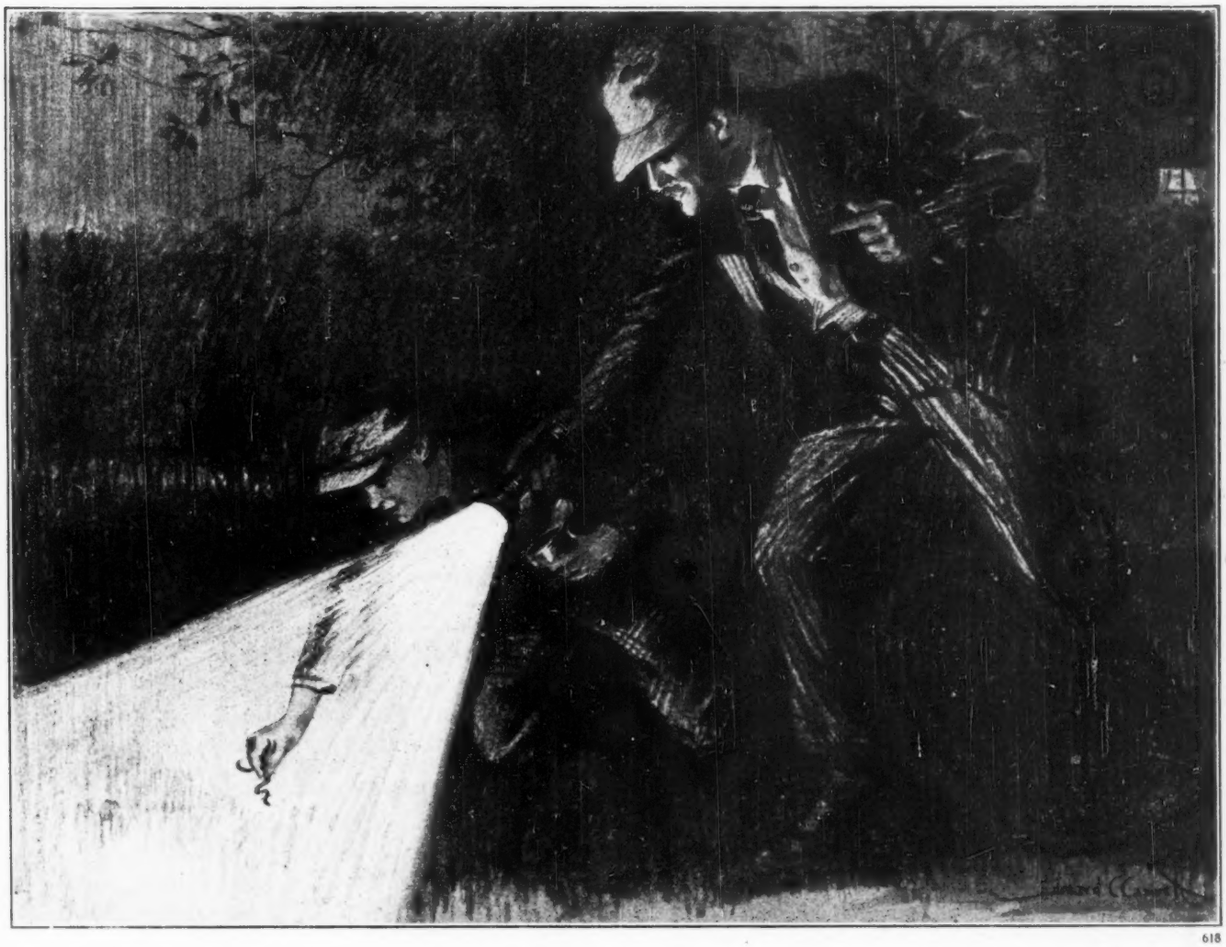
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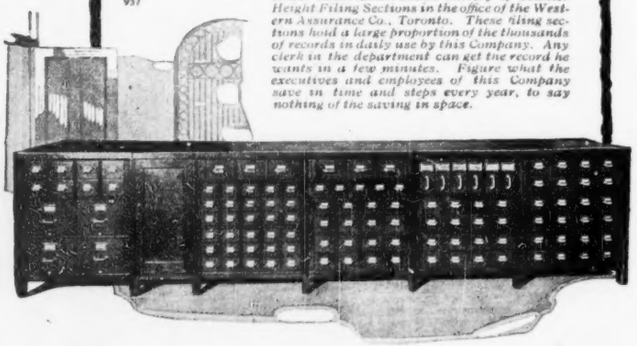
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"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

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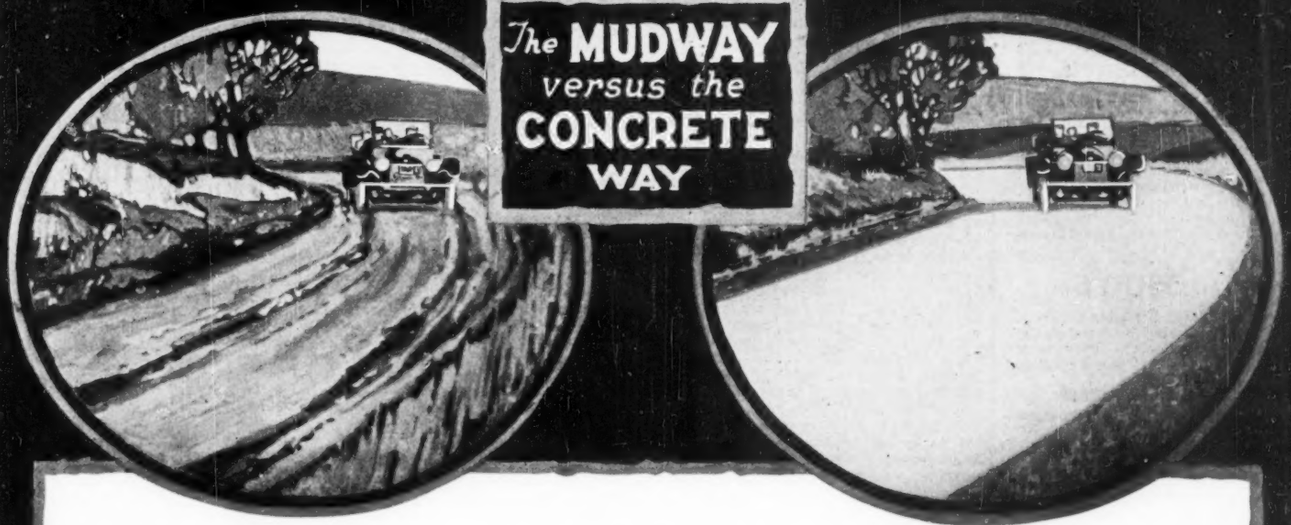
The girl on the cover is Miss Dorothy Dalton.

Subscription Price, $2.00 a year, 20c a copy.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
143-153 University Avenue, TORONTO, CANADA
LONDON, ENG., THE MACLEAN COMPANY, OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD., 88 FLEET STREET, E.C.

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, Southam Building, 128 Bleury Street; Winnipeg, 1165 Union Trust Building; New York, Room 626, 111 Broadway; Chicago, 211 Peoples Gas Building; Vancouver, 39 Tenth Ave. West; Boston, 734 Old South Building.

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa. Entered as second-class matter, March 28, 1911, at the Post Office at Buffalo, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Members of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.



THESE two illustrations show more clearly than words can tell the **reason** for Concrete Highways.

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The concrete road reduces the strain on horses. It reduces wear on wagons and harness. Where motor trucks are used it lessens tire and fuel expense. It puts the farmer in a state of preparedness to reach markets quickly when prices are best, so he can get home with more cash than he could if at the mercy of a once-in-a-while-passable road. It adds to the acreage value of a farm because it increases its earning possibilities.

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The BUSINESS OUTLOOK

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Save and Produce

CANADIAN industries appear to be weathering the disturbing elements, which are world-wide in their scope, as quietly, smoothly, and with as much hope for continued prosperity, as any other nation. But, more and more, people of all ranks are coming to realize the truth of the statement made by the late Minister of Finance—that continued prosperity will depend upon thrift and greater production. Artificial methods for lowering the cost of living may give temporary relief, but it is generally conceded that neither embargoes, nor commissions, nor probes, nor prosecutions can do more than give a certain alleviation—for which Mr. Common Citizen will render fervent thanks!

Western Crops

The farmers in a large portion of Alberta and Southern and Western Saskatchewan voice the belief that the rain came too late to do much good. The drouth will cut millions upon millions of bushels off the bumper crop which the West hoped to harvest. But Northern Saskatchewan and Manitoba, in the main, will have good crops, as will Ontario. Black rust is reported in Manitoba, and the latest report for this province gives a total of 45,000,000 bushels, about fifteen bushels per acre.

The West—in particular—is very skeptical of the value of the new Grain Board, and many protests have been received, inveighing against the Government for the method of handling this year's crop. Though the farmers will get whatever profits are made in excess of the minimum price, yet they feel that until late in 1920 is a long time to wait; it also has been suggested that the staff necessary to keep track of each farmer's ultimate share—and the consequent cost—may reach amazing proportions.

The Labor Question

Labor troubles seem to be side-stepping Canada just at present. C. H. Cahan, K.C., recently Director of Public Safety, in an article in this issue of MACLEAN'S, asserts that we are not yet "out of the woods." Instead of a surplus of labor on the market—as was widely prophesied when the troops commenced to return—there is actually a shortage, at least in unskilled labor. The supply of unskilled labor is being steadily drained out of the country by emigration, thousands monthly booking passages for Europe, most of them with a nice, fat roll—figuratively or actually—in their sock or belt. At present the great bulk of Canadians returned from overseas have not spent the last of their gratuities; when they have there may be more hungry workers seeking work.

The Taxable Bonds

The announcement that the next Victory Bonds will be taxable has had the expected result, and sent the previous issues up, in some instances the increase being as much as two points. As the time for the next issue approaches, brokers prophesy that this will reach four or five points, at least. Just what effect the new issue will have upon industrials and municipals is problematical, but the market seems to be able to absorb any amount yet offered.

The steel market is yet uncertain, but it is expected that steel will be higher, before this issue of MACLEAN'S is in the reader's hands. Steel plate mills are operating at 75 per cent. capacity, which means that they have reached practically the peak. The automobile industry is responsible for a large part of the buying. The possibility of labor troubles makes the business somewhat unsteady; while there are plenty of machinists available now, the fact that in many places moulders are on strike makes it impossible for the machine shops to be fully engaged.

"That Man O'Connor"

The great buying public of the Dominion is watching with interest the actions of Dr. McFall, Cost of Living Commissioner, and the first signs of activity of the new Board of Commons. The man-on-the-street is expressing satisfaction of the appointment to the board of "that man O'Connor," as it is felt that he has the genuine interests of the consumer at heart. The manufacturer is blamed, the Retail Merchants' Association is attacked, the wholesaler is maligned, and the farmer is called a profiteer, but business goes right on merrily, and the wheels of industry are revolving in Canada with a hum not one whit less "hummy" than those of any other nation. The pessimists gained no hold here; the trouble-makers are not giving much visible trouble; and the outlook is decidedly encouraging.



Round and Round!

J. W. McCannell, who was Montreal Island Victory Loan Campaign chairman last year, is absent in England, and E. W. Beatty, K.C., president of the C.P.R., is likely to act.

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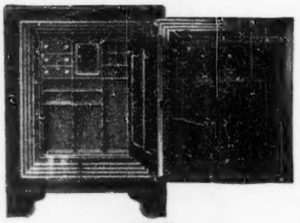
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The INVESTMENT SITUATION

By H. H. BLACK, Montreal Editor *The Financial Post*

Protection to Investors

THE case of the Ontario Oil Company, whose striking confession of helplessness to relieve its investors was presented in last issue, calls for further comment. The company, which, it will be recalled, gathered in investors' money without having a paying proposition to offer them, is occupying the double position of the Repentant Prodigal and Mr. Micawber. The investors are in much the same position, with no evidence, however, of any preparations for the serving of the Fatted Calf.

This instance is a common one, and brings up again the question of some form of Government inspection that is really efficient and protective for the public. The failure of three banks some years ago drew protests against inadequate inspection, as it was charged. The failure of two loan companies—each due to plunging heavily in an enterprise that failed to make good—has served to emphasize once again the inadequacy of Government inspection, and a tightening up process undoubtedly will result. But the oil company was an enterprise that, unlike the others, could not justify its appeal for public investment even from the outset. It was, like so many more, a pure gamble, extreme in its speculative character. It was granted incorporation by a Government, licensed to offer stock to the public and take its money. There is in most quarters a disposition to let the public fend for itself in such cases, take its chance and win or lose. It is said that the state cannot take the responsibility of pronouncing judgment on the chances of any new enterprise making good or failing; that any such assumption would savor too much of paternalism, and the abrogation of the right of the individual to lose his savings as well as win ten—or a hundredfold by taking a long chance. It is held, too, that no Government could venture to "guarantee" the outcome of any private enterprise, so much depends on the management thereof, and a score of other contingent conditions; and, moreover, that any "guarantee" would imply an insurance against loss in the event of a failure.

While all this is true, Governments here and elsewhere have been far too lax in giving official sanction to all sorts of wild ventures to prey upon the public, and I venture to predict that our present tendency to overhaul practically every item in the world that the war has left us, will result in an effective movement that will compel our chartering bodies to refuse incorporation for purposes of stock selling to joint stock concerns until they have produced evidence that their claims have some substantial foundation. Even when the state has done the best it can, speculative instincts will have lots to play upon.

Common Stock and Water

Some apprehension has been felt among investors at the persistent attacks that are being made in some quarters against "common" stocks of many corporations on the ground that they are watered; that they represent only fictitious values, and should be disregarded in any regulations that would seek to limit profits and fix taxation. Undoubtedly if such views were accepted the market value of many stocks would depreciate, but the flare-up in this direction at Ottawa would appear to be at most a sort of political spasm. It was significant that when the High Cost of Living Committee brought in its final report that those members who had been in the limelight in sensational and grossly unfair comments, had little to do with the findings of the committee.

At the same time there is a widespread misapprehension among the public as to just what part in industrial development common stock plays. We do not believe the representative industrial concerns in Canada could do a better service to investors in their securities, whether it be bonds, preferred stock, or the much maligned common stock, than to make clear to the public the necessity for the issue of a large portion of this stock at a low figure at the outset, or the giving of it in "bonus" form. For years, in most cases, the holders of this stock have something they cannot sell, it has no market value; its future value depends entirely on the growth and success of the industry, and this future value is the only inducement that particular industry holds out to investors, who at the best receive only an average return in bonds and preferred stock.

Fluctuations

After a rather prolonged upward movement in the stock market, a sagging tendency accentuated by the usual summer weakness developed, and occasioned, once again, a lack of confidence in many circles. But, as has been pointed out before on several occasions, the average industrial security, intrinsically, is on a much sounder basis than before the war. In support of this view, Royal Securities Corporation have worked out a comparison of the net working capital of ten leading industries between 1913-14 and 1918-19. This list includes pulp and paper, steel, textile, cement and milling concerns, the net working capital representing the excess of current assets over current liabilities. The total five years ago was $18,426,249; the total to-day, according to latest available figures, is $71,339,564, an increase of $52,913,315. Estimating the improvement covering industrial companies of the Dominion as a whole at $100,000,000 the company in "Investment Items" declares: "We regard the attainment by our leading industrial corporations of the exceedingly liquid condition revealed in the above figures as one of the most outstanding war-achievements of Canadian industry and the strongest possible indication of the present and future value behind Canadian industrial securities."

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Industrial Congress at Calgary

THE Industrial Congress held in Calgary during August will pay particular attention to the West's need for industrial development. A despatch to *The Financial Post* says:

That the West has reached a turning point, the most important in its history, is the idea that dominates all discussion at the Industrial Congress now in progress here. If the West is to develop and grow it cannot continue to devote itself exclusively to the production of raw materials and the raising of agricultural products. It must turn to manufacturing activity and develop along industrial lines. The situation has been very forcibly presented by a number of prominent speakers, including Col. J. S. Dennis of the C.P.R. Colonization and Development Department; R. T. Riley, vice-president of the Union Bank of Canada; Capt. Robert Dollar, the famous American shipping magnate; and by many specialists, who have touched upon the tremendous potentialities of the West from various angles. It was shown that the West has the raw materials, and the power, and that now, perhaps, for the first time, the surplus labor, in fact, everything that is required for manufacturing purposes.

A note of warning was sounded by R. T. Riley, who recalled the fact that at one time nearly all the young men in the East migrated to the United States because Canada was developing too slowly to provide employment for them. If the West did not stir itself and provide the kind of employment that extensive industrial development offers, the day would come soon when the young men would begin to leave the West.

Straight Advice for Canada

A feature of the convention was a straightforward and pointed address by Capt. Dollar, who is an old man, but still filled with the spirit of unconquerable youth. His talk bristled with his experiences of over half a century on the sea. Capt. Dollar, by the way, is the original of Peter B. Kynes' "Cappy Ricks," one of the most entertaining characters of modern fiction. He concluded his address by giving Canada in general, and the West in particular, some straight advice. "Canada must have ships," he declared. "More than ever in the future is commercial prosperity going to depend on the mercantile marine, and if Canadian trade is to grow, you must be in a position to do your own carrying." He continued with a strong appeal for more manufacturing enterprise. "My ships are continually plying in and out of Vancouver, but only one-tenth of what they bring in stays in Canada," he said. "The balance goes to Seattle and Chicago and Detroit, and later finds its way back across the line to Canada, in the form of manufactured goods. Wake up, you Canadians. You should be ready to take that raw material and turn it into the finished product for your own use, instead of paying all those profits to your competitors across the line."

Will Achieve Results

This congress is the first shot in a campaign that promises to achieve very definite results, although it is concerned only with the development of Alberta. The movement thus inaugurated has a broader significance and will include the whole of the West in its scope. Already similar movements are under way in Manitoba and British Columbia, and *The Financial Post* understands that the Dominion Government will appoint a commission to foster the industrial growth of the West. It is not anticipated that the present congress will bring immediate results in the way of new industries, but a definite start has been made toward wakening the West up to its own possibilities, and in interesting manufacturing capital in the Canadian East and the United States. A number of the influential delegates, both Canadian and American, tell *The Financial Post* that they have been favorably impressed with the possibilities of extensive industrial development. They admit frankly that for the most part they had been more or less skeptical before.

The American visitors are keenly interested in labor developments in this country, and the address of Senator Robertson, Minister of Labor, on Wednesday created wide discussion. Senator Robertson's charge that the labor troubles were the result of influences that aimed at the destruction of all relationship with capital and the sweeping away of all forms of Government, was the most sensational feature of the congress. He confirmed the exclusive information on that score that has been appearing in *The Financial Post* and MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE.

More Production Says Sir William

"THE only remedy for the adverse exchange situation is more production," said Sir Wm. Mackenzie recently after returning from a five weeks' trip in the Old Country. His trip was purely in connection with private business, which he did not care to discuss. Referring to the adverse exchange situation which now prevails in this country he said Canada is buying too much from the United States. Home production in all lines of manufacture is the only cure. More goods should be bought in the Old Country, where the balance of trade is favorable to Canada, but as was pointed out, the difficulty of securing goods in the Old Land operates against such a course. The value of the pound has also declined because of England's necessity to import more than she can export. The same conditions apply to France, and until production in all these countries is raised to normal again, the rate of exchange is bound to be adverse.

Manufacturers in the Old Country are gradually getting back to normal, but this cannot be accomplished in a short time, Sir William intimated. He believed that more progress would have been made had the peace terms been consummated earlier than they they were. Much of the labor unrest and disquiet in industrial circles might have been avoided. The high cost of labor helps to maintain the high cost of living, and an over-production is the only solution for present troubles.

Asked as to the available capital in the Old Country for investment, Sir William stated that there seemed to be plenty of money looking for profitable security. A good many industrial flotations recently in the Old Land have been readily subscribed, and financial activities are extremely brisk. As to the outlook for English capital seeking Canadian enterprise, Sir William stated that the shrinkage in the value of the Canadian dollar would discourage activity in this way, and again the fact that the ban has to be lifted on the war-time measure prohibiting the sending of English capital out of the country, was also against any general movement in this direction. However, he believed that with conditions normally readjusted, there would be again plenty of English money floated in this country.

Who is the Profiteer?

Speaking of the difficulty in locating the profiteer, *The Financial Post* points out that the biggest sugar producing company in the United States, the Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation, last year made a profit of only 35-100ths of a cent a pound.

Swift & Co. the meat packers report a profit of about two cents on every dollar of sales, this being equivalent to half a cent a pound on the meat distributed.

The Central Leather Co. show a profit for 1918 equal only to 6-8 per cent. of the gross turnover.



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?

Business this Fall?

WITH opinions of leaders widely apart, some saying business will boom while others fear Bolshevism or Europe's bankruptcy, the *only* basis of judgment for us is *facts, figures, vital statistics.*

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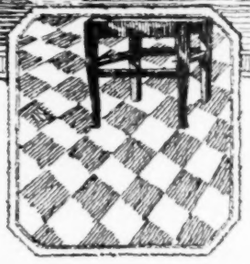


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How many feet pass up your front stairs in a life time? Or even in a year!

How many footsteps of friends, relatives and visitors, pass through your front hall in the same period! The total number is almost beyond belief. And yet, in the well-kept home, the countless feet never touch the floor. If the stairs and floors are kept protected, these feet **walk on paint or varnish.** They cannot touch the wood; the wood cannot wear.

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14

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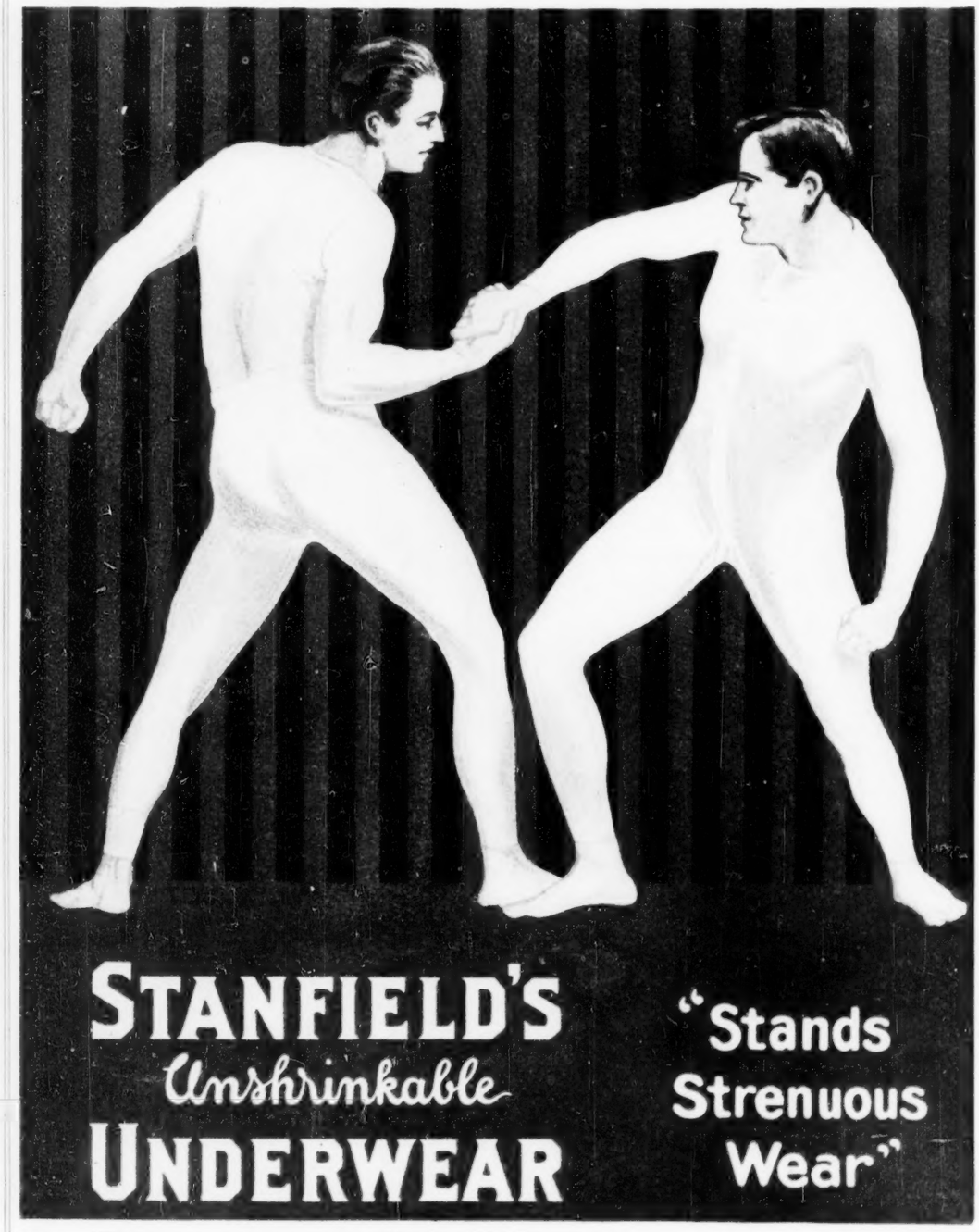
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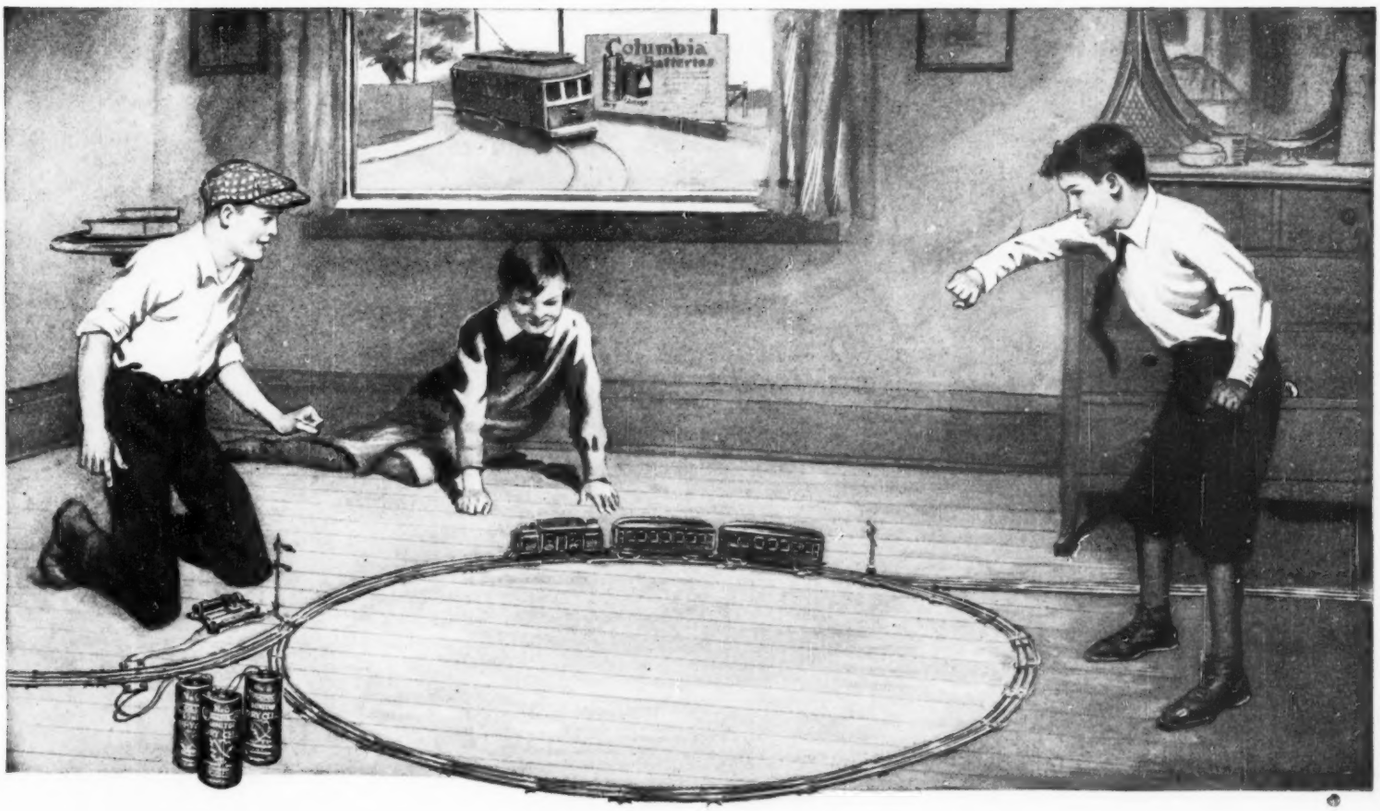
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How to remove skin blemishes—Use the successful Woodbury treatment described on this page.

You can rid your skin of blackheads—Read about the famous Woodbury treatment given on this page.

Three famous skin treatments

DO you know what causes an oily skin? A shiny nose? Blackheads? Skin blemishes?

You ought to know these things! Unless you understand what is keeping your skin from having the fine texture and healthful coloring that nature intended, you cannot have the clear, soft skin you long for.

Examine your skin carefully. Find out just what is the matter with it. Then, in the famous Woodbury booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," study the causes of your trouble and learn the special Woodbury treatment that will correct the condition of your skin, and make it soft and clear. You will find this little booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Your skin is changing every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. The proper Woodbury treatment, persistently used, will give your skin the smoothness and clearness you wish it to have.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury's is on sale everywhere. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

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Oily skin and shiny nose
How to correct them

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit, and before long you will see a marked improvement.

MADE IN CANADA

Skin blemishes—*how to get rid of them*

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and clear your skin.

Blackheads—*how to keep your skin free from them*

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a lump of ice.

Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold. Dry the skin carefully. Make this a daily habit and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the use of Woodbury's brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash cloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. COSTAIN, *Editor* J. VERNON MCKENZIE, *Associate Editor*

Volume XXXII. Toronto, September, 1919 Number 9



King of Roumania.

KLONDYKE BOYLE

The Canadian Who Saved Roumania and Bullied the Bolsheviks

By ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER

Who wrote "Mr. Craighouse of New York, Satirist," "The Man Who Scoffed," etc.

SOME time ago Punch published a drawing of an inebriated gentleman in a hotel surveying a huge fish enclosed in a glass case. "The man that caught tha' fish," the i.g. was saying after deep thought, "is (hic) a liar."

In writing of Joe Boyle, otherwise known as "Klondyke" Boyle; since the war Lt.-Col. Boyle wearing the Stanislaus, 4th class; the Vladimir, 4th class; the Order of Queen Anne with swords (all Russian Decorations); the Order of the Crown of Roumania, the Star of Roumania and Grand Cross, and the Regina Maria, 1st class; a gentleman listed in the Roumanian Peerage as the Duke of Jassy . . . my only worry is in wondering how much of the truth I can write before the readers of MACLEAN'S charge me with prevarication.

As a matter of fact, his career is more extraordinary than any ever conceived by the vigorous pen of Jack London; with all his adroit genius for creating heroes of Romance, Dumas never pictured a more engaging figure than this Canadian. In London, Petrograd and Paris, "Klondyke" Boyle is known as one of the world's First Gentlemen of Adventure.

Without the least exaggeration, it can be said of this native of Ontario, that he juggled statesmen, diplomats and generals as other men play with dice. In the serio-comic tragedy of Bolshevism he wandered on and off the stage at will, directing and changing the course of events by sheer force of a personality that could be felt even through the medium of an interpreter.

He is a man who has lived in the open, and has assimilated something of the vastness of Nature's broad expanse. When I met him in the Ritz in London, surrounded by Roumanian Staff Officers, there was still an air of the North about his thick-set figure with its powerful face and shaggy, light-brown hair. He does not talk glibly; therefore when he speaks, one listens.

"Colonel Boyle," said the Queen of Roumania, when she visited London, "is Roumania's friend. Our country owes him a debt we never can repay."

So much for so much . . . this is the true story of the exploits of Klondyke Boyle.

His Start for the Klondyke

BOYLE was born in Woodstock, Ontario, the son of an Irishman who had settled in Canada many years ago. He is related to the Earl of Cork, and Lady Doreen Long, and is devoted to the Empire—although possessed of his race's natural love for "alarums and excursions."

His first bid for fame was to start for the Klondyke in 1897 as manager for a heavy-weight prize fighter. Unfortunately for the completeness of this narrative, the name of the pugilist is unknown, but it can be assumed that he was knocked out, either by an opponent or adversity, for his manager appears to have left him shortly after their arrival. At any rate it was not in the nature of things that Boyle should remain a fighter's Boswell . . . one could as readily conceive Lord Beaverbrook devoting his life to chronicling the activities of Ramsay MacDonald.

In the rush of '98, Boyle staked an eight-mile claim, subsequently selling it for a large sum. Now if this were fiction, the story would end there—any author knows that when his hero makes a million in the Klondyke, his story is over. Give him a pretty wife, describe a sunset—and voila! *C'est finis.*

Not so this adventurer of the North. Having achieved money, he started out to see what life held for him. He became heavily interested in railroads, in dredging, and invested money in various enterprises of Dawson City. In a short time he had ceased to be an individual and had become one of the Yukon's sights of Interest. It is not easy to dominate a mining country, for the lure of gold draws men of jaw and character . . . but Boyle had both, and imagination besides. By common consent he was given the sobriquet of "Klondyke" Boyle, and by that name his fame began to spread from Vancouver to New York. Probably the only place that hadn't heard of him as "Klondyke King" was Woodstock, Ontario.

When the war broke out, Boyle gathered together two hundred choice spirits, called them "The Yukon Pack Company," took them to England at his own expense and offered them to the British Government. Afterwards, as part of the Yukon Machine Gun Battery, they did gallant work in France.

Some day, it is to be hoped, the full history of that little band will be written. It recalls the old times described in Conan Doyle's "White Company" when English Knights used to raise bands of men and, crossing the channel, waged chivalrous warfare upon the French with much glory to themselves and their ladies' eyebrows.

But there is one difference—adventurous spirits as they were, the Yukon men went for a great cause and tonight, in the wind-swept fields of Flanders many of them are at rest. Is there any one whose imagination is so dead that there is not something gripping in the thought of those men of the North who had once wrestled with the Earth for her riches. . . . Now lying asleep in her forgiving bosom?

Taking Charge of Some Russian Affairs

POSSIBLY if Boyle had gone to France he would never have been heard of again, but the Military Authorities, in one of those flashes of intelligence which sometimes illuminate officialdom, decided that he should be sent with the Canadian Transport Mission to Russia . . . And that was the real beginning of the Romance of Klondyke Boyle.

It was in June, 1917, after consultation with the Russian General Staff that he was sent to the Southwestern Front to examine and report on the condition of their light railway and horse transport system. He took along with him the official interpreter of the General Staff and had just completed six weeks' work when, on his way back to Stafka, there was a break in the line at Tarnapol. This struck Boyle as something which needed attention, so he entered the place to investigate. Things were in a "pretty kettle of fish." The officer commanding had bethought himself and went; the inhabitants were passing from a state of confusion to one of riot; and the enemy was preparing to exploit the situation.

"Assuming an authority I did not possess," Boyle subsequently wrote in a charmingly naive report, "and with the assistance of two young Russian officers, I got a Russian Death Battalion (women) to throw a cordon round the town and establish patrols and restore some semblance of order."



Queen Mary of Roumania and her three daughters.

Having done that, Boyle stayed around for a day, during which time the place was twice attacked from the air, and feeling that everything was fairly satisfactory, proceeded on his way.

The incident needs no comment. D'Artagnan could not have done more.

After reaching Stafka, he was asked to attend a conference with the Government at Petrograd. He did this, made his report and had the satisfaction of seeing his recommendations accepted in their entirety.

FOR the sake of space, as I want to write of his more spectacular exploits, it is necessary to pass over his work of the next few months. It is sufficient to note that he began to interest himself in Roumanian as well as Russian transportation, being furnished with a special train or a destroyer whenever he wished for them. At that time Russia had about 1,000,000 men in Roumania and had not shifted a pound of flour for some weeks, whereas the army was eating a bread ration of two pounds per day per head. The Roumanian wheat was disappearing fast and experts estimated they would be at the end of their supplies by January, 1918.

Enter Klondyke Boyle.

He promptly arranged for some eight draft boats for Lake Yalpooh, made out a system which was subsequently carried out, and for several months 500 tons of flour per day were delivered from Russia to Roumania.

Having adjusted that trifling matter, the worthy Klondyker then hurried to Stafka and interviewed Kerensky who, after the Korniloff trouble, had invested himself with the rank of Commander-in-Chief. At the conference with Boyle and Kerensky were General Alexieff and General Doukhonin, who later became the Commander-in-Chief of Russian Forces. Owing to General Alexieff's approval of Boyle's suggestions, the latter was placed in complete charge of reorganization and construction work on the Bessarabian Railways.

At this stage in Boyle's career, officialdom decided that he had been a free lance long enough and the General, who was chief of the British Transport Mission, informed him that he was under the Mission for orders. This struck Boyle as absurd and he protested, but the British Ambassador at Petrograd and the War Office informed him that he was subject to regulations.

It is difficult to harness a hurricane.

Lt.-Col. Boyle tendered his resignation to the Russians, offering first to complete his Bessarabian work and then steal silently away. The Russians were much perturbed and invited him to Petrograd to confer with the (then) Minister of War, the Minister of Ways and Communications and the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"Gentlemen," said Boyle, who felt that his knowledge of local affairs made supervision not only irritating, but unnecessary, "I am tired of working in the position I occupy, not because of any effect it has on my work, but because of constant annoyances from the British and American Transport Missions."

The matter was adjusted by the "Stevens" Mission and the British one being kept to the Civil area, and the man from Canada was placed in complete charge of the Military area.

Boyle and the Bolsheviks

AFTER a period of modified calm, punctuated by trying moments, he kept at the work until the Russians signed an armistice. As no one wanted to do any further work after that, Boyle went to Petrograd and was among those present when the Bolsheviks seized the wheel and started their joy-ride.

To a man with a natural love for moulding chaos, the Bolsheviks offered an enticing prospect for further adventure. There was street fighting for six days in Moscow, resulting in a freight blockade and a threat of general starvation. The Northern Army was starting for home, amusing itself by destroying estates, burning villages and, to celebrate their new freedom, massacring peasants en route.

Realizing that the plot of their drama was becoming somewhat obscured by the enthusiasm of the actors, the Bolsheviks did a wise thing. They took General Maniekouski, Minister of War, from the prison where they had incarcerated him, and with an aplomb one is forced to admire, replaced him in the War Ministry and told him to feed the Army.

"Tschk!" said the General, "send for Colonel Boyle."

The General, being a soldier, knew that the military art consists of shoving responsibility on another's shoulders. He asked Boyle to go to Moscow and untie the knot, and Boyle, not being a puccha soldier, promptly agreed to do so.

Nothing daunted by the news from that city, he entered its bullet-harassed streets, and in 48 hours freight was moving out of Moscow, and in a week things were running fairly smoothly.

How did he do it? It is difficult to state, but presumably, even a Bolshevik stands aside for a man who knows where he is going.

What a pity the Allies at large did not realize that elemental bit of psychology.

In case time hung heavy on his hands, Boyle was then placed in charge of the protocol between Russia and Roumania for both food and clothing—up to that time Russia had only delivered promises. The Wizard of the Klondyke waved his hand and in eight weeks more than two thirds of the promised goods were delivered. Some idea of the magnitude of this can be gathered when it is realized that the protocol covered equipment for 350,000 men.

He Takes Up Roumania's Burden

HAVING performed this Herculean task, Boyle was just taking a breather and wondering whose stables would have to be cleaned out next, when he was visited by the much perturbed Roumanian Consul-General at Moscow. That official had received orders that he was to send to Roumania the archives of the Foreign Office which had been deposited in Moscow when evacuation of their country had been expected, and also he was to send all the paper money which was being printed there.

The proposition was a difficult one, as the load weighed twenty tons, and it was necessary to pass through the lines of the Bolsheviks and Ukranians, who were fighting. It was at this stage that Boyle's admiration of Roumania took definite and permanent form. As an ex-manager of a heavyweight prize fighter he had felt for a long time that Roumania was a game little bantam trying to hold her own in a ring crowded with heavy-weights. From what he could gather, she was getting the worst of it from friend and foe alike, so he decided to lend our little ally a helping hand.

Having almost absolute authority on the railroads, he took charge of the archives and a vast sum of money, and after twice passing through the lines where the Bolsheviks and Ukranians were at war, he reached Jassy in safety. After that he returned to Russia and continued his work as chairman of the All Russian Food Board, which had been formed in November, 1917.

It was during this period that Boyle paid a visit to Antonof, the leader of the Bolsheviks against the Cossacks, to ascertain the exact state of mind of that evil-reputationed General in case the Germans advanced. To the Canadian's surprise he found the Russian an excellent leader and decidedly anti-German. Boyle and he had a most amiable visit and, on parting, swore eternal hatred to Germany . . . and history records that, as long as his men held together, Antonof never went back on his oath of war to the Hun.

Boyle is Arrested

ARMED with Antonof's authority, Boyle then proceeded to Sebastopol and, as his train arrived, it was surrounded by a Bolshevik leader named Speiro with a committee of sailors.

"What does this mean?" demanded Colonel Boyle.

Speiro explained that a local newspaper had just announced that England had made peace with Turkey, the British Fleet had entered Constantinople, and was about to invade the Black Sea for the purpose of crushing the Black Sea Fleet as a punishment for the Bolsheviks making war on Roumania. Therefore a resolution had been passed to arrest all allied subjects, so that for every sailor killed, they could execute ten allied subjects. They implied that Boyle would make a pleasant addition to their list.

Summoning his interpreter, Boyle addressed them in a very few words, but with plenty of emphasis. He explained that the whole thing was untrue, that the newspaper was owned by German propagandists and he called for volunteers to go and demolish the said newspaper.

This appealed to the mob as an idea of considerable originality, so they adjourned to the newspaper office, arrested nineteen members of the staff and then wrecked the place.

At the invitation of the committee, Boyle waited until next day, when large meetings took place. Speiro referred to England as Russia's best friend (this being received with wild applause). Later, Boyle attended a meeting of all the committees of the Black Sea Fleet and through an interpreter (Capt. G. A. Hill of the 4th Manchesters) he explained that England never forsook her friends, that she did not want to interfere with Russian politics but merely wished to stop Russians from killing each other, so that they could devote their energies to the much nobler task of killing Germans.

"The Huns," he said, "are sure to advance into your country for the purpose of making you more their slaves than you have ever been before."

This caused a furore of appreciation and the appearance of a British Naval Officer in uniform was a signal for wild applause.

The episode is not lacking in humor, but it turned the whole Black Sea Fleet solidly pro-ally at the very moment that it seemed to be assuming a friendship towards Germany.

IN the next, and most important, phase of Boyle's labors, it will be seen that, largely through him, peace was arranged between the Bolsheviks and Roumania. We have forgotten too soon how pluckily Roumania fought on when the Allies let disaster grip her by the throat. Tortured, robbed, betrayed, she believed in Britain, and her gallant army was ready to retire into Russia and fight on even if the Germans occupied their country. And then to fill her cup, the spectre of Bolshevism raised its skeleton's grin at her borders and the Russia she had always known as her friend, became her enemy.

At the risk of his life, a Canadian from the Yukon braved the anger of Rackovski, the most powerful member of the Russian Supreme College. This man, who was himself a Roumanian, would not hear of peace with Roumania, but by deliberate intrigue, Boyle turned the man's associates against him, and secured an offer of peace which he took to Roumania, passing through the lines and being fired at by Bolshevik gunners. In the subsequent negotiations, Boyle had to act as intermediary, and on one occasion, while flying just above the Dneister in an aeroplane, a Roumanain battery fired at them and death was missed by a matter of inches.

Eventually peace was signed and Boyle's greatest achievement came to an end.

His Outstanding Exploit

BUT though his greatest achievement had been performed, his outstanding exploit was yet to come.

Both Roumania and Russia were holding prisoners and in Odessa there were some fifty odd Roumanians who had been detained, practically as hostages. Included in the number were generals, a number of high naval officials, a few senators and members of parliament and various wealthy business men. Colonel Boyle was given authority to effect the exchange of this party for a similar number of Russians; and, as well, to superintend the safe conduct of some 100,000 Russian troops who were being disarmed and returned to their own country.

Rackovski gave him authority for a special train to take the Roumanians from Odessa to Benderi, but this man, one of the Bolshevik leaders, was a German agent and not only lied to Boyle about the position of the enemy but left Petrograd, secretly, a day before Boyle. As a result, early next morning, a gang of Bolsheviks known as the Roumanian Revolutionary Battalion (in reality a number of Bulgarian escaped criminals) went to the prison and taking the Roumanian prisoners, placed them on board the steamship *Imperator Traian*.

At nine that morning Boyle received this information from Madame Pantazi, a Canadian woman married to the Director of the Roumanian Navy, who was, himself, one of the fifty prisoners. Pluckily offering her services as interpreter, she accompanied the Klondyke King as he proceeded to turn things upside down.

He first procured an order of release from the Bolshevik leader, Brashanaw, and succeeded in getting the prisoners from the ship to the dock, although they were still guarded. At that time they were loading the *Imperator Traian* with the villainous Roumanian Revolutionary Battalion and things began to assume an ugly aspect. This band of men delivered the ultimatum that the fifty prisoners would accompany them to the Crimea or they would be shot where they stood.

Boyle held his ground until a riot started and about eighty armed men lined the side of the ship, when he ordered the prisoners on board and, though the Revolutionary leaders tried to stop him, he forced his way on the ship as well, conscious of the fact that what little chance they had for life rested entirely in his hands.

In passing, it is pleasant to be able to relate that Madame Pantazi's fearless conduct resulted in her being personally decorated by the King of Roumania.

Eventually the ship reached Theodosia in the Crimea, where Boyle and his party were interned in the Naval Quarantine Grounds close to the docks. Boyle at once got in touch with the British Vice-Consul who turned out to be a splendid type of man, and together they discussed the confused political situation of the town and how best to exploit it. As usual various Bolshevik parties were fighting for supremacy, the Roumanian Revolutionary scoundrels were plotting with some local anarchists to get control, but up to the moment the real leader was a working man who dominated everything by innate personality.

Boyle went to see this man, who not only expressed his desire to help the prisoners, but, secretly, gave the Canadian permission to leave the town and procure twenty Chinese members of the International Army. While these Oriental gentlemen were known by that euphonious name, they were actually paid murderers of absolutely unbiased minds. With this merry band, Boyle returned to the town and contrived to make arrangements with a little ship "*The Chernamore*" to take the prisoners to Sebastopol. One hour before sailing time, he cut the telephone wires to the town, marched the party to his ship and, leaving ten Chinamen at the entrance of the dock to hold it against attack by the Revolutionaries, he managed to get away with his fifty prisoners and ten Chinese.

On arrival at Sebastopol he was notified that the prisoners belonged to the Black Sea Fleet, who would take charge of them, but that he could have a special train for himself to any destination he chose. As this meant certain death for his charges, he lined up his ten warriors and addressed them something after this fashion:—

"Gentlemen, there is going to be a scrap and I intend it to be a fight to the finish. Will you stand by and help me?"

A huge fellow on the right with two knives in his belt was appointed spokesman.

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"What's the matter, Reggie?" It was the Mater's voice.

ON LEAVE

By HARRY BAILEY

Author of "The Impostor," "A Billiard Cue from Japan." Etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Van Werveke

I HAD been home only twenty-four hours when I ran against old Pitley in the Strand. Pitley's the kind of fellow I would sooner avoid than a five-point-nine; the kind of Johnny who tells you all your faults by saying what some old blighter you never heard of thinks about you. That's Pitley.

"Reggie Conway!" he cried, seizing my right hand in a death grip. "Jove! I am pleased to see you. They tell me you have got another pip. My gad! you do look fit. But the face is just the same."

"What's the matter with my face?" I asked gloomily, for I had as little chance of shaking him off as an oyster has of getting out of its shell.

"Oh, I say nothing, my dear Reggie," he assured me with a characteristic wave of a podgy, right hand; "but two of the fellows told me you called at the Club last night. 'Old fish-face Conway is home on leave,' one said—I wouldn't think such a thing, my dear boy, I'm merely repeating their senseless remarks—'He's got the luck of Satan. I shouldn't be surprised if he marries that millionaire girl, Dorothea Reynolds. From what I hear she's been moping about him ever since he went out. Fools for luck if you like!'"

I disengaged myself from Pitley, gently but firmly, walking off towards Piccadilly with my heart in the clouds. Fancy dear old Dorothea moping about me! Why I had never dreamt of such a thing. True we had been good friends for a very long time, but she knew that I was incapable of permanent passion. If I loved a girl one week with all the devotion of an Orpheus, I forgot her the next. Human nature can't be explained. It's got to be faced. Jove, though, it wouldn't do. Poor old Dorothea! She mustn't worry about me. I should have to settle down some time; why not at once? So I hailed a taxi.

"Miss Reynolds will see you, sir," said an anaemic-looking maid.

DOROTHEA was reclining on a white-upholstered divan. Her raven hair looked beautiful in its slight disarray and in her cheeks the color came and went prettily as she caught sight of me. I opened my eyes a little for, really, old Dorothea was more stunning than I had thought, and there were dark rings beneath her violet eyes. She had been crying, crying about me! I felt very tender and very foolish as I stood there.

"Reggie," she cried, "it *is* good of you to look me up so soon."

She blushed a little as I shook hands with her and I could feel my heart beating much faster than was good for it.

"When the heart calls," I answered airily, thinking little of what I said, though Dorothea and her fripperies made me realize what I had missed. Somehow or other I couldn't help thinking how nice it would be to marry and feel quite settled.

"Reggie!" she cried, and there was more than a suspicion of laughter in her voice. "Sit down here," she commanded making room on the divan, "and tell me all your adventures."

I sat down racking my old brains to discover what had brought so much color to her cheeks and why her eyes were sparkling like those of a famished kitten I found in a cellar at Arras. Suddenly I remembered, both what I had said and old Pitley's remarks. There was only one way out. But for the life of me I couldn't restrain a little shiver which started from the crown of my head and crept to my feet.

"Tell me all you've been doing, Reggie," said Dorothea again. "How you must have suffered in those awful trenches last winter!"

I was saved. In my excitement I blurted out a lot of information that might have got me court-martialled had it ever become known and even mentioned Dick Heyward, a big pal of mine whose name had been freely coupled with Dorothea's till she had given him his congé twelve months previously.

After I'd said it I felt a few qualms but there was no uneasiness in Dorothea's face, so I continued:

"Heyward's coming home next week. Shall I bring him to see you?"

"Don't!" she cried in a curiously stifled voice. Then, as I looked at her in astonishment, "You mean Roger Heyward?"

"I never heard of a Roger," I said, wondering what she was getting at; "I said 'Dick,' commonly called 'Tip Heyward'."

"I'm sorry," smiling sweetly. "I remember Mr. Heyward quite well. Bring him by all means, Reggie."

AFTER that there was a decided slump. Dorothea sat as mute as a Boche prisoner, while I thought and thought until it had to come out.

"Dorothea," I began, feebly I know, for it was an awful job, "I've thought of no one but you this last six months. Will you marry me if I come out all right?"

I could just see the dimple in her right cheek and the noble column of her neck as I waited, breathlessly, for her answer.

"Is this a proposal, Reggie?" she asked. "No; I don't mean to be unkind but you and I know each other very well. I wonder how many girls you have proposed to in the last seven years."

It was good tactics, I admit.

"Seven or eight," I mumbled.

"And you forgot them all in a few days. Didn't you, Reggie?"

"Yes," I groaned.

"The difficulty is," she was talking like a teacher to a bally kid, "that one never knows whether to take you seriously or not."

"This is genuine," I pleaded.

"I'm going to test that. Your mother told me last week that she purposed giving a dinner-party the evening before you return to France. I shall be there. After dinner, unless you change your mind, I shall announce our engagement. Will that suit, Reggie?"

"Lord, yes," I said. "I don't mind. I'm serious this time."

II

I FELT pretty sick for the next few days. Piccadilly even lost its charms and the club was unbearable. What the deuce had made me propose to Dorothea I couldn't determine, unless it was the tittle-tattle of old Pitley, and a wonderful feeling of sympathy for her sorrow. The worst of it was I couldn't escape this time; Dorothea wasn't the kind of g'rl a fellow can "chuck" without warning. I sent her hosts of flowers and numerous boxes of chocolates but I couldn't pluck up enough courage to see her.

Things got so bad that at last I wired to the Colonel:

"Recall me at once. In deuce of a mess.
Conway."

Next day I had the answer, "Don't be a silly ass."

That put the lid on it. I had never suspected the grim old Colonel of being a sport; but, even through my misery, I could see that he thought that he was doing me a good turn rather than a bad one. Still, as some Johnny says, "there's bound to be a silver lining somewhere," and my lining turned up in the shape of Heyward.

"Hello, old top!" I remarked clutching him firmly, "whither away?"

"Anywhere," he said in his *distrait* fashion.

"Cheer-o; I know just the thing to lighten that weary load of yours."

"What's the game?" he said when I had got him inside a taxi.

"I'm taking you to see the richest, prettiest girl in London," I said.

Heyward sat up. "Who's that?"

"Miss Reynolds."

He gave me a great start. "Nothin' doin', Reggie," he cried. "Stop this car at once."

I played my ace. "What's the fuss?" I asked. "She told me she'd like to see you."

Heyward's cheeks burned dully. "She did?" he asked. "Let us go then to see this charming, rich lady," he laughed harshly.

It was a frightful bore getting them settled down for Dorothea was as cold as an icicle and Heyward as savage and disagreeable as a wild-cat.

I sustained the conversation until I was getting a bit tired. Dorothea interposed at last.

"Didn't you promise to play a round of golf with me to-morrow, Reggie?" she asked and there was a whole world of entreaty in her eyes.

What the deuce was it all about? I'd never promised to play golf with her. But it was evident she had something at the back of her mind so I said "Yes" as brightly as I could.

"I thought we'd play at Ropestones and my clubs are in the golf-house at Whitelands."

I caught her point. Evidently she was fed up with Heyward and could only think of this cumbrous method of getting rid of him.

"I'll run down to Whitelands," I said. "I sha'n't be above an hour."

"Thank you"—Dorothea's voice and smile were sweet as honey.

"I'm coming, old chap," cried Heyward.

"I thought you'd stay and tell me about the fighting," pleaded Dorothea in a hurt tone.

Heyward tugged at his moustache.

"I'd rather go," he exclaimed savagely.

"Very well," said Dorothea meekly, but she looked so pitiful that, though I was completely befogged, I put in a word.

"Sit down, man," I cried, "I sha'n't be more than an hour. You needn't be frightened of Dorothea."

I was sorry for old Heyward as I sat in the taxi; but what Dorothea's game was beat me. He was evidently as deeply in love with her as ever and it seemed that she wanted him to burn his fingers a second time. It was rough on Heyward and Dorothea had never struck me before as a girl of that type. I thought I'd hurry back and save the poor chap.

BUT the little gods ordained otherwise. The only person in the club-house was a girl. She was so pretty that I stood and looked at her in astonishment. It was only when a faint flush overspread her oval face that I realized my indiscretion.

"I'm a—afraid," I began, stammering purposely, "t—that I've been rather rude."

"Most people are," she said calmly. "Have you come down to play?"

"No."

She was obviously disappointed.

"If you're short of an opponent," I said eagerly, "I'll play you with pleasure; but I've no clubs and I'm lamentably short of practice."

"Here are Dad's," she said; "and your lack of practice will perhaps equalize matters."

I grasped the bag thankfully. Here was romance. Dorothea and Heyward went clean out of my mind.

"I'll play you for a sovereign or a ——," I paused.

"You can have the 'or' if you beat me," she whispered.

"Madam," I said gravely, "before we begin may I introduce myself: Reginald Conway of His Majesty's 'Thunderers'—at your service."

"I shall call you 'Reggie'," she bubbled, "and you may call me 'Barbara.' Isn't it an ugly name?"

"It is the name of Romance," I said. "It just suits you."

She made a grimace.

"Am I so ugly?" she demanded. "You'd be a poor courtier, sir."

"A poor courtier may prove a devoted slave," I answered, for she was so bewitching that I felt my pulses quiver at the beauty of her.

"You're improving. Am I to have the honor?"

She drove off—a good-length ball. The game for that wonderful prize had begun.

FOR the first nine holes she led me comfortably; but, with the turn, I began to make up the lee-way. A neck and neck struggle ensued until, on the last green, Barbara was left with an easy putt to win.

"It's an easy shot, Reggie," she said. "If I hole out you're beaten, remember."

"By one," I sighed.

She missed it. I was so excited that I could have cut a caper.

"It will be so nice having a tie. I shall hole out this time," she said very decidedly.

"What happens now?" I asked after she had succeeded. "Am I to be left desolate?"

"Decidedly not. I brought some sandwiches. You shall lay the cloth while I make the tea."

I've never known such luck. We had a sparkling tea and never a soul put in an appearance. It was eight o'clock before I could tear myself away but though I called at the Club and even looked round at Dorothea's I could find no trace of old Heyward.

"I don't know where he went," remarked Dorothea crossly.

"By Jove I clean forgot about those clubs," I apologized.

"It doesn't matter. I didn't want to play. I'm very tired, Reggie," she added as if in excuse.

So I departed more mystified than ever, to dream dreams of straw-colored tresses flecked into occasional gold by a stray sunbeam and eyes of a blue only to be equalled by the turquoise of Alpine lakes.

I took my own clubs down to Whitelands next morning and found Barbara there, alone.

"Dad's suffering from his old enemy, gout," she explained.

I found my heart jumping like a silly school-kid's at each glance and, at luncheon, when my fingers accidentally touched hers, a thrill ran through me from head to foot.



"Most people are rude," she said, calmly.

IN the following days I lived at Whitelands. London saw me no more. For me it did not exist. I was in love. I knew it almost at once and recognized, too, that, this time, it was no meretricious affair. For good or ill I was Barbara's.

At times the hopelessness of it all overwhelmed me. Dorothea and any question regarding her were temporarily forgotten. I was only concerned with Barbara. A softened glance, a tender speech would transport me to Heaven: an unconcerned or cutting remark would thrust me down to hell.

And on my last morning I beat her. Again she had an easy putt—to tie this time— and again she missed. We wandered back to the Club-house in silence.

"I should like to see the woods," I said, in a shaky voice, for my emotion was so strong that I could scarcely control myself. "Will you come, Barbara?"

We paced through the leafy aisles and settled ourselves on a fallen oak.

"I go to-morrow, Barbara," I said huskily. "Will you be sorry?"

I searched her face hungrily but the wondrous long lashes had veiled her eyes.

"Certainly," she said.

I could wait no longer.

"Oh, Barbara!" I pleaded, seizing one sun-browned, strong hand, "give me some hope. For God's sake don't send me back, broken-hearted."

She merely turned her head away and in that action I read her answer and became mad.

"Barbara," I cried, "I love you. Do you hear? I love you. Give me at least some consolation. I have been a rotter, I know. I'm not fit to touch you; but, dear, I worship you."

"Poor Reggie," she said.

My blood seemed to congeal.

"I will give you my answer to-night," she added.

"But how, how?" I protested. "Mater is giving a dinner-party to-night."

"And wouldn't welcome a poor, unknown girl like me."

I winced at her irony. "To me you are the world," I protested. "If only I could be sure of knowing to-night!"

"You shall," she promised.

And with that I had to be content.

III

IF anyone ever plumbed the abyss of torment I did that evening. How to get out of the fix I didn't know! Figure it to yourself. Dorothea Reynolds, whom I did not love, was going to announce our engagement at the conclusion of dinner: Barbara—I didn't know her other name and never gave it a thought—the girl I did love to distraction had promised to send me her answer. What if it was "Yes?" What should I do? And suppose her answer came after Dorothea's announcement! Oh, I was between the devil and the blue deep sea with a vengeance and no matter how I cudgelled my brains I couldn't find my way out!

I descended to dinner rather late. No sooner had I entered the drawing-room than the gong sounded and Mater ordered me to take in Dorothea. I was pretty down in the mouth for the first few minutes though Dorothea, who had become more brilliant than ever since our last meeting, seemed to notice nothing amiss; but, all at once as my eyes wandered carelessly down the long table I saw the one face in the world. I gasped. It was Barbara without a doubt.

"What's the matter, Reggie?"—it was the Mater's voice.

"Nothing, dear," I stammered. "I get these little fits occasionally. The Doc says it's the after-effects of that touch of gas I had."

That lie worked—it was a white one only. But for the life of me I couldn't stop shuddering. Barbara here and Dorothea due to speak in a few minutes. God! I couldn't sit still and watch that haughty, little face grow into a mask of cold disdain. If she loved me it would kill her. At one moment I thought of whispering to Dorothea to postpone her news: at another I determined to slide to the floor and sham a faint. But I couldn't. I'd got to play the game now. I caught Barbara's eyes just once and there must

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MEET MR. HABITANT!

By T. M. FRASER

IN undertaking to introduce Mr. Habitant to the Dominion of Canada, and to the other dominions beyond the seas, wherever MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE circulates—including the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—I am aware that it is a somewhat delicate task. There are some places where they do not wish to meet him.

In seeking accurate information regarding the people of Quebec, I approached one of the departments of the Provincial Government and was told that Mr. Ernest Myrand, Provincial Librarian, could give me a great deal of information, and direct me to a great deal more; "but perhaps it would be as well not to tell him you are from Ontario," my guide added. "He is apt to be a little impatient because of the vast amount of mis-information some people in your province have published and circulated regarding the people of Quebec!"

"I presume he has no preconceived dislike to the Maritime Provinces, has he?" I inquired.

"No. They stand all right with Quebec. Tell him you hail from Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, and that will break the ice for you. I am an Ontario man myself; but I must confess I am sometimes ashamed at the estimate the people of my native province have put on these people, among whom I have lived now for a great many years; because the more I know of them, the better I appreciate their really unique qualities of head and heart—and hands."

It took me some little time to reach Mr. Myrand, because my way to him led through the magnificent home for books which the province has created. Public libraries sometimes remind one of catacombs, where the literary remains of dead and forgotten authors are interred, peacefully waiting for the resurrection; and, walking through the gloomy corridors, you sigh, solemnly: "Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust!"

In the Quebec library, there is "a welcome on the door-mat," so to speak. It is the word "Bibliothèque." Libraries and librarians, I know. The latter are often fussy persons, in charge of works which are perpetually "out"; and who regard with impatience inquiries for authors unknown to them, when Mary Jane Holmes is bulging from the shelves in profusion, and trying to elbow Ralph Connor out of the limelight. I tried three separate Canadian libraries in vain this summer to verify a simple quotation, and then had to give it from a bad memory; incidentally incurring a kindly chiding from one who I am sure would know it: "Reader," the delightful literary causeur of the Manitoba *Free Press*. Here, *je fais connaissance avec un Bibliothèque—et avec un Bibliothécaire!* An adventure in knowledge.

A magnificent symbolical stained glass window, a true work of art, floods the place with its soft lights, and is reflected through the glass entrance doors on the outside wall of the opposite wing of the building. The walls are decorated with historical pictures of great interest; draped together are the original battle-flags of the two races, which they carried when they marched to hurl back invaders of the province a century ago; reaching from the beautiful inlaid stone floors towards the ceiling are serried ranks of mahogany-colored steel bookcases, containing everything worth while in French and English. Patience, reader; we are approaching the habitant; but I must set the stage properly. We must find out what those who have written about him, fairly voluminously, have said; both those who know Quebec from within, and those, like myself, who came as seekers after knowledge.

Why Montreal Has No Library

THE desire of the *Canadien* that the world should know him for what he really is, has something almost pathetic about it. In this keeper of the storehouse of knowledge, whose occupation has necessarily brought constantly to his knowledge what he knows to be unfair and false pictures of his compatriots, I found an impatience which one could easily forgive; but also a great courtesy and helpfulness.

It is surprising to read in Mr. Beckles Willson's book on the Province ("Quebec: The Laurentian Province") that Montreal does not possess a great public library—and the reason for it! "One of the arguments I heard gravely used against the establishment of a public library," Mr. Willson says, "was that there were 'too many races and religions.'" There must surely be some reason other than that; for in the Quebec library I think one might find all that he might reasonably require, with something for the taste, both Catholic and *catholic*. Mr. Myrand not only led me to his



Hon. Honore Mercier, Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, Quebec.

shelves; but searched the literary highways and byways of the city for the *Fliegende Blätter* of the pamphleteers in both languages. And after ten days' reading, and talking, and "rubbering," I do not know that I found anywhere a better introduction to Mr. Habitant than in a little pamphlet written by an English advertising man, Mr. C. E. A. Holmes, entitled: "Meeting the French-Canadian Half-Way." I was after facts; and Mr. Holmes had them.

To understand and appreciate the real genius of the habitant, you must, of course, meet him in his proper environment—on the land, amid his natural surroundings. If you cannot do that—and most of us cannot—it is at least fair to take the evidence as to his characteristics from those who do dwell close to him, rather than accept the disordered ravings of an insensate and hostile faction in another province. One fact may be unpleasant, but it is indisputable: a large part of all



Hon. Jules Allard, Minister of Lands and Forests, Quebec.

the enmity and prejudice created against Quebec and its people in Canada has had its origin in Ontario, and is still mainly confined to that province. It is very largely sectarian, but partly political.

No concerted effort to combat this feeling has been made. There occasionally have come dignified and calmly-worded protests from some Canadians; but their defence has been left as a rule to those of the Anglo-Saxon race, who have lived beside them for centuries in the same province; and should, presumably, be the best qualified to speak concerning them.

French-Canadian Stability An Asset

FOR this purpose I desire to quote at some length from a recent editorial article in a paper whose influence and authority will not be questioned anywhere. I refer to the Montreal *Gazette*, published in Quebec province for well on toward a century and a half. After this considerable acquaintance with its French-speaking fellow citizens, the *Gazette* says:

"Quebec is sometimes scornfully referred to as the reactionary, the unprogressive, the ultra-conservative province of Canada; terms, however, that many people do not resent, but rejoice in, having regard to their source. There is such a thing as movement without progress; and in the stability of the French-Canadian race Quebec possesses an asset of immense value. The stigma of inertia cast upon this province can be borne with patience by a people happy in their homes, reverential in their religion, content with their condition, nor need they shrink from comparison with other provinces in material welfare. The farming class is prosperous. It makes money and saves, marketing its products in nearby industrial centres at very profitable prices, even though the methods of agriculture be often those of the fathers. The industrial life of the people is not greatly ruffled by agitators and strikes, when the element racially foreign to the French-Canadian is absent. In Quebec is the most populous city of the Dominion, the foremost in manufactures, in shipping, in the arts, in finance, and in education at least the peer of any. The temperament of the people is conservative by nature and training, thereby insuring progression upon sound lines; it is unreceptive of all fallacies revived, as of new fads formulated; and moves along the even tenor of its way when other peoples madly chase will-o'-the-wisps, and burn down houses to roast a supper . . . .And so it happens that in the sometimes derided province of Quebec are found industrial communities living in harmony and contentment, where "the rich man helps the poor man, and the poor man loves the great." The influence of the Roman Catholic church has produced this happy state, making for permanence of employment, fair wages, and a cordial co-operation between capital and labor. It is a fine asset for the province."

It is this sort of first-hand evidence which the open-minded man must of necessity accept in preference to the guerilla attacks of the propagandist and the bigot.

For the first century and a half of the three centuries and more of Quebec's history, the only inhabitants were of French birth or extraction; so the habitant distinguishes the families of the original founders of the country from the immigrants of a later date, and from other countries. When Canada was ceded to Great Britain by the King of France, the habitant was left in undisturbed possession of his land and other property. His natural increase has been remarkable. From the sixty thousand dwelling here at the end of the French regime, there have sprung more than two millions. The fecundity of the race is extraordinary; and it is a proof, if one be wanting, of the bravery of the French-Canadian. It takes courage to face the battle of life with fifteen, twenty, or even thirty children (such numbers are not unknown). There are many men wearing war decorations to-day who would think twice before engaging in the battle of the boots, with this number of hostages to fortune to be shod and clad. It is a very valuable, and very genuine sacrifice for the welfare of one's country, that the habitant is making when he undertakes by his own unaided exertions to launch ten or fifteen children equipped for the battle of life. All honor to the French-Canadian father. He deserves the Order of Many. The finest decoration of all should be reserved for that Canadien who is on record as having adopted another child, after having reared twenty-five of his own! And honor to La Belle Canadienne, the good, attractive, strong, religious, frugal and industrious Canadienne mother.

"The habitant is prouder of his big family than of any of his possessions. The poorer he is, the more he cherishes them. The brightest and best of his flock is selected to be given to the church; and the height of



Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Minister of Public Works, Quebec.

their pride is when they receive from this son the first mass he serves."

French-Canadians the Real Landed Gentry

THE original tillers of the soil in Lower Canada who held their land under feudal tenure would not accept the name of "*censitaire*," which carried with it some sense of the servile status of the feudal vassal in France, but preferred to be called "habitants" or inhabitants of the country, i.e., free men. The designation obtained official recognition. Now they would rather be called *Canadiens*. This attachment to the land is one of the most striking characteristics of the French in Canada. If there is any class in Canada which we could call the "landed gentry" it would be these French people of Quebec. Many of the farms are still held by the lineal descendants of those to whom the land was first granted by the King of France or his representatives in the earliest days. A few years ago a committee on the old families of Quebec set out to get accurate information, and discovered more than 270 of such families. They were given medals and diplomas of honor, which testified that they still owned the family homesteads which had been granted to their ancestors 250 years ago. In every case proof of the genuineness of the claim had to be established by the production of official notarial deeds.

Those old people gloried in the name of "habitant"; but it has become so much flung about on familiar and ignorant lips, particularly in connection with those poems of Drummond (so delightful, but so misrepresentative), that a good many of the younger generation rather fight shy of the name now; and the Nationalists encourage the use of the term *Canadien*.

Although the introduction was, so to speak, under an alias, there is no doubt that Drummond, with what are usually called his "habitant poems," made the name of the natives of Quebec better known to the world than any other man or agency. After his poems became popular, we had (and still have)a flood of amateur elocutionists who prided themselves on their ability to speak what they commonly called "the French-Canadian dialect," and we had a long and distressing siege from young men who spoke through the nose and grimaced like monkeys, while they misrepresented the language and habits of our Quebec fellow-citizens. Mr. Holmes, in his little booklet, gives the following history of Drummond and his work:

"Strange as it may seem, the man who is to a great extent responsible for the prevailing opinion that French-Canadians speak a "patois" is one who greatly loved the French-Canadian race, Dr. Henry Drummond, who little dreamt that his "Habitant" poems would be taken to be written in French-Canadian dialect. When Drummond came to Canada as a boy, from his native country of Leitrim, Ireland, he studied telegraphy and was given work as an operator at l'Abord-a-Plouffe, a little village near Montreal. It was there he came in contact with the amiable French-Canadian lumberjacks, whose native language he could not speak. The affability of the French-Canadian is proverbial. Seeing that young Drummond could not converse with them in French, they endeavored to make themselves understood by speaking a gibberish of French and English. He was greatly impressed by the picturesque way in which these people he was living with told their quaint tales of backwoods life, and it is the way they spoke to him (and by no means the way they spoke among themselves), which he endeavored to weave into his writings.

"Drummond's first tale, "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" had no sooner been published than it was widely reproduced and made its way throughout the length and breath of the American continent. The old law of supply and demand governed—Drummond had found a new style which had taken the reader's fancy; publishers demanded more and so the author continued to produce poems in the same vein, taking his themes wherever he found them, and rendering them in the Anglo-French gibberish that the public wanted."

Speech in Quebec is Not Patois

THE idea that the French spoken in Quebec is a patois, is common enough among those who have not taken the trouble to inform themselves to the contrary. William Wood (who has written so much and so entertainingly on the Province of Quebec, and probably is better versed in the subject than any other English writer), says, ("In The Heart of Old Canada"):

"The habitant speech is a very genuine old French—not a patois, much less a degenerate form of any standard tongue. It is ,indeed, the next of kin to Molière's own, carried overseas two centuries ago by the most conservative of emigrants, and still living in unconscious fidelity to the "Grand Monarque." Its important variants are generally of Norman origin, or nautical and military terms applied to every-day life; a very natural transference in a colony founded by seamen, and maintained by force of arms. New conditions soon called for new expressions. Some Indian words were adopted; and anglicisms have since crept in at different times. But the natural growth of new Canadian terms out of pure old French has always been the truest form of development; and such terms have now acquired a legitimate technical precision in their New World acceptations."

It is more exact to say that American is a patois of English. Leading French public men who have visited Canada have repeatedly remarked on the purity of the French spoken here, though it has an exotic charm of its own, and undoubtedly it has been diluted to some extent with some of "the wine of the country." But what language has not? And a language is usually the better for it. It is so a language grows.

An American educationist makes the interesting suggestion that "the attempt to make Canadian French seem like a different language from French, has been chiefly due to French teachers from France who hope thereby to be better able to feather their own nests." We know that in Canada it is also due largely to those who have been fighting against any recognition of the French language in the Dominion.

A prominent Canadian Nationalist summed it up for me in this way: "Drummond's intentions were all right, but he created a false impression. The Canadians who speak the dialect he used are chiefly those who have come back from long residence in the United States."

"There is no Parisian French," said Mr. Meyrand. "Here we have a Canadian and Provincial pronunciation; but not a patois. Frechette and others have had their work crowned by the French Academy. Do you think they would do that to a patois?

Nationalist Engine is High Speed

IN Quebec I met some of the young men who have made the Nationalist name known—and, incidentally, the name is about all that *is* known with accuracy outside of Quebec. It is a dangerous subject; but I must confess that the nerve, the eloquence, the wide knowledge, and the camaraderie of Armand Lavergne and his circle rather charmed me. It is a high-speed engine which perhaps needs a "governor"; but no one can impugn the Canadianism of these men.

"Tell me something about the character of the Canadien," I asked them. "Well," said one, "I would describe it with the word 'simpliste.' He minds his own business. You might call it selfishness, perhaps; but we think it is just minding his own business. You may take away his neighbor's land, or his chair, or his cow, and he will have regret; but he will not fight for that cause. But take his own, and he will. He would not go to help Lloyd George out of his troubles; but if anyone came to fight Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that person would, as you say, get it in the neck. It may be a fault that we cannot see any farther than our nose; but then, it is long enough for us.

"For myself, I think the enlistment situation here has been misrepresented; but back of all that is the fact that he did not want to go away to fight. They were not encouraged to enlist, that is true.

"Then there was only a comparatively small number of them came under the conscription law. They marry at twenty, as a rule. Out of 400 farmers examined, 350 were not subject to enlistment. And remember that in the other Provinces, your politicians lead you. The Canadien leads his politicians. As for the influence of the priests we hear so much about, it is decreasing in politics, but not in religion."

"Well," I said, "here are some of the reasons one of your Quebec university professors gives why voluntary enlistment failed in Quebec: the race-hatred between Ontario and Quebec over the school question; too much loose talk about imperialism—that is, that Canada's interests must be sacrificed for those of the Empire. What about them?"

"The Canadien is not against British connection (this from a Nationalist!); on the contrary, he is very strongly in favor of it; but he wants his imperialism straight, not via Toronto. There is no element in the population more loyal to Canada, because the habitant has no longer any racial affiliation, in a political sense, with any Old World power. Canada is *son pays et ses amours*—the object of his affection and his pride. He loves France in an impersonal way, as the land of his origin and his early ancestors, but his real love is reserved for Canada. Can you hear 'O Canada' sung, and doubt that? Remember, that song is French-Canadian; and perhaps you might compare it as a work of art, with the Ontario production, 'The May-pull Leaf Forever!'

"In Quebec the voter dictates to his representative. The politicians were in favor of conscription; the voters were against it.

"The French perform a great service to Canada in preventing American penetration, by their language and their papers. From a Canadian point of view the greatest asset of this country is the French language. And if you Anglicize us, you make us American, not English. Ontario is permeated with United States slang, newspapers—and nose. We are not English. Certainly we are not French; when some of the habitants saw the tricolor, they asked: 'What flag is that? We are Canadians.'"

"Yes," interrupted another, "and it begins to look almost as though Canada were steering for bankruptcy. The 'illiterate habitant'—Quebec's savings—will save this country yet."

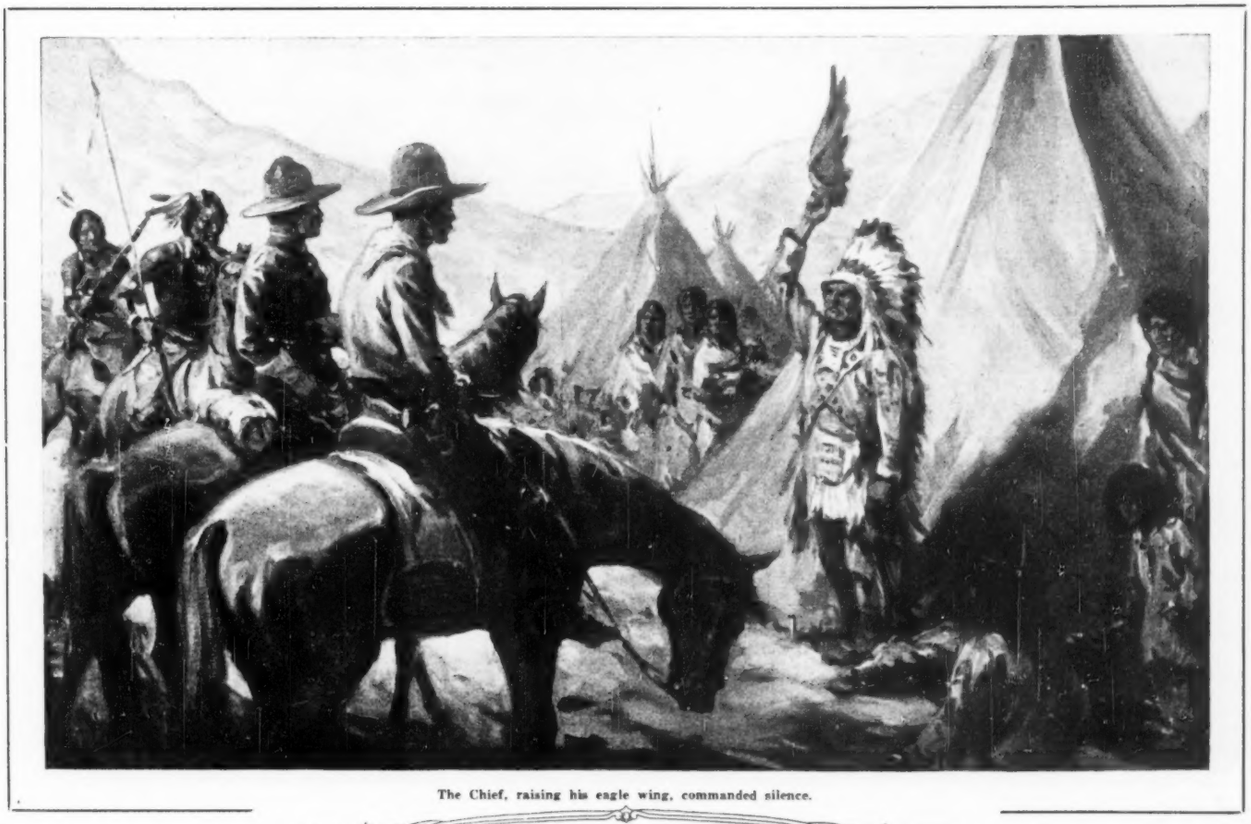
A Law-Abiding Province

"BUT I am given to understand that you are immoral and lawless?" "The foundation of morality in this Province is the Ten Commandments. We do not keep them all at once, but we compare pretty favorably, I think. The trouble with you people in Ontario is that you do not know anything about Quebec, except what a few trouble-breeders tell you. Outside of Montreal and Quebec, where we have criminal assizes twice a year, it has not been necessary to open the courts for the past three years. In all the other districts—Sherbrooke, Three Rivers, Rimouski, Chicoutimi, Montmagny, etc., we have not had criminal assizes for about ten years. This is with more than a million people. Earl Grey said all the wickedness we

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Hon. J. E. Caron, Minister of Agriculture.



The Chief, raising his eagle wing, commanded silence.

EVIL SPIRITS

Bulldog Carney in a New Role

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "The Seven Blue Doves," "Owners Up," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

THE Rockies, their towering white domes like sheets of ivory inlaid with blue and green, looked down upon the Vermillion Range, and the Vermillion looked down upon the sienna prairie in which was Fort Calbert, as Marathon might have looked down upon the sea.

In Fort Calbert the Victoria Hotel, monument to the prodigality of Remittance Men, held its gray stone body in aloofment from the surrounding box-like structure of the town.

In a front room of the Victoria six men sat around an oak table upon which was enthroned a five-gallon keg with a spigot in its end. It was an occasion.

Liquor was prohibited in Alberta, but the little joker in the law was that a white citizen, in good standing, might obtain a permit for the importation of five gallons.

Jack Enders held the patent right that made the keg on the table possible.

Five of the six were Remittance Men, the sixth man, Bulldog Carney, was different. His lean, tanned face suggested attainment; the gray, restful eyes held power and absolute fearlessness; they looked out from under the light, tawny eyebrows like the eyes of an eagle.

Like Aladdin's lamp, the amber fluid that trickled through the spigot transported, mentally, the Englishmen back to the Old Land. It was always that way with them when there was a shatterment of the caste shell, an effacement of the hauteur; then they damned the uncouth West as a St. Helena, and blabbed of old London.

A blond giant, FitzHerbert, was saying: "Jack Enders here is in no end of a fazzle; his pater is coming out uninvited, and Jack has a floaty idea that the old gent will want to see that ranch."

"The ranch that the Victoria's worthy drayman, dear Enders, is supposed to have acquired with the several remittances dear pater has remitted," Harden explained to Carney.

"Oh Lord, you fellows!" Enders moaned.

HIS desolated groan was drowned by a droning call that floated in from the roadway; it was a weird drool—the droning, hoarse note of a tug's whistle.

Harden sprang to his feet crying: "St. Ives! a Thames 'Puffing Billy'! Oh, heavens! it makes me homesick."

Harden had named it; it was the absolute warning note of a busy, pudgy little Thames tug.

Some of them went over the table in their eagerness to investigate. Outside they stood aghast in silent wonderment; the hot, scorching sun lay like a yellow flame across the most archaic, disreputable caravan of one that had ever cast its disconsolate shadow upon the main street. A dejected, piebald cayuse hung limply between the shafts of a Red River cart whose appearance suggested that it had been constructed from broken bits of the ark. In the cart sat a weary semblance of humanity.

The man's face and hands were encrusted with a plastic mixture of dust and sweat till he looked like a lamellar creature—an armadillo. He turned small, sullen eyes in which was an impatient, querulous look, upon the six.

"It's a Trappist monk from the merry temple of Chartreuse," FitzHerbert declared solemnly.

"Do it again, bargee," Harden begged; "blow your horn, O Gabriel—there's vintage inside; one blast to warm the cockles of our hearts and we'll set you happy."

The little eyes of the charioteer fastened upon Harden with his cogent proposition; he made a trumpet of his palms, and blew the tug boat blast. He did it sadly, as though it were an occupation.

But Enders, with a spring, was in the cart. He picked up the slight figure and tossed it to the blond giant, who, catching the thing of buckskin and leather chapps, turned back into the bar.

"Sit you there, foghorn," FitzHerbert said, as he lowered the unresisting guest to a chair.

The guest's eyes had grown large with the confirmatory evidence of a keg; the spigot fascinated him; it was like a crystal to a gazer. He shoved out a dry, furred tongue, and peeled from his lips the rim of lava that darkened their pale contour.

Harden had replenished the glasses, and the one he passed to the prodigal was the fatted calf—it was full.

The guest raised the glass till the sunlight, slanting through a window, threw life into the amber fluid, and gazed lovingly upon it.

"Oh, my aunt!" Harden bantered. "The man who has come up out of the stillness has a toast."

THE little man coughed, and from the flat chest floated up through thin tubes a voice that was soft and cultured as it wafted to their astonished ears; "Gentlemen, the Queen."

FitzHerbert, who had been in the Guards before something had happened, started. It was the toast of a vice-president of an officer's mess at dinner.

The six sprang to their feet, carried aloft their glasses, drank, and sat down again in silence. FitzHerbert's big voice had a husk in it as he asked: "Where is the regimental band, Sir?"

The little man's shoulders twitched as he answered: "The band is outside; we'll have the bandmaster in for a glass of wine, presently."

"By George!" FitzHerbert gasped; and Carney, who also knew, gazed at the little man, and his gray eyes that were thought hard, had gone blue.

"Now," Harden declared, "if somebody could dribble in who could give us twelve booms from Big Ben, we'd have a perfect ecstacy of the blues."

At that two men came in through the front door, their scarlet tunics showing blood red in the glint of sunshine that played about their shoulders.

"Oh, you Sergeant Jerry Platt!" the blond giant cried; "here is where the regulations bear heavy on a man, for we can't invite you to join up."

The Sergeant laughed. "You bad boys; if somebody hasn't a permit for this I'll have to run you all in."

Platt's companion, Corporal McBane, lengthened his dour face and added: "Drinkin' unlawful whisky is a dreadful sin."

"Shut your eyes, you two chaps, and open your mouths," FitzHerbert bantered; "that wouldn't be taking a drink."

"Let me see the permit," Platt asked, ignoring the chaff.

When he had examined the official script he said: "Sorry, gentlemen, to have troubled you."

As the two policemen turned away Platt nodded to Carney the jovial cast of his countenance passing into a slightly cynical transition.

"Good fellows," Harden remarked, "our Scotch friend had tears of regret standing in his eyes at sight of the keg."

"Yes, and they have a beastly task. This liquor law is all wrong. To keep it from the Indians white men out here have to be treated like babes or prisoners. That's why everybody is against the police when the law interferes with our just rights; but with them when they're putting down crime."

"The worst part of it is," Carney added, "that sometimes a bull-headed man who has all the instincts of a thief catcher becomes a Sergeant in the force, and can't interpret the law with any human intelligence. Fortunately it's only one once in a while."

THE ragged stranger shook himself out of the gentle state of quiescent restfulness the whisky had produced, to say: "There will be a freshet of this stuff in Fort Calbert in a few days."

"Put me down for a barrel, O joyful singer," FitzHerbert exclaimed eagerly.

Carney's gray eyes had widened a little at the stranger's statement.

"You can apply to Superintendent Kane," the little man answered; "he will have the handling of it, I fancy—a carload"

FitzHerbert's blue eyes searched Carney's, but the latter sat as if playing poker.

"Tell us about it, man," Enders suggested.

"I pulled into Fort Calbert this morning," the other contributed, "and a jocular constable took me to the Fort as a vagrant."

"Your equipage was against you," Enders advised.

"Don't think anything of that," FitzHerbert said; "the hobos have been running neck-and-neck with the gophers about here; they burned up five freight cars in two weeks. The police have been shaken up over it by the C.O."

The little man drew from a pocket of his coat a bag of gold, and clapped it gently on the table.

"You had your credentials." And FitzHerbert nod-

"I'd been washing gold down on the bars at Victoria. It was this way. I have a farm there, and last year I put in thirty acres of oats. It was a rotten crop and I didn't cut it. This year it came up a volunteer crop—a splendid one; I sold it to Major Grisbold at Fort Saskatchewan, standing. Now I'm on my holidays, just a little pleasure jaunt."

"The constable took you to the Fort?" FitzHerbert suggested, for the little man's mind had returned to the convivial association of his glass.

"By Jove! forgive me, gentlemen—about the whisky: While I was waiting for an audience with the Police *Ogema* I heard, through an open door, a pow-wow over a telegram that had just come. Its general statement was that whisky was being loaded at Winnipeg on car 6100 for delivery at Bald Rock. The Major gave the Sergeant orders to seize the car here."

"Who owns the whisky?" FitzHerbert asked.

"I heard the C. O. say, 'It's that damn Bulldog Carney again'! so I suppose—"

THE little man's eyes opened in wondering perplexity at the blizzard of merriment that cut off his supposition; neither could he understand why FitzHerbert clapped a hand on his shoulder and said: "Old top, you're a joy!"

The laughter had but died down when Carney rose, and, addressing the little man, holding out his hand, said: "I'm *very* glad to have met you, sir." Then he was gone.

"I like that man," the derelict said. "What's his name—you didn't introduce me?"

"That gentleman is Mr. Bulldog Carney," FitzHerbert answered solemnly.

"Oh, I say!" the other gasped.

"Don't worry; you've probably done him a good turn," FitzHerbert answered.

The stranger blinked his solemn eyes as if debating something; then he related: "My name is Reginald Llewellyn Fordyce-Anstruther. From Anstruther Hall. One can drive a golf ball into either one of three counties—Surrey, Sussex, or Kent."

In retaliation each one of the five presented himself at decorous length.

Carney strolled to the railway station and sent a telegram to John Arliss at Winnipeg. It was an ordinary ranch-type of message, about a registered bull that was being shipped. In the evening he had an answer to the effect that the bull would be well looked after.

Then Sergeant Jerry Platt paid several visits daily to the railway station for little chats with a constable who patrolled its platform from morning to night.

On the sixth day a gigantic black-headed drab snake crawled across the prairie from the east, and toward its tail one joint of the vertebrae was numbered 6100.

Sergeant Jerry was on hand, and his eye brightened; the advice the Major had received was reliable, evidently.

The station master knew nothing about the car; it was through freight—not for Fort Calbert.

Bulldog Carney had wandered unobtrusively down to the station; a dry smile hovered about his lips as he listened to the argument between the amiable Jerry and the rather important magnate of the C.P.R.

"Lovely!" he muttered once to himself as he wandered closer to the discussion.

It was a case of when great bodies collide. The C.P.R. was a mighty force, and its agents sometimes felt the tremendousness of their power; the Mounted Police were not accustomed to being balked when they issued an order.

Jerry wanted the seals broken on the car. This the agent flatly refused to do; rules were rules, and he only took orders re railroad matters from his superior officer.

Jerry was firm; but the famous Jerry Platt smile never left his face for long. "There's booze in that car, Mr. Craig," he declared.

"How do you know?" the station agent retorted.

"Perhaps we got the info from Bulldog Carney there," and Jerry laughed.

Perhaps Bulldog had been waiting for a legitimate opening, for he jumped:

"I think it is altogether incredible, Sergeant Jerry," he answered; "Ottawa would never let that much liquor get out of Ontario—they have use for it down that way."

"It's booze," Jerry asserted flatly, "and I'm going to tell you something on the level, Bulldog. You're a hell of a nice fellow, but if I get the evidence I expect to get you'll go into the pen just as though I never set eyes on you."

Carney laughed. "When you say the word, Jerry, and I can't make a get-away, I'm yours without trouble. But I don't mind laying you a bet of ten dollars that somebody's been pulling your Superintendent's leg. A carload of whisky is simply preposterous."

THIS little by-play had given Sergeant Platt time for a second thought. He could see that the agent was one of those duty-set men, and would not break the seal of the car; and without authority he did not care to take it on himself.

"Look here, Craig," he said, "cut that car off. I'll get the C. O. to come down; in the meantime you might wire your divisional point how to act. We've simply got to detain the car even if we use force; but I don't want to get you into trouble."

A look of pleasure suffused Carney's face; for, or against him, he admired brains in a man. And Jerry's determination and bravery were also well known. He turned to the station master saying:

"I don't want to horn in on this round up, Craig, but I fancy that's the proper way. I've a curiosity to see just what is in that car."

Sergeant Platt waited patiently, and the conductor of the freight train was now on the platform asking for his "line clear."

Craig was up against a new situation. His company was powerful, and would back him up if he were absolutely in the right, but they also expected of a man a certain amount of intelligence plus his orders; they didn't encourage friction between their employees and the Mounted.

"Cut off 6100, Jim, and run her into the sidin'," he said curtly to the conductor. And as a panacea to his capitulation he added: "If you've got somebody else's way-freight there, Jerry, I'd advise you to apply for a job as brakeman, you're so damned fond of runnin' the C.P.R."

Platt laughed, and turning to the constable, said: "Gallop down to the Fort, report to the C.O., and ask him for a written order to break the seals on this car, as the agent refuses to."

So 6100 was lanced from the yellow snake's body, and then the reptile crawled up the grade toward the foothills, the tail-end joint, the caboose, flicking about derisively as it hobbled over the uneven track.

AN inkling of what was on had come to the ears of the citizens; casually the worthy people sauntered down to the station. They were thirsty souls, for permits did not grow on every lamp post. That a whole carload of whisky had been seized bred a demoralizing thirst. It was doomed, of course, to be poured out on the parched earth, but the event had an attraction like a funeral.

At the end of half-an-hour the constable returned, not only with a written order, but accompanied by Major Kane himself. Behind came a heavy police wagon, drawn by an upstanding pair of bays.

The Major was a jaunty, wiry little man; his braided cap, cocked at a defiant angle on his grizzled head, suggested the comb of a Black-Red, a game cock. He had originally been a Sergeant in the Imperial forces, and in his speech there was the savor of London fog.

"What's this, my good man?" The words popped from his thin lips as he addressed the agent. "You should have broken the seals on that car. Do so now."

"You'll take the responsibility then, sir," Craig answered.

"My word! We're always doing that, always—that's what we're here for, to take responsibility; the force is noted for it."

There was an ominous squint in the little man's eye which was fastened on Carney rather than the agent as he said this. Now, led by the Major, a procession headed for the car of interest.

The station agent clipped the seal wire, and as the door was slid open, the sunlight streaming in picked out the goodly forms of several oak barrels.

The Major's lips clipped out a sharp "Ha!" And Sergeant Jerry grinned at Bulldog Carney.

It must be confessed that Bulldog's gray eyes held a trifle of astonishment over this exhibit.

At a command two constables had popped into the car, and the Major, turning to Sergeant Jerry, said: "Back the wagon up, Sergeant, and take this stuff to the Fort."

The station master interposed: "I think, sir, that if you're seizing this stuff as liquor you'd better make sure. The bar'ls looks a bit too greasy and dirty to be whisky bar'ls."

"Just a clever little covering up of the trail by a foxy whisky-runner," the Major said pleasantly, and let his shrewd eyes almost wink at Carney. "But I'll humor you, Mr. Craig. Have one of your section men bring a sledge, and we'll knock in the head of a barrel; it's got to be destroyed; the devilish stuff gives us trouble enough."

ONE of the yard men brought a sledge; a barrel was rolled out, stood on end, and the yard man swung his heavy, long-nosed spike-driving sledge. At the second blow it went through, and a little fountain of syrup fluttered up like a spray of gold in the sunlight.

"Oh, my aunt!" FitzHerbert exclaimed; "you've struck it sweet this time, Major."

A little group of Sarcees who had viewed with apathetic indifference the turmoil of the whites, swarmed forward like so many bees, dipped their dirty fingers in the treacle, and lapped it off with grunts of appreciation. It was Dog-leg who grunted: "Heap big chief, Redcoat man! Him damn good; break him more!"

"Dump out another barrel," the nettled Major commanded.

This oaken casket, when shattered by the sledge, cast oil on the troubled waters—literally, for it contained good healthy kerosene.

The citizens yelped with delight. Dog-leg begged the Major not to waste these things of an Indian's desire, but give them to his tribe.

The station agent, realizing that he had been on the winning horse in his objection, could not resist a little crow. "Well, Major, you've roped something at last. For the next thirty days I can sit up nights answering correspondence. The man that owns this car of groceries will want to know what the hell the company's up to, broaching his goods. The Superintendent of the Western Division will want to know why I sidetrack freight billed through Fort Calbert. You said you'd take responsibility, but you've given me a big lot of work, and I ain't none too well paid as it is. Somebody's double-crossed you."

"And, by George! I'll keep after that somebody till I get him, if I have to follow him to the North Pole!" Major Kane answered crossly.

Then the constables investigated the car's interior.

There were barrels of sugar, biscuit, bundles of brooms, boxes of salt cod, boxes of peas, beans—in fact the car's interior was a replica of a well-ordered grocery store rather than the duplicate of a bar-room.

The Major was mystified. They certainly had got the car that had been wired on by the Secret Intelligence Department as containing whiskey.

He had no word of another car; what could he do? Beyond Fort Calbert were several small places on the line where there were neither police nor men who either feared or were friendly to the law. He turned to the station master, saying:

"Craig, can't you wire ahead and see if you can get that car of whisky cut off, I believe it's on that train."

"How'd I know what car to cut out; besides, I've no jurisdiction outside my own station. As it is the company 'll have a bill of damages to pay, and of course, somebody on a three-legged stool at the head office 'll try to cut it out of my pay. You'd better have your men put those packages back in the car, so I can seal it up. I'm going in to wire the Superintendent of the Western Division at Winnipeg to report the whole thing to your Commissioner at Regina."

Some Stoney Indians, with the Sarcees, watched sadly the return of the broken barrels of desire to the car; not since they had looted the H. B. Co.'s store at Fort Pitt had there been such a pleasing prospect of something for nothing.

The constables mounted the horses and with the police wagon departed.

Sergeant Jerry Platt, in a little detour passed close to Carney, saying as he slacked his pace: "Bulldog, you're too damn hot for this country; Montana, I would suggest as a wider field. But we'll get the goods on you yet, old top."

"Then Montana might prove attractive, dear Jerry."

The Major walked away stiffly, pondering over this mixed-up affair. He would wire to one of his outposts up in the hills; but he was handicapped by his want of data. With whisky as the bone of contention everybody's hand would be against the force—the very train men, if they could get away with it.

Carney had viewed the incident with complacency. If 6100 contained groceries then the other car, for there was one, had got safely through with its holding of liquor. Carney had known before the telegrams were sent that Jack Arliss was shipping two cars, one of goods and one of whisky; one consigned to John Ross, and one to Dan Stewart; and John Ross was also of the gang, though ostensibly an industrious storekeeper in the next town to Bald Rock, Dan Stewart's habitat. How Arliss had double-crossed the police, either by shifting the goods or juggling the shipping bills, did not matter.

Carney's telegram telling Arliss that the police at Fort Calbert were going to seize 6100 made it a sure thing for that gentleman to shoot through the whisky under another number, and a day ahead of the suspected car.

Back at the Fort Major Kane called in Sergeant Jerry for a consultation. Jerry had been in the force for many years; he had risen from the position of scout and knew every trick and curve of the game; besides, which was almost a greater asset, he was liked of the citizens.



With a squealing snort the cayuse swerved.

"Bulldog 'll stay right here," he advised; "he's got brains, the cool kind that don't sputter in the pan. It wouldn't do a bit of good to round him up, for we haven't got a thing on him—not a thing. He's so well liked that nobody 'll give him away; he plays the game like Robin Hood used to. Dan Stewart 'll handle this stuff; but till you've clapped your hands on somebody with the goods we'll be guessing. A lot of it'll be run into the plains—there isn't a rancher wouldn't buy a barrel of it, and swear he'd never heard of it. Every white man is against this law, sir. They don't think Carney's breakin' the law."

The Major pondered a little, then he said: "Instruct the Sergeant-Major to send out a patrol up toward the foothills, with orders to get some of this consignment, and some of the runners at any cost."

So that night a patrol rode into the Western gloom.

NEXT day, as Sergeant Jerry strolled out of the stockade gate, he was accosted by a French half-breed, who intimated that for a matter of ten dollars, paid in hand, he would tell Jerry where he could nab a big lot of whisky as it was being run the following night.

The informant refused Jerry's invitation to accompany him to the Commanding Officer. To insist would only frighten the breed, and a frightened breed always lied; so Jerry, taking a gambling chance, passed over the ten, and learned that in the night a whisky caravan would come along the trail that crossed the ford at Whispering Water, heading for Fort Calbert itself.

This was quite in keeping with Carney's audacity, and Jerry, still wondering that anybody would give away Bulldog, carried the information to the Major.

"We'll have to act on it," Major Kane declared; "sometimes a breed will sell his own wife for a slab of bacon."

When night had settled down over the prairie Sergeant Jerry Platt, Corporal McBane, and three constables rode quietly through the gates, and, skirting the west wall of the stockade, drifted away to the south-west.

At ten o'clock the police were snugly hidden in the heavy willow bush of the little valley through which rippled Whispering Water; their horses had been taken back on the trail by one constable.

A bullseye lantern fastened to a stake just topped a rock. In this position, when the slide was pulled, its rays would light up the trail where it dipped from the cut bank to the stream.

THEY lay for an hour in the little bluff of willows. A moon that had hung in the Western sky wandering lazily toward the distant saw-toothed ridge of the Rockies, had passed behind the gigantic stone wall, and a sombre gloom had obliterated the uneven edge of the cut bank. In the belly of the valley it was just a well of blackness, cut at times by a pencilled line of silver where the waters swirled around a cutting rock. The stillness was oppressive for the air was dead; no winger of the night passed; no animal of the prairie, gopher or coyote, disturbed the solemn hush; nobody spoke; in each one's mind was the unworded thought that they waited for a man that was known to be without fear, a man to whom odds meant little or nothing.

As they lay belly to earth in the heavy grass Corporal McBane pivoted his body on elbows close to Sergeant Jerry and whispered: "I'm glad, man, you suggested the flare. In the dark, wi' promiscuous shootin', there might be killin', and I'd no like to pot Bulldog mysel', even if he is a whisky runner."

Jerry laughed a soft, throaty chuckle. "You'd have a fine chance, Mac, with that old .44 Enfield pepperbox against Carney with his .45 Colt; he just plays it like a girl fingerin' the keys of a piano; those gray cat eyes of his can see in the dark."

"Well, wi' the flare on him he'll quit. It's only damn fools that won't wait for a better chance."

"We had him once before," Jerry said reflectively, "and he gave us the slip; just for the hell of it, too, for it was that train hold-up, and it was proved after he had nothing to do with it. But listen to this, Scottie. We both like Bulldog, but if he bucks us, we belong to the Force."

"Aye, I'm aware of it, Sergeant; and Bulldog him-

self wouldn't thank us to spit on our salt. But what makes you think he'll be with this outfit?"

"Because it's just one of his damned mad capers to run it into Fort Calbert under our nose, and he wouldn't ask anyone to run the risk and not be there."

But McBane had a Scotch reluctance to believe in foolish bravado. "It's no sense, Sergeant," he objected, "and Carney's verra clever."

SUDDENLY, on top of the cut bank where the trail dipped through the sandy wall, something blurred the blue-black sky; there was a heavy slipping, sliding noise as if a giant sheet of sand-paper was being shoved along the earth. There was the creaking of wood on wood, the dull thump of an axle in a hub; a softened, just perceptible thud, thud of muffled hoofs.

The shuffling noise that was as if some serpent dragged its length over the deep sands of the cut was opposite the armed men when the voice of Sergeant Platt rang out in a sharp command:

"Halt! Hands up—you are covered! If you move we fire!"

At the first word, "Halt!" the bullseye threw its arrogant blare of light upon the creeping thing of noise. It painted against the cut bank the bleary-eyed cayuse, the archaic Red River cart, and the unformidable figure of the Honorable Reginald Fordyce-Anstruther—that was all. That is to say all but five square tins, atop of which sat the outlaw, Reggie.

It was a goblined, pathetically inadequate figure sitting atop the tins, the lean, attenuated arms held high as if in beseechment.

Sergeant Jerry cursed softly; then he laughed; and Corporal McBane exclaimed: "Ma God! it's like catchin' a red herrin'."

But Jerry, careful scout, whispered: "Circle to the rear, Corporal; keep out of the light; it may be a blind."

Soon McBane's voice was heard from the cut bank, "All clear, Sergeant."

Then Sergeant Jerry, stepping into the open, examined the exhibit. Instead of carrying concealed weapons Reggie had a fair load of concealed spirits; he was fully half drunk. Questions only brought some nebulous answers about the permit being up in Fort Calbert, and that he was bringing in the goods. Even Jerry's proverbial good nature was sorely taxed.

"I'm gettin' fed up on these damned tricks of Bulldog's," he growled, "for that's what it is."

"I'm not sure," McBane objected; "this ninny may ha' blabbed, and yon breed, hearin' it, saw a chance to make a shillin' or two."

However, Reggie, and his cayuse and the whisky were attached and escorted in to barracks.

Perhaps it was the fortifying courage of the whisky the villain had imbibed that caused him to bear up remarkably well under this misfortune of the very great possibility of losing his not-too-valuable outfit; or he may have known of some fairy who would make good his fine.

In the morning the liquor was very formally taken out to the usual sacrifice place, just at the back of the barracks, and in the presence of the Superintendent and a small guard of constables, poured in a gurgling libation upon the thirsting sand bank of a little ravine. Then the empty tins were tossed disdainfully into the coulee.

Back in the Fort Major Kane said: "This was all a blind, Sergeant Platt; none of the stuff will come down this way—they'll run it up among the miners and lumberjacks. Take Lemoine the scout, and pick up some of the patrols up about the Pass."

IN half-an-hour Sergeant Jerry rode out from the Fort into the West; and by the middle of the afternoon Corporal McBane reported to the O.C. that the few constables remaining in the Fort were drunk—half were in the guard room.

The Major was horrified. Where had the liquor come from? Corporal McBane didn't know.

In his perplexity the Major, stick in hand, stalked angrily to the scene of the morning sacrifice. The mound apparently had not been disturbed. He had a nebulous idea that perhaps the men had chewed up the saturated earth. He jabbed viciously at the spot with his walking stick as if spearing the alcoholic demon. At the third thrust his stick went through, suggesting a hole. With boot and hand the Major sent the sand flying. A foot down he came upon a gunny sack. Beneath this was a neat cross-hatching of willow wands resting atop an iron grating that was supported by a tub; a tub boned from the laundry, but the strong odor that struck the Superintendent's nostrils was not suds—it was whisky.

He yanked the tub out of the cavity and kicked it into the coulee. Then he stood up and mopped his perspiring forehead, muttering: "The devils! the cursed stuff! It's that damned outlaw, Bulldog Carney, that's put them up to this. The liquor that poor waster brought in was just a blind, the tip from the half-breed was part of his devilish plot. It's a game to put my men on the blink while he runs that carload."

Rage swirled in the Major's heart as he turned toward the Fort; but before he had reached the gates his sense—and the little man had lots of it—laid embargo on his tongue, and he passed silently to his quarters to sit on the verandah and curse softly to himself.

He was sick of the whole whisky business. He had been in the Mounted from the very first, fifteen years or so of it now. They had not come into the Territories to be pitted against the social desires of the white inhabitants who were in all other things law abiding: but here this very thing took up more than half their time and energy. And it was a losing game with the cunning and desires of a hundred men pitted against every one of his force.

There were rumors that it was soon to be changed—the trade legitimatized; that is, for Alberta to the Athabasca border. With a small army of clever whisky traders, no licenses, no supervision against them, it was a matter of impossibility to keep liquor from the half-breeds, who were a sort of carry-on station to the Indians.

To trail murderers, gun-men, cattle and horse thieves, day after day across the trackless prairie, or the white sheet-of-snow buried plain, was an exhilarating game—it was something to stimulate the *esprit de corps;* a Mounted Policeman, feeling, when he had landed his man, full reward for all his hardships and danger; but to poke around like an ordinary city sleuth and bag some poor devil of a breed with a bottle of whisky, only to have him up before the magistrate for a small fine was, to say the least, disquieting; it made his men half ashamed of their mission.

Of course the present incident was not petty; it was like Bulldog Carney himself—big; and the Major would have given, right there, a half year's pay to have bagged Bulldog, and so, perhaps have broken up the ring.

But determined as the force was, the British law was greater still. Without absolute convicting evidence Carney would have been acquitted, and the Major perhaps censured for making a mistake.

At headquarters was a fixed edict: "Take no position from which you will have to recede," which meant really, "Don't make mistakes."

As the little man sat thinking over these many things, sore at heart at the quirky thrust Fate had dealt him, for he loved the Mounted, loved his duties, loved the very men, until sometimes breaking under the strain of service in the lonely wastes they cracked and a dirty streak, yellow or black, showed—then he was a tiger, a martinet; no sparing. "Out you go, you hound!" he would snap; "you're a disgrace to the force, and it's got to be kept clean."

Then "Dismissed" would be written opposite the man's name in the annual report that went from the Commissioner at Regina to the Comptroller at Ottawa.

The chorus of a refrain floated to his ears from the guard house—it was "The Stirrup Cup."

"God! England," the little man groaned. "That's Cavendish singing," he muttered.

How long and broad the highway of life, how human, how weakly human those who travelled it. Cavendish, a younger son of a noble family, a constable at sixty cents a day! They were all like that—not of noble family, but adventurers, roamers, men who had broken the shackles of restraint all over the world. That was largely why they were in the Mounted; certainly not because of the sixty cents a day. And, so, how, even in his bitterness of set awry authority, could the incident of the tub be a heinous crime on their part?

"By gad!" and the little man popped from his chair and paced the verandah, saying inwardly: "They're my boys; I'd like to forgive them, and shoot Carney—damn him! He's at the bottom of it."

THE great arrogant sun, supreme in his regal gold, had slipped down behind the jagged mountain peaks as Carney, on his little buckskin, and the blond giant FitzHerbert on a bay, swung at a lope out of Fort Calbert for a breather over the prairie.

As they rode, almost silently, they suddenly heard the shuffling "pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat" of a cayuse, and in a little cloud of white dust to the west there grew to their eyes the blurred form of a horseman that seemed to droop almost to the horn of his saddle.

"A tired nichie," FitzHerbert commented; "he smells sowbelly frying in the town—he hasn't eaten for a moon, I should say."

The dust cloud swirled closer, and Carney's gray eyes picked out the familiar form of Lathy George, one of Dan Stewart's men. The rider yanked his cayuse to a stand when they met, almost reeling from the saddle in exhaustion. The cayuse spread his legs, drooped his head, and the flanks of his lean belly pumped as if his lungs were parched.

"Hello, Bulldog." Then the man looked warily at Carney's companion.

FitzHerbert saw the look and knew from the stranger's physical shatterment that some vital errand had spurred him; so he touched a heel to his bay's flank, and moved slowly along the trail.

The rider of the cayuse in tired, panting gasps gave Carney his message.

"All right, George," Bulldog commented at the finish, "go to the Victoria, feed your horse, have a good supper, get a room and sleep."

"What'll I do, boss, when I wake up—how long'll I sleep?"

"As long as you like—a week if you want."

"What'll I do then—don't you need me?"

"No, play with your toes if you like."

Lathy George pulled his reeling cayuse together, and pushed on. Carney gave a whistle, and FitzHerbert, wheeling his bay, turned.

"I've got to go back to town," Carney said.

"I'll go too," the other volunteered; "this devilish houndlessness is like a painted sky above a painted ocean—it gives me the lonely willies."

"There's hell to pay back yonder," Carney said, jerking a thumb over his shoulder

"It's always back there, or over yonder—never here when there's any hell to pay," FitzHerbert commented dejectedly; "it's just one long plaintive Sabbath."

"I've got to go back to the foothills soon's I've got into evening dress," Carney continued.

"Me, too, if there's action there."

"Hardly, my dear boy; it's purely a matter of diplomacy."

"Absolutely, Bulldog; that's why you're going. You're going to kiss somebody on both cheeks, pat him on the back, and say 'here's a wrist watch for you'—you love it. What's happened?"

"The Stonies are on the war path."

"Ugly devils—part Sioux. They're hunters—bloodletters— first cousins to the Kilkenny cats. In the rebellion a few years ago, only for the Wood Crees they'd have murdered every white prisoner that came into their hands."

"Yes, they're peppery devils. In the Frog Lake massacre one of them, Itoka, killed a white man or two and was hanged for it."

"What started them now?" FitzHerbert asked.

"Whisky."

FITZHERBERT stole a glance at Carney's stolid face; then he whispered; Carney's word had been like a gasp of confession, for, undoubtedly, the liquor was from the car.

"How did they make the haul?" he asked.

"The Stonies have just had their Treaty Payment, and there's a new regulation that they may go off the reserve at Morley to make their fall hunt in the mountains, at this time; they were on their way, under Chief Standing Bear, when they ran into the gent we've just met, and his mates in the Vermillion Valley. George was running two loads of whisky up to the lumber camps."

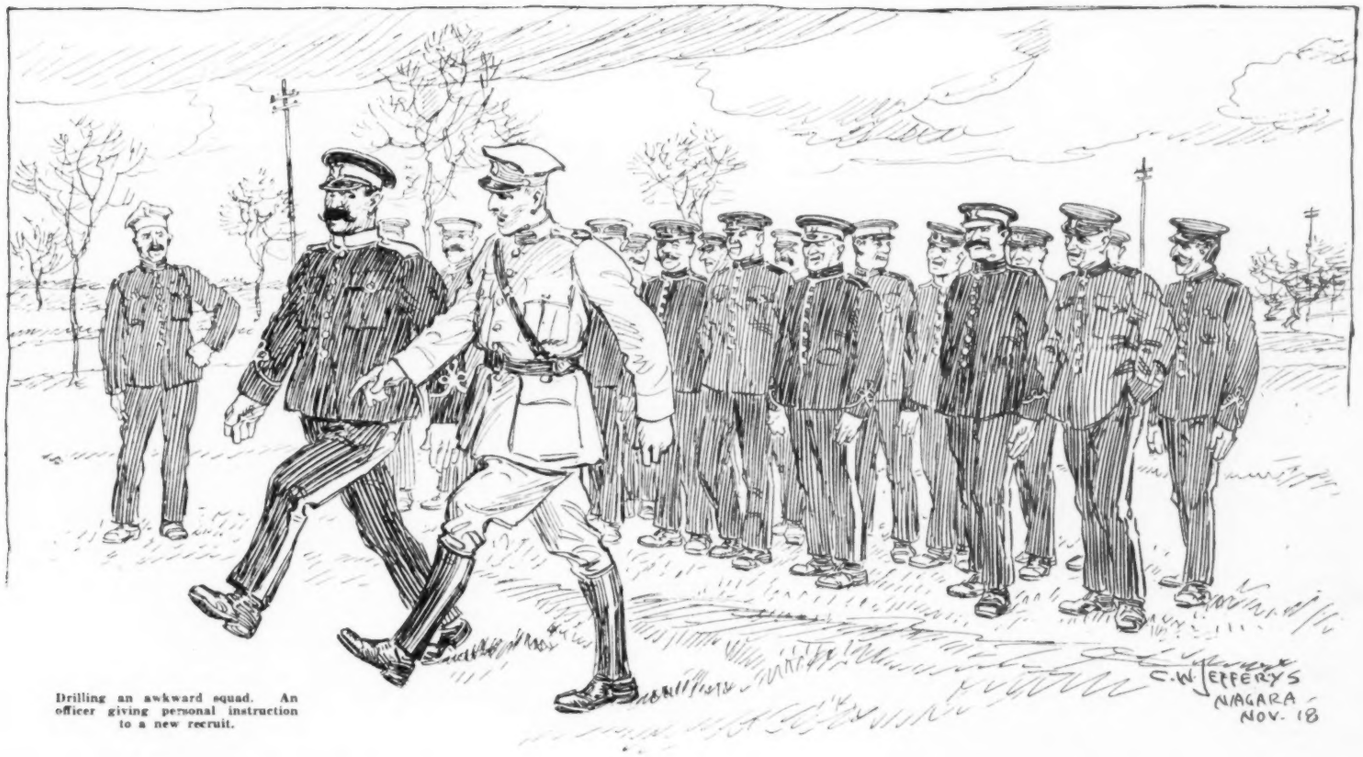
"Great! that combination—lumberjacks, Stonies, and Whisky; it would be as if hell had opened a chute—there'll be murder."

"I know Standing Bear; he made me a blood brother of his. I did him a bit of a turn. I was coming through the Flathead Valley once, and the old fellow had insulted a grizzley. The grizzley was peeved, for the Stoney had peppered a couple of silly bullets into the brute's shoulder. I happened to get in a lucky shot and stopped the silver-tip when he was about to shampoo old Standing Bear."

"Yes, I heard about that, you and your little buckskin. Say, Bulldog, that little devil must have the pluck of a lion—they say he carried you right up to the grizzley, and you pumped him full of .45."

"That's just a yarn," Carney asserted; "but anyway, the chief and I are good friends. I'm going to pull out and persuade him to go back to the reserve. Jerry Platt has gone down in that direction, and you know what the Sergeant is, Fitz—he'll stack up against that tribe alone; if they're full of fire-water, and have been rowing with the lumber jacks—their squaws will be along and you know what that means—Jerry stands a mighty good chance of being killed. I feel that it will be sort of my fault."

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Drilling an awkward squad. An officer giving personal instruction to a new recruit.

The WHITE EAGLE *at* NIAGARA

How Canada Trained the Polish Army

By MAJOR C. R. YOUNG

Late Adjutant Polish Army Camp.

IN September of 1917 there began a unique chapter in the history of the old military town of Niagara. Of fighting it had seen aplenty, and the tramp of alien soldiery was not wholly unknown; but for the eighteen months that followed it was to give enthusiastic quarter to a host that yearned for the Vistula and the Warta and for the opportunity to fight, and, if need be, to die, as their fathers had done before them, under the white eagle.

For a century and a half the Poles had resolutely awaited the day when they might strike their Imperial despoilers a decisive and avenging blow. On several occasions desperate chances had been taken, for which they suffered to the full. But with the outbreak of the world war their great hour appeared to have come. Representative Poles outside enemy territory urged armed participation, and France, sorely pressed, and bound to Poland by strong historical and sentimental ties, gave the opportunity. On June 4th, 1917, President Poincare established by proclamation an autonomous Polish army to fight beside the French for the freedom of the world—including Poland. France undertook to equip, pay and train the new force until responsibility for it could be assumed by the Government of a resurrected Poland. The personnel was to be built up by voluntary enlistment of Poles from America, of Poles who might be transferred from the allied armies, and of those who might elude the clutches of their ancient enemies and rally under the white eagle in France. In September of 1917, a Franco-Polish Mission made up in part of Polish veterans of this war came to America to stimulate recruiting for the new army and the Polish Military Commission was set up to undertake the enlistment of volunteers and their transportation to a mobilization camp. Arrangements were speedily made with the Government of Canada to open a camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake. The Polish recruits were to be provided in camp with a temporary distinctive uniform—that worn by the old militia of Canada—and the entire expenditure by the Canadian Government on their behalf was to be charged to France.





An officer of the Polish Army. The uniform is that of the French Army—light blue in color.

Until Poles began detraining in considerable numbers at Niagara Camp, few people in Canada knew much, or apparently cared much, about the Polish Army movement. Late in 1916, an officer of the American Legion reported activity among the Poles of the United States and prophesied the ultimate despatching to France of a considerable Polish force. He was not taken seriously. When, however, early in 1917, twenty-three young Poles were sent to the School of Infantry, M. D. No. 2, at Toronto, to qualify as officers, the enterprise began to acquire substance. The classes grew, so that a few months later at Camp Borden, there were in training, at one time, one hundred and fifty young officers-to-be.

The Growth of an Army

SUDDENLY, in the closing days of September, an order was received by Lieut.-Colonel A. D. LePan, commanding the School of Infantry, M. D. No. 2, to proceed with his staff to the new camp and take command.

Recruits began to arrive almost immediately, sometimes surging over every limit the imagination had set. In one day, before it was fairly on its feet, the Second Depot Battalion registered 588 men. From that time on, a steady stream of volunteers poured into Niagara in the eighteen months of operation, mounting up to 22,400 men. Of these, nearly 21,000 were sent to France to form the backbone of the army of New Poland. Ninety-nine per cent. of the men received came from the United States, and but one per cent. from Canada.



It was an unusual task that confronted the Canadian staff at Niagara. The unknown loomed large. No one could foretell the duration of the camp, the probable number of incoming recruits, or the disciplinary irregularities that might develop amongst thousands of imported foreigners whose knowledge of English and of army life was meagre. Then, too, the camp had to be made ready for winter occupation—something it had not known for fifty years. Barracks had to be built, nearly a score of unused buildings in town to be made habitable for those that could not be provided





Types of the rank and file of the Polish Army. Some wear the Czapka, others old Canadian militia caps, while the summer headgear was a wide-brimmed straw hat, turned up at the right side and with a band of amaranth and white, the Polish National Colors

with shelter in military premises, and water mains and sewers had to be laid or deepened. Many thousands of men had to be clothed, fed, organized and trained in the rudiments of the soldierly life. A special system of documentation, medical examination and categorization, record-keeping and pay had to be devised to meet the complex requirements of the situation and to enable draft quotas to be organized on short notice and despatched to France. A handful of officers—considerably less than would have been allotted to a battalion of Canadian infantry—loyally supported by a few score of N.C.O's and men of the Canadian services and departments and by the splendid voluntary aid of the American Red Cross and the Canadian Y.M.C.A. set to work and for eighteen months grappled ceaselessly with the ever-changing situation that grew out of this unique enterprise. It is a laborious undertaking at best to conduct a draft-giving unit of one's own countrymen in one's own country, but the difficulties become multitudinous when the men handled speak an unfamiliar tongue, when they are enlisted in one country in accordance with its restrictions, are mobilized in and under the regulation of another and are trained and despatched overseas in accordance with instructions received from a third.

A Picturesque Camp

THERE was much that was distinctive in the life of the Polish Army in camp. A casual glance across the parade ground might have given the impression of a Canadian training camp before the war, for here passed and repassed the scarlets and dark blues and rifle greens of the old militia. But yonder from a staff flew an unknown twin-striped red and white service flag, and from the end of a hut vigorously rose a white eagle from its amaranth field. Then here was seen the square-topped headdress of the Polish soldier—the czapka—and down the breeze from a band that lightened the drudgery of a drill floated the March of the Falcons. These, too, could not be Canadians who spent their hard-earned rest period in dancing the mazur and the polka on the green. Besides, the young men who swung by at a hundred and twenty to the minute were shorter, bigger-chested, sturdier and more stolid than Canadians of the same age.



The Poles were well adapted to the arduous life of the soldier. Their strength and endurance were remarkable. As most of them had been forced to make their difficult way in America by the hardest kind of physical labor, they were somewhat heavy and slow of movement. Yet those who had participated in the gymnastic activities of the Polish societies lacked nothing in agility of sprightliness.

Patience under depressing conditions was one of their outstanding military virtues. Through the excessively cold and dreary winter of 1917-18, when army boots were difficult to obtain, when Niagara common was alternately an Arctic steppe and a morass, and when "a platoon with mitts" became the most envied of units, they were models of cheerful obedience. Not till December 1st, when the movement of troops to the advanced posts at St. John's, Quebec, and to Fort Niagara reduced the number of men in camp from 43,000 to 3,100, was it possible to withdraw the last men from canvas and give them the shelter of a roof. Yet, when questioned, they invariably replied that they were comfortable. Then, too, throughout the long and tiresome quarantine of eight weeks, consequent upon the outbreak of influenza, the Polish troops submitted to tedious preventive measures with the greatest alacrity. There was at no time during the camp any appreciable grousing.

Could Not Speak English

WHILE the language difference introduced administrative complications, it heightened the interest of the camp. Perhaps forty per cent. of the recruits were unable to make themselves understood in English. It was therefore necessary that detailed instruction should be in Polish and that orders be read to the men in that language. For this, the English-speaking Polish officers and N.C.O's previously trained at Toronto, Camp Borden and Niagara were indispensable. However, several members of the Canadian staff acquired a useful working knowledge of the Polish language. The proudest moment in the life of a certain University Professor, turned soldier, is said to have been when he first moved his battalion to divine service and back entirely in Polish. Very often, too, officers who in civil life would have sputtered at Beauchamp or Cholmondeley, might have been nodding with ill-concealed satisfaction at such a sequence as this:

Cieszczyk
Drzy zga
Grzeszczuk
Krzy zanowski
Przybyszewski
Sobieszczanski

In Polish Niagara strange admonitions sprang from notice-board and placard. Those who claimed the inalienable right to smoke anywhere and everywhere, found themselves confronted in banned places by a bold "Nie Wolno Palic' Tutaj," while nosing busy-bodies were held up by a peremptory "Wstep Wzbroniony." Shaggy recruits repaired to the "Balbiernia" for their military cut, and youths who had not written to mother since they enlisted, were enjoined at the "Y" to "Pisz do Domu."



Polish officers.



Two brass bands and



Sentries of the Polish Army Camp. Note the position of rifle at shoulder arms. It conforms to the drill of the French Army, with which it is affiliated.

a bugle band were developed from the raw material that offered itself. For many months these continued to delight soldiers and civilians alike, until, in their turn, they were sent overseas as units to fill an indispensable role in the Polish camps in France. Through music, a touch of Poland always characterized civic demonstrations during the occupation. No welcome of returning soldiers, no Victory Loan parade was quite complete without a Polish band. They became a part of the civic life.

IT was, however, in unorganized music that the spirit of the Pole, that variable mingling of light-heartedness and melancholy, had its most compelling expression. Whenever and wherever Poles congregated, music in some form or other spontaneously broke forth. It was most effective in their unrehearsed, mass singing. That which might well have brought "idle tears" to the eyes floated across Niagara plain on many a soft summer night. Those who heard it will never forget the haunting charm of that song of happy youth shadowed by forebodings of sorrow to come, "Jack Szybko Mijaja Chwile (How Fast the Moments Fly)." Then there was the tripping, care-free march of the victorious legions of Dombrowski: "Jeszcze Polska Nie Zginela (All is Not Yet Over With Poland)" welling up in their merriest moments, as when, in great cheering train-loads, they began their long journey to France—and to Poland. But from the very depths of hearts, saddened with the sufferings of their beloved land came the solemn, stately "Boze Cos' Polske (O God, Protector of Poland)" by common consent regarded in Niagara Camp as the National Hymn of Poland. Men and women who have heard all that is most impressive in music have often stood with tear-filled eyes as thousands of Poles poured forth in this sublime hymn the pent-up emotion of a hundred and fifty years of persecution.

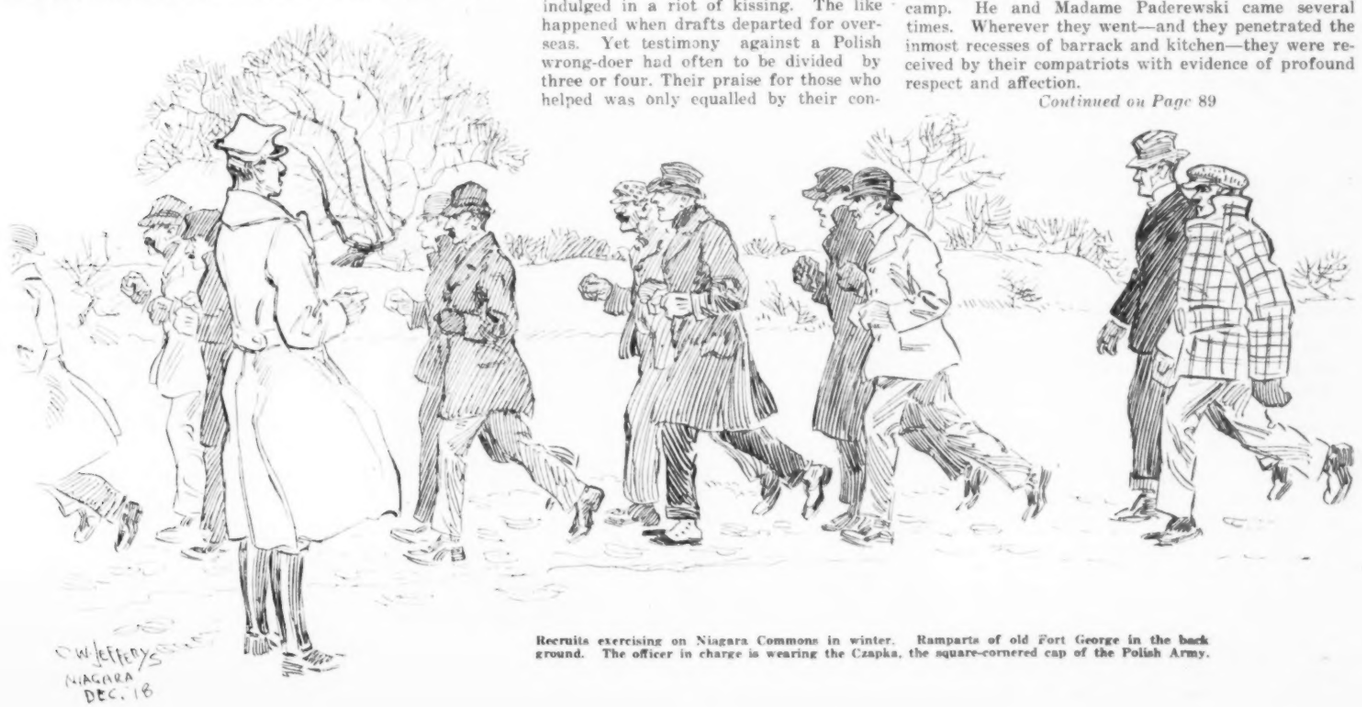
The love of the Poles for music was but one evidence of their emotionalism. Should a brother Pole be honored, as when an intrepid officer was decorated with the British Military Cross, they indulged in a riot of kissing. The like happened when drafts departed for overseas. Yet testimony against a Polish wrong-doer had often to be divided by three or four. Their praise for those who helped was only equalled by their condemnation of those who hindered. Their loves and their hates were intense. They never stopped half way; they went the full course.



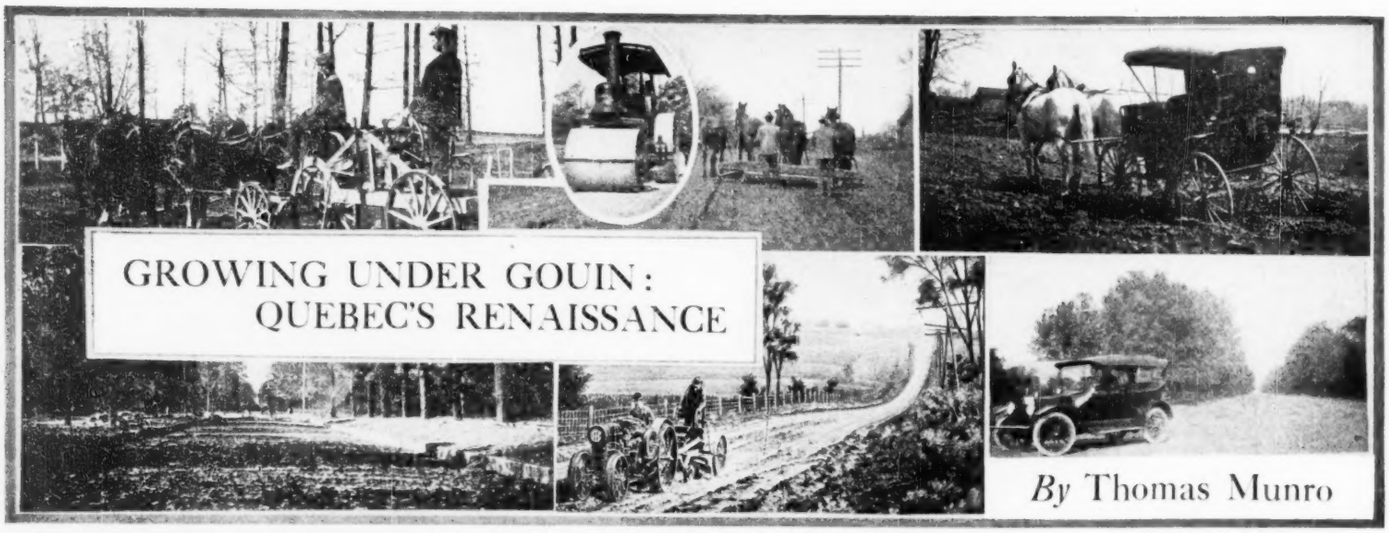
A pronounced international aspect was given the camp by the frequent presence of foreign officers. For many months there were attached officers from the French and Polish armies, on one occasion numbering as many as fifteen. During the maintenance of the advanced post at Fort Niagara, directly across the river, American officers were also frequent visitors. A delightful camaraderie sprang up in this varied company thrown together by chance in a unique undertaking.

The visits of that distinguished Pole who now holds the post of First Minister were great occasions in camp. He and Madame Paderewski came several times. Wherever they went—and they penetrated the inmost recesses of barrack and kitchen—they were received by their compatriots with evidence of profound respect and affection.

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Recruits exercising on Niagara Commons in winter. Ramparts of old Fort George in the background. The officer in charge is wearing the Czapka, the square-cornered cap of the Polish Army.



GROWING UNDER GOUIN: QUEBEC'S RENAISSANCE

By Thomas Munro

THE renaissance of Quebec, financially, industrially, educationally, and in almost every other way, seems to have begun with the Gouin Government. . That may seem like a partisan statement; but when you observe the enthusiastic way in which the Quebec people endorse that Government—in many constituencies not even opposing the Government candidate; and when you study its achievement, it seems fair to give this Government credit for being constructive and progressive. I have not studied what the opponents of the Government have to say about it—something incredibly atrocious, no doubt—but I have travelled on the roads it has constructed, seen the industrial and agricultural development it has encouraged, and have compared the condition of the province fifteen or twenty years ago with its condition to-day. Now, I feel inclined to agree with the opinion expressed by newspapers and newspaper men—what better judges!—of all shades of political opinion—that in Sir Lomer Gouin the province has produced a man who is as able as he is honest; and, though it is a one-man Government, that one man has been a host.

The Quebec elections were held last June. There does not seem to have been any very pressing reason for holding the elections just then. The Government certainly had not exceeded its mandate. Perhaps Sir Lomer, like Antaeus, just wanted to touch his feet to earth again, to renew his strength. The formal reasons given were that the Government had had a war mandate; now it wanted a peace mandate; and that it had expended on roads all it had been authorized to borrow, and would like to know if the people desired it to keep on with its road building. They did, most emphatically—and no wonder. Because Quebec now has the best roads in the Dominion, *so far as it has gone*, and means to continue until every farmer can get his goods to market, and his family to church, without breaking an axle or the third commandment.

When Sir Lomer Gouin came into power in 1905 he began with a fine list of promises to the electors—not a wholly unprecedented performance. He now can claim to have kept them all. Some of the chief items on this program I must mention; because it is around them that the development of the province has hinged. They were the stabilization of finances and increase of revenue, the development of education, and the improvement of rural roads. There were eighteen planks in his platform altogether, and he threw in others gratuitously afterwards, when he had found how easy it was for brains, vision, and energy to govern the "ignorant" and "unstable" Fren-Canadians, and carry them along with him in progressive legislation.

The foundation of his policy, of course, had to be financial. Most dreams that come true have to be based on that. When they are not, they usually remain dreams. The ideal combination is the "fifty-fifty man," who has imagination, and, in addition, the energy to see that his dreams are tried out. The neighboring province of New Brunswick has resources little, if any, inferior to those of Quebec; but they are almost at the end of their tether, there, for means to develop them and make them productive.

I am not going to lead the reader into any detailed statement of the finances of the province; but the figures are there for all to see. The expenditures made were with the object of making two dollars come back where one had come before; and they accomplished the purpose. The debt of Quebec per head is the smallest of any province in Canada; and the habitant has been given a run for his money, as he may always be trusted to see is the case.

The Gouin Government began by repaying old loans, and generally putting the province in a position where its credit would stand the test in any of the money markets. As other provinces in Canada often wonder just how Sir Lomer does it, it may be interesting to note how he went about raising his revenues. He took for his motto: Thrift and Economy; and added to it, Reconstruction and Progress. Ever since Confederation, the finances of Quebec had been in a more or less precarious condition, with surpluses rare and deficits common. He turned first to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and convinced him that the subsidies of all the provinces must be increased. They were. Then the revenues from the various resources of the province such as Game and Fisheries, Mines, Lands and Forests, were all increased by judicious management, until the total from the whole public domain amounted to nearly two million dollars in 1918, as compared with less than nine hundred thousand in 1897. The stumpage dues, for example, have been increased nearly one hundred per cent. since the Gouin Government came into power; and here, it may be observed, the New Brunswick Government is taking a leaf out of Sir Lomer's book. The Government has been able to show a surplus every year since it came into power, averaging over nine hundred thousand dollars a year, and the interest charges on the public debt, notwithstanding the large borrowings made for road building, show a substantial decrease per capita.



Sir Lomer Gouin.

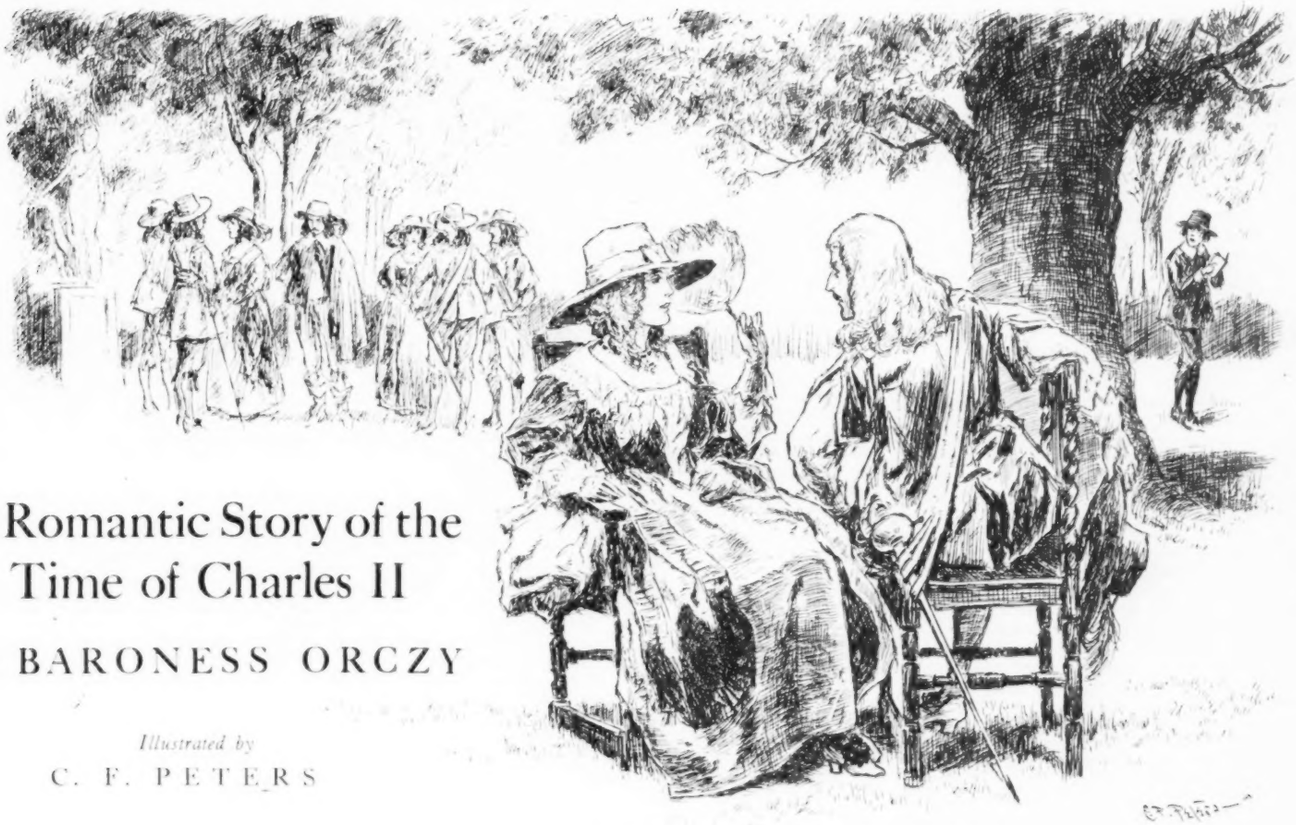
The succession duties are a fertile source of revenue. Many a plug of Montreal Twist and other of Sir William Macdonald's products the habitant had accounted for; he got a little of his own back when the Macdonald estate returned to the Province of Quebec $3,325,000 in succession duties.

It was while the province was in this favorable condition that Sir Lomer went to the people asking them to authorize the spending of twenty million dollars on roads. Some people who think the habitant is picayune and penurious might revolve in their minds the fact that he, metaphorically, slapped the Premier on the back with a contingent of sixty supporters, and said: "Go to it!"

With some people, road building is synonymous with graft. In the House of Commons last winter the

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HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED



A Romantic Story of the Time of Charles II

By BARONESS ORCZY

Illustrated by
C. F. PETERS

I, as a spectator, could see that they were supremely happy.

CHAPTER SIX

The Gathering Storm

I.

IT was after that never-to-be-forgotten Episode that Mr. Betterton honoured me with his full and entire Confidence. At the moment that he clung so pathetically to my feeble arms, he realized, I think for the first time, what a devoted Friend he would always find me. Something of the powerful, magical Fluid of my devotion must have emanated from my Heart and reached his sensitive Perceptions. He knew from that hour that while I lived and had Health and Strength, I should never fail him in Loyalty and willing Service.

Soon afterwards, if you remember, Mr. Betterton went again to Paris, by command of His Majesty this time, there to study and to master the whole Question of Scenery and scenic Effects upon the Stage such as is practised at the Theatre de Moliere in the great City. That he acquitted himself of his task with Honour and Understanding goes without saying. The rousing Welcome which the public of London gave him on his return testified not only to his Worth but also to his Popularity.

The scenic Innovations, though daring and at times crudely realistic, did, in the opinion of Experts, set off the art of Mr. Betterton to the greatest possible advantage. No doubt that his overwhelming Success at that time was in a great measure due to his familiarity with all those authentic-looking doors and trees and distant skies which at first bewildered such old-fashioned actors as Mr. Harris or the two Messrs. Noakes.

Never indeed had Mr. Betterton been so great as he was now. Never had his Talents stood so high in the estimation of the cultured World. His success as Alvaro in "Love and Honour," as Solyman in the "Siege of Rhodes," as "Hamlet," or "Pericles," stand before me as veritable Triumphs. Bouquets and Handkerchiefs, scented Notes and Love-tokens, were showered upon the brilliant Actor as he stood upon the Stage, proudly receiving the adulation of the Audience whom he had conquered by the Magic of his Art.

His Majesty hardly ever missed a performance at the new Duke's Theatre when Mr. Betterton was acting, nor did my Lady Castlemaine, who was shamelessly vowing about that time that she was prepared to bestow upon the great Man any Favour he might ask of her.

II.

BUT outwardly at any rate, Mr. Betterton had become a changed Man. His robust Constitution and splendid Vitality did in truth overcome the physical after-effects of the abominable Outrage of which he had been the Victim; but the moral consequences upon his entire character and demeanour were indeed incalculable. Of extraordinary purity in his mode of living, it had been difficult, before that Episode, for evil Gossip to besmirch his fair name, even in these lax and scandalous times. But after that grim September afternoon it seemed as if he took pride in emulating the least estimable characteristics of his Contemporaries. His Majesty's avowed predilection for the great Actor brought the latter into daily contact with all those noble and beautiful Ladies who graced the Court and Society more by virtue of their outward appearance than of their inner worth. Scarce ever was a banquet or fête given at White Hall now but Mr. Betterton was not one of the most conspicuous guests: never a Supper party at my Lady Castlemaine's or my Lady Shrewsbury's but the famous Actor was present there. He was constantly in the company of His Grace of Buckingham, of my Lord Rochester and others of these noble young Rakes; his name was constantly before the Public; he was daily to be seen at the Mall or in St. James's Park, or at the more ceremonious parade in Hyde Park. His elegant clothes were the talk of every young Gallant that haunted Fop's Corner, his sallies were quoted by every Cavalier who strove for a reputation as a wit. In fact, dear Lady, You know just as well as I do, that for that brief period of his life Mr. Betterton became just one of the gay, idle, modish young Men about town, one of that hard-drinking, gambling, scandal-mongering crowd of Idlers who were none of them fit to tie the laces of his shoes.

I, who saw more and more of him in those days, knew, however, that all that gay, butterfly Existence which he led was only on the surface. To me he was like some poor Animal stricken by a mortal wound, who nevertheless capers and gyrates before a grinning Public with mechanical movements of the body that have nothing in common with the mind.

III.

OF the beautiful Lady Barbara I saw but little during the autumn.

There was much talk in the Town about her forthcoming Marriage to my Lord of Stour, which was to take place soon after the New Year. Many were the conjectures as to why so suitable a Marriage did not take place immediately, and it seemed strange that so humble and insignificant a Person as I was could even then have supplied the key to the riddle which was puzzling so many noble Ladies and Gentlemen. I knew, in my humble capacity as Spectator of great events, that the Marriage would only take place after the vast and treasonable projects which had originated in my Lord Douglas Wychwoode's turbulent mind had come to a successful issue.

I often confided to You, dear Mistress, in those days that Mr. Betterton, in the kindness of his Heart, had made me many an offer to leave my present humdrum employment and to allow myself to be attached to his Person as his private Secretary and personal Friend. For a long time I refused his offers—tempting and generous though they were—chiefly because if I had gone there to live with Mr. Betterton I should have been irretrievably separated from You. But in my Heart I knew that though the great Man was not in pressing need of a Secretary, his soul did even long and yearn for a Friend. A more devoted one, I vow, did not exist than my humble self; and when, during the early part of the Autumn You, dear Mistress, finally decided to leave your present uncomfortable quarters for lodgings more befitting your growing Fame and your Talents, there was nothing more to keep me tied to my dour and unsympathetic Employer and to his no less unpleasant Spouse.

I therefore gave Mr. Theophilus Baggs notice that

I had resolved to quit his Employ, hoping that my decision would meet with his Convenience.

I could not help laughing to myself when I saw the manner in which he received this Announcement. To say that he was surprised and indignant would be to put it mildly; indeed, he used every Mode of persuasion to try and make me alter my decision. He began by chiding me for an Ingrate, vowing that he had taught me all I knew and lavished Money and Luxuries upon me, and that I was proposing to leave him just when the time had come for him to see some slight return of his Expenditure and for his pains, in my growing Efficiency. He went on to persuade, to cajole and to bribe, Mistress Euphrosine joining him both in Vituperation and in Unctuousness. But, as You know, I was adamant. I knew the value of all this soft-sawder and mouth-honour. I had suffered too many Hardships and too many Indignities at the hands of these selfish Sycophants to turn a deaf ear now that friendship and mine own future happiness called to me so insistently.

Finally, however, I yielded to the extent of agreeing to stay a further three months in the service of Mr. Baggs, whilst he took steps to find another Clerk who would suit his purpose. But I only agreed to this on the condition that I was to be allowed a fuller amount of personal Freedom than I had enjoyed hitherto, that I should not be set any longer to do menial tasks, which properly pertained to a Scullion, and that whenever my clerical work for the day was done I should be at liberty to employ my time as seemed best to me.

Thus it was that I had a certain amount of leisure, and after You left us, fair Mistress, I was able to take my walks abroad, there where I was fairly certain of meeting You, or of having a glimpse of Mr. Betterton, surrounded by his brilliant Friends.

Often, dear Mistress, did You lavish some of your precious time and company upon the seedy Attorney's Clerk, who of a truth was not worthy to be seen walking in the Park or in Mulberry Gardens beside the beautiful and famous Mistress Saunderson, who by this time had quite as many Followers and Adorers as any virtuous Woman could wish for. You never mentioned Mr. Betterton to me in those days, even though I knew that you must often have been thrown in his Company, both in the Theatre and in Society. That your love for him had not died in your Heart I knew from the wistful look which was wont to come into your eyes whenever You chanced to meet him in the course of a Promenade. You always returned his respectful and elaborate bow on those occasions with cool Composure; but as soon as he had passed by and his rich, mellow Voice, so easily distinguishable amongst others, had died away in the distance, I, who knew every line of your lovely face, saw the familiar look of Sorrow and of bitter Disappointment once more mar its perfect serenity.

IV.

WE had an unusually mild and prolonged autumn this past year, if you remember, fair Mistress; and towards the end of October there were a few sunny days which were the veritable aftermath of Summer. The London Parks and Gardens were crowded day after with Ladies and Gallants, decked in their gayest attire, for the time to don Winter clothing still appeared remote.

I used to be fond of watching all these fair Ladies and dazzling Cavaliers, and did so many a time on those bright mornings whilst waiting to see You pass. On one occasion I saw the Lady Barbara Wychwoode, in company with my Lord Stour.

Heaven knows I have no cause to think kindly of her; but truth compels me to say that she appeared to me more beautiful than ever before. She and his Lordship had found two chairs, up against a tree, somewhat apart from the rest of the glittering throng. I as a Spectator could see that they were supremely happy in one another's company.

"How sweet the air is!" she was sighing contentedly. "More like spring than late autumn. Ah, me! How happily one could dream."

She threw him a witching glance which no doubt sent him straight to Heaven, for I heard him say with passionate earnestness:

"Of what do Angels dream, my beloved?"

They continued to whisper, and I of course did not catch all that they said. My Lord Stour was obviously very deeply enamoured of the Lady Barbara. Because of this I seemed to hate and despise him all the more. Oh! when the whole World smiled on him, when Fortune and Destiny showered their most precious gifts into his lap, what right had he to mar the soul which God had given him with such base Passions as Jealousy and Cruelty? With his monstrous Act of unwarrantable violence he had ruined the happiness of a Man greater, finer than himself; he had warped a noble disposition, soured a gentle and kindly spirit. Oh! I hated him! I hated him! God forgive me, but I had not one spark of Christian spirit for him within my heart. If it lay in my power, I knew that I was ready to do him an Injury.

From time to time I heard snatches of his impassioned speeches. "Barbara, my beloved! Oh, God! how I love You!" or else: "'Tis unspeakable joy to look into your eyes, joyous madness to hold your little hand!" And more of such stuff as Lovers know how to use.

And she, too, looked supremely happy. There was a sparkle in her eyes which spoke of a Soul intoxicated with delight. She listened to him as if every word from his lips was heaven-sent Manna to her hungering heart. And I marvelled why this should be: why she should listen to this self-sufficient, empty-headed young Coxcomb and have rejected with such bitter scorn the suit of a Man worthy in every sense to be the Mate of a Queen. And I thought then of Mr. Betterton kneeling humbly before her, his proud Head bent before this ignorant and wilful Girl, who had naught but cruel words for him on her lips. And a great wrath possessed me, greater than it ever had been before. I suppose that I am very wicked and that the Devil of Revenge had really possessed himself of my Soul; and then there, under the trees, with the translucent Dome of blue above me, I vowed bitter hatred against those two, vowed that Fate should be even with them if I, the humble Clerk, could have a say in her decrees.

V.

JUST now, they were like two Children playing at love. He was insistent and bold, tried to draw her to him, to kiss her in sight of the fashionable throng that promenaded up and down the Avenue less than fifty yards away. "A murrain on the Conventions!" he said with a light laugh, as she chided him for his Ardour. "I want the whole Universe to be witness of my joy."

She placed her pretty hand playfully across his mouth.

"Hush, my dear Lord!" she said with wonderful tenderness. "Heaven itself, they say, is ofttimes jealous to see such Happiness as ours. . . . And I am so happy. . . ." she continued with a deep sigh, "so happy that at times a horrible presentiment seems to grip my heart. . . ."

"Presentiment of what, dear love?" he queried lightly.

I did not catch what she said in reply, for just at that moment I caught sight of Mr. Betterton walking at a distant point of the Avenue, in the Company of a number of admiring Friends.

They were hanging round him, evidently vastly amused by some witty sallies of his. Never had I seen him look more striking and more brilliant. He wore a magnificent coat of steel-grey velvet with richly embroidered waistcoat and a cravat and frills of diaphanous lace, whilst the satin breeches, silk stockings and be-ribboned shoes set off his shapely limbs to perfection. His Grace of Buckingham was walking beside him, and he had my Lady Shrewsbury upon his arm, whilst among his Friends I recognized my Lords Orrery and Buckhurst, and the Lord Chancellor himself.

The Lady Barbara caught sight of Mr. Betterton too, I imagine, for as I moved away, I heard her say in a curiously constrained voice:

"That man—my Lord—he is your deadly Enemy."

"Bah!" he retorted with a careless shrug of the shoulders. "Actors are like toothless, ill-tempered curs. They bark, but they are powerless to bite!"

Oh, I hated him! Heavens, how I hated him!

SYNOPSIS:—*This is the story of Thomas Betterton and Joyce Saunderson as told by John Honeywood. Betterton is a famous actor and a favorite of Charles II. The favor that he wins with other women, particularly Lady Barbara Wychwoode, causes Joyce to break off her engagement with him. Honeywood is engaged by Theophilus Baggs as a clerk and scrivener and is ordered to copy a treasonable manifesto brought by Lord Douglas Wychwoode, brother of Barbara. It calls upon the gentry of the country to unite in a plot to seize and dethrone Charles. Lord Douglas meets Lord Stour, Barbara's lover, at Baggs' house and endeavors to draw him into the plot. Betterton makes love to Barbara and the noblemen hire bullies to set upon him and beat him. They refuse him the satisfaction due a gentleman.*

How puny and insignificant he was beside his unsuccessful Rival should of a surety have been apparent even to the Lady Barbara. Even now, Mr. Betterton, with a veritable crowd of Courtiers around him, had come to a halt not very far from where those two were sitting; and it was very characteristic of him that, even whilst the Duke of Buckingham was whispering in his ear and the Countess of Shrewsbury was smiling archly at him, his eyes having found me, he nodded and waved his hand to me.

VI.

A MINUTE or two later another group of Ladies and Gallants, amongst whom her Grace the Duchess of York was conspicuous by her elegance and the richness of her attire, literally swooped down upon Mr. Betterton and his Friends, and her Grace's somewhat high-pitched voice came ringing shrilly to mine ear.

"Ah, Mr. Betterton!" she exclaimed. "Where have you hid yourself since yesterday, you wicked, adorable Man? And I, who wished to tell you how entirely splendid was your performance in that supremely dull play you call 'Love and Honour.' You were superb, Sir, positively superb! . . . I was telling His Grace a moment ago that every Actor in the World is a mere Mountebank when compared with Mr. Betterton's Genius!"

And long did she continue in the same strain, most of the Ladies and Gentlemen agreeing with her and engaging in a chorus of Eulogy, all delivered in high falsetto voices, which in the olden days, when first I knew him, would have set Mr. Betterton's very teeth on edge. But now he took up the ball of airy talk, tossed it back to the Ladies, bowed low and kissed Her Grace's hand—I could see that she gave his a significant pressure—gave wit for wit and flattery for flattery.

He had of a truth made a great success the day before in a play called "Love and Honour," writ by Sir William Davenant, when His Majesty himself lent his own Coronation Suit to the great Actor, so that he might worthily represent the part of Prince Alvaro. This Success put the crowning Glory to his reputation, although in my humble opinion it was unworthy of so great an Artist as Mr. Betterton to speak the Epilogue which he had himself written in eulogy of the Countess of Castlemaine, and which he delivered with such magnificent Diction at the end of the Play, that His Majesty waxed quite enthusiastic in his applause.

VII.

STANDING somewhat apart from that dazzling group, I noticed my Lord Douglas Wychwoode, in close conversation with my Lord Teammouth and another Gentleman who was in clerical attire. After awhile, my Lord Stour joined them, the Lady Barbara having apparently slipped away unobserved.

My Lord Stour was greeted by his friends with every mark of cordiality.

"Ah!" the Cleric exclaimed, and extended both his hands—which were white and plump—to my Lord. "Here is the truant at last!" Then he waxed playful, put up an accusing finger and added with a smirking laugh: "Meseems I caught sight of a petticoat just behind those trees, where his Lordship himself had been apparently communing with Nature, eh?"

Whereupon my Lord Teammouth went on, not unkindly and in that dogmatic way which he was pleased to affect: "Youth will ever smile, even in the midst of dangers; and my Lord Stour is a great favourite with the Ladies."

Lord Douglas Wychwoode was as usual petulant and impatient, and rejoined angrily:

"Even the Castlemaine has tried to cast her nets around him."

My Lord Stour demurred, but did not try to deny the soft impeachment.

"Only because I am new at Court," he said, "and have no eyes for her beauty."

This, of course, was News to me. I am so little versed in Court and Society gossip and had not heard the latest piece of scandal, which attributed to the Lady Castlemaine a distinct penchant for the young Nobleman. Not that it surprised me altogether. The newly created Countess of Castlemaine, who was receiving favours from His Majesty the King with both hands, never hesitated to deceive him and even to render him ridiculous, by flaunting her predilections for this or that young Gallant who happened to have captured her wayward fancy. My Lord Sandwich, Colonel Hamilton, the handsome Mr. Wycherley, and even such a vulgar churl as Jacob Hill, the rope dancer, had all at one time or another been favored with

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The PROBLEM *of Our* NEW CANADIANS



Ira Stratton, organizer of schools for foreigners in Manitoba.

By Nellie L. McClung

Author of "In Times Like These," "Next of Kin," etc.

IT does not matter how much sentiment there may be relating to any subject, nor how many well-wishers it may have, things do not begin to happen until some man or woman is raised up to turn into action the many kind thoughts and good wishes which exist in a sort of nebular condition. That is what is meant by the saying that every reform is the lengthened shadow of some man.

The West has had for many years a "Foreign Problem," caused by the great influx of people from other countries, who have come hither, attracted by the free land and the resultant opportunities for home-making. They come here unable to speak the language, unacquainted with our customs, and in many ways dependent upon the kind offices of our people. There are many things they can not do for themselves. The churches, seeing this opportunity for service, have done good work by establishing mission centres, free kindergartens, day nurseries, night schools, sewing classes and Sunday schools. But the workers have always known that it was the public school which could do the real work of education. And in the public schools where the foreign children have attended, there have been many teachers with real vision and real kindness of heart whose good work cannot be measured. But no particular effort was made in the way of special help to the foreign schools until about four years ago in the province of Manitoba, when Mr. Ira Stratton, of Stonewall, was appointed "Official Trustee."

The Right Man For the Work

THIS appointment was not exactly an appointment—it was an inspiration on the part of the Education Department. Mr. Stratton has the physical equipment to fill this position—he is probably the biggest man in Manitoba. He can do anything from editing a paper to building a barn, and he can do them equally well; he can tell a story like Abraham Lincoln; he has unbounded faith in humanity, and a genial humor that carries him over the rough places. He is never tired, sick or cross, and if he hasn't tact he has something better. He has straightforwardness, honesty, and an understanding of human nature. Besides this, he knows every man, woman, child and dog, and the best method of approach in each case. He is a perfect example of the man Kipling wrote about when he said: "Who does not look too good or talk too wise." Mr. Stratton can address a Sunday school, or a church audience, or a farmers' gathering, or a trustees' convention, with equal ease and effectiveness; and the best of his good gifts is that he can fit his style of argument to the intelligence of his hearers.

Addressing a gathering of Polish farmers, among whom he had gone to organize a school, he urged them to give their children the proper equipment for battling with the world. This he held to be a knowledge of the English language, and drove it home to them in this way—"I'll go out—chop tree—with big poker—you say—him one fool—you right. Poker—wrong tool—for chop tree. I need axe—big sharp axe. You send your boy to get job Winnipeg—him talk Polish—no get job—wrong tool. Him talk English—get job—right tool. I not say English language best language in world—maybe it is—maybe not; but anyway, one good tool for make living in this country."

This simple parable went home, and the school was duly organized without opposition.

Mr. Stratton has a way of meeting difficulties. He does not dodge them or go around them or back up from them. He walks straight over them!

There Was a Meeting!

ONE time in the winter of 1916, he made a trip through Northwestern Manitoba, organizing schools, and in one district the secretary refused to call a meeting of the ratepayers. He had his own ideas about outside influences in school matters.

One of the men of the district brought the word to Mr. Stratton and timidly advised him not to come.

Quite undisturbed, Mr. Stratton replied, "I will be there at 10 o'clock, and there will be a meeting!"

At ten o'clock sharp, Mr. Stratton arrived at the school, and his arrival was not any sharper than the weather, for it was a bitterly cold day.

The school was locked, and there was a death-like stillness brooding over the two farm-houses near by. The stillness was so thick, that Mr. Stratton rightly divined that eager eyes were watching him from small eye-holes in the frosted windows.

Walking around the school-house, he selected a window which was in plain view of both farm-houses, and with some difficulty got it open and climbed in. The window was small and Mr. Stratton is big, but he was determined to enter the school, and he did it some way.

The school was as cold as outside, of course, but there was material for a fire, and soon the eager watchers saw smoke curling up from the chimney.

That brought them!

In a few minutes the key turned in the lock and a group of men walked in. Then the other farm-house sent its delegation, and in half an hour the meeting was opened with exactly fifty present. Mr. Stratton scolded them roundly for not having the fire on, and then proceeded to discuss the business of the day.

At 12 o'clock, when his driver came back for him, the meeting was over.

Before he left, Mr. Stratton was given a vote of thanks. Every man stood up, and the spokesman said, "Mr. Stratton, we want to thank you. Now we know you come for help. You come back again—we have big meeting—you send word—we have school full."

He overcomes his enemies by making them into friends.

Finding the Right Argument

ANOTHER time he went to a town in Northern Manitoba, where a new school was needed badly. It was a prosperous community, and there was some opposition, on religious grounds. Mr. Stratton knew this, for he had met one of the prominent men of the community—the Reeve—the year before at a convention.

When he arrived in the town and went to the meeting, he found the Reeve in the chair, and he realized that things were looking dark for the new school.

The meeting was largely attended, and Mr. Stratton pleaded for a good school. He knew there were only four English-speaking ratepayers and the by-law was for $12,000, a large sum to devote to a school system, which from their point of view was faulty.

During some desultory discussion, two small boys came to the door. Mr. Stratton was on a front seat, but persuaded the boys to come forward, and took the smaller one on his knee. When rising to make his final appeal, he stood the little fellow on the chairman's table, and with his arm around the child, began to speak. He thanked them for asking him to the meeting, and then said:

"I go round country, I see heap church—lots churches, maybe more churches than schoolhouses—Not my church—Never mind. I like schoolhouses, me School-houses good. Sometimes I go in your church You got big church just over there. I go in your church. I see big cross. Sometimes in church-yards, sometimes in field, I see cross, too. On cross I see figure. You know who I mean—You know what he do down here on this earth? He take boy just like this boy and put him on table before men and say, 'Men, you want to see Me again, you want to get to Heaven, do you?—Well—you give kid a square deal.' You expect to see Him some day? I do. He say to me: 'Stratton, what you do for boy and girl down below, eh?' I say, 'I go all over Manitoba, I try to get good schools for everybody's kid, Ruthenian, Polish, German, Russian—everybody. I try to give every kid same chance—square deal—just what you say!'"

Then, lowering his voice and looking into the faces (ordinarily stolid, but now somewhat stirred), he said—"When He ask you that question—what will you say, eh? Will you say you gave square deal to this kid? Every kid?—Eh?"

Then he left the matter with them.

The vote was entirely satisfactory, being more than four to one for the by-law. After the meeting, Mr. Stratton found that the little chap who had strayed in so providentially was none other than the son of the chairman, who had formerly been such a critic of the system.

A fourteen thousand dollar school soon graced the site, and with three qualified English-speaking teachers at work developing the Canadian spirit in the little folks, there became a proper occasion for rejoicing in Mr. Stratton's breast. He is given to saying of this community: "That, if their religion does not prevent them from settling a school problem as a matter of conscience, then I must decline to quarrel with them over their religion. There are a lot of people who think they carry about a better brand of religion, who refuse to apply conscience to a local school problem."

Can Foreigners Look Like Presbyterians?

IT is Mr. Stratton's great delight to take visitors to his schools, and especially those who are disposed to doubt the value of educating the "foreigner." For we have, unfortunately, still a few very excellent people so imbued with the belief that the Anglo-Saxon people are the pets of the Almighty, that they are apt to question the wisdom of giving the foreign child exactly the same chance as we give our own.

Mr. Stratton has had the pleasure of bringing many people to a wiser, saner and kinder conclusion, and one eminent divine, who, while not actively opposing the education of the foreigner, had not shown any enthusiasm over it, was so impressed by the sight of the eager little faces in one of Mr. Stratton's schools, that he cried out in astonishment to his travelling companion:

"Why they would pass for a group of Scotch Presbyterian children!"

Surely there can be no higher word of praise than that!

Mr. Stratton often says: "If people will only look into their faces, they will be convinced that it is well worth while to educate them."

In a certain town in Manitoba, one man said: "Some people think it is not wise to educate these people."

Mr. Stratton promptly replied: "I won't debate the point with you or with them—If you prove to me that the little fellow whom Christ took in Galilee and placed on an elevation before the men, and said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' and 'Whosoever causeth one of these little ones to stumble,'—if you will prove that that little fellow was Anglo-Saxon by birth, and spoke English only, there is room for possible debate. But if, as I think, the little fellow was a Jewish lad and spoke Hebrew or Yiddish, and yet stood there as the representative of all the children of all races, all tongues, and all down through the ages, there is no room for debate. The question is settled! . . . . . We have to educate these people and make Canadian citizens of

them—or Canada will become a country of foreign standards. What was the use of sending out brave lads to the slaughter over there, trying to save Canada from the tread of a foreign despot, if we let those of non-English birth cherish and maintain foreign standards here? One day, they of non-English descent will outnumber us, and they will make this country what they will. We can make them good Canadians now—but there is a time limit. If we who are at home fail to do this, we are unworthy of our sons and brothers and have let them pay too high a price for a temporary freedom. The standard will be the one set up now. We have no choice of time to act. To-morrow may be too late!"

What Has Been Accomplished

SINCE taking office nearly four years ago, Mr. Stratton has built 140 new schools, seventy "Teacherages," and has 120 or 125 additional English-speaking teachers at work in non-English districts.

In one district where a Polish teacher was struggling along with 141 children on the roll, Mr. Stratton found 110 actually present one day. Another day there were 119 in one room, with 35 seated in one corner covering a floor space 10 x 10½ feet. He began to agitate for a new school. The second meeting of ratepayers that was called, resulted in a vote of 70 to 19 in favor of a new two-roomed school, and the re-leasing of four sections of land to make another school district near by. The two-roomed school was built, and qualified teachers engaged. Another school in the new district that had been formed was at once built, and a qualified teacher presides there. The two-roomed school must be enlarged this year. When there is but one room in the school, Mr. Stratton tries to get a teacher who can bring her mother or sister to live with her. Sometimes a school is strong enough to make an allowance to the companion in return for her services in teaching sewing, music or some extra subject.

Some idea of the density of the population can be gathered from the Departmental Report of 1918. District No. 1039 comprises 10½ sections of land, with three-quarters held by speculators; there were 296 persons under 20 years of age, and all but two families were non-English. In this small district there are two school-rooms and a four-roomed cottage at one point, and, 1½ miles away, a third room. Three Canadian teachers occupy the cottage. Three years ago, with 147 on the roll, one poorly qualified teacher of non-English birth was the only ostensibly civilizing influence.

In an area of 40 sections, or say 5 miles by 8, there are nine teachers employed, and all have large classes. This is a farming community where every person gets a living from the soil.

The Choosing of Teachers

MR. Stratton has been very fortunate in his choice of teachers, and has had few failures. He likes best of all the two-roomed school where two teachers work together, and the four-roomed teachers' house, with its comfortable screened-in verandah, and fine garden lot, makes a pleasant home. This year he is arranging to secure cows for teachers who have asked for them, and the cream separator companies have presented separators to each of them as an advertisement for their goods.

Five acres is often the size of the lot purchased for the new school—"Land and fresh air are two things we should not be mean about," Mr. Stratton declares, "for we are not short of either of them." The statutory minimum size of a school site has been increased to three acres.

He does not minimize the hardships when engaging a teacher, and always insists upon having a personal interview. He says he can tell, after half an hour's conversation with the teacher, if she will "do."

He tells of one young lady who applied for a school which he had advertised as requiring a teacher. When she called at his office, the interview was brief, because he was leaving for a train.

Mr. Stratton said: "This school will hardly do for you."

She asked promptly: "What is the matter with it?"

"Well, it is 11 miles from the station," said the Official Trustee.

"I'll be all right when I get there, will I not?" asked the fair applicant.

"Oh yes, but you will not get home until Easter," was the reply.

"I didn't expect to return home until July," was the ready response.

"This settlement is what is commonly called foreign," said the man at the desk.

"I have 40 Ruthenian children on the roll where I am," said the teacher.

Mr. Stratton was keenly interested by this time,

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Teddy Bear

by

Robert W. Service



O Teddy Bear! with your head awry
And your comical, twisted smile,
You rub your eyes—do you wonder why
You've slept such a long, long while?
As you lay so still in the cupboard dim,
And you heard on the roof the rain,
Were you thinking . . . what has become of *him?*
And when will he play again?



Did you sometimes long for a chubby hand,
And a voice so sweetly shrill?
O Teddy Bear! don't you understand
Why the house is awf'ly still?
You sit with your muzzle propped on your paws,
And your whimsical face askew:
Don't wait, don't wait for your Friend . . . because
He's sleeping and sleeping too.

Aye, sleeping long. . . You remember how
He stabbed our hearts with his cries?
And O the dew of pain on his brow,
And the deeps of pain in his eyes!
And, Teddy Bear! You remember, too,
As he sighed and sank to his rest,
How all of a sudden he smiled to you,
And he clutched you close to his breast.

I'll put you away, little Teddy Bear,
In the cupboard far from my sight.
Maybe he'll come and he'll kiss you there,
A wee white ghost in the night.
But me—I'll live with my love and pain
A weariful lifetime through;
And my Hope: will I see him again, again?
Ah, God! If I only knew!



"You may rely upon my bringing him if I get a ghost of a chance," he said.

EBB *and* FLOW

A Story of Men, Women and Mines

By C. W. STEPHENS

Who Wrote "Man and Wife"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE

CHAPTER IV—*Continued*

"PLACE in there for your hat and coat," he said. She went into the other office, removed her hat and coat and returned equipped for business.

"By the way what's your name?" he asked.

"Edith Barnsley," she answered. A frown furrowed his forehead.

"Any relation of Mr. Barnsley of the Company?" he inquired.

"His daughter," she replied.

"I didn't know that." And he did not look over-pleased. "Does he know you were seeking this position?"

"No, I told no one. I called at this hour knowing he would be away," he said.

"This is no picnic, amateur, or pull job," he told her.

"No, I wasn't expecting it would be," she answered. "I want the place, the money, and the work. If I can't make good all you have to do is to—fire me." She thought it a very unladylike expression, but when you are in Rome you do as the Romans do.

"Your father will not object?" he asked.

"No," she replied with confidence.

Then he proceeded to rattle away with his dictation. It was a relief to have a stenographer who didn't want him to repeat things, or ask his opinion as to the correct spelling of an unusual word. He got through his mail in record time for the office.

"Your hours will be nine to five, with an hour off for luncheon," he said. "We don't like the watches of the staff to have disputes with the office clock. Good evening, Miss Barnsley." And he went out to his car that was waiting to take him to his rooms in town, a dozen miles away. Ste. Brunhilde saw little of him except at his work.

EDITH was a little late for supper that evening. It was so unusual for her to be unpunctual that the members of the family were inquisitive when she appeared.

"Where on earth have you been, Edie?" demanded Nancy, who had been impressed into extra kitchen work because of her sister's absence. Edith did not reply at once.

"Yes, a slice, a nice big one, of the beef, father," she said to the head of the house. "I'm hungry as a bear."

"But, where have you been?" he repeated Nancy's question, smilingly.

"Working. I've got a situation, dad. Please pass the mustard, Jack." She fired with both barrels.

"A what?" demanded Nancy.

"Situation—job, in the vulgar tongue," Edith replied. "The Company advertised for typist and stenographer and got it—I'm the 'it'."

"Stenographer!" exclaimed Nancy, rather stupefied.

"Eighty a month. Nearly a thousand a year," said Edith. "Now, will you laugh at my pothooks and senatas on the typewriter?"

"You should have spoken to me about it first, Edie," said John Barnsley. The thought of his daughter taking up an office situation did not please him over well. His pride was more touchy where the family was concerned, than when it was only a case of himself.

"No, dad, I really don't think I should," she smiled. "I wanted to go out on my own hook, so to speak, and it was just as well I did. Mr. Christie asked me if you knew and I was able to tell him no. That showed that I was not looking for a pull job."

"What's he like, Edie?" asked Nancy. "They say he is a most awful bear, and not much of a gentleman. Did he snap much?"

"He was very businesslike," said Edith. "Asked all kinds of funny questions, was I deaf, did I chew gum, could I spell, could I keep my tongue still? Twice I answered yes and twice no. He didn't know I was a Barnsley then. Now, you mustn't scold me, dad, for I'm most tremendously proud of myself. I'm really Mr. Christie's private secretary—that sounds rather swell, doesn't it? I didn't think I was going to land the place just at first; that was when he practically called me a noodle."

"How horribly rude and vulgar," said Nancy, indignantly.

"Well, it wasn't exactly meant for me. He was speaking of some others he had known; 'certificated noodles,' he called them. I was really awfully scared when he asked me what salary I wanted. However, it came out alright at the finish, and I'm a real daughter of industry. Some of the strawberry shortcake, mother, please. Business makes one fearfully hungry."

"I wonder what Richard will think," speculated Nancy.

"He can think ——" Then Edith stopped and began to smile. She had nearly allowed herself to be drawn. "You've a very inquisitive tongue, Nan."

SYNOPSIS:—*Ewan Christie displaces John Barnsley as manager of the Dearnside Mining Co., and offers the latter a subordinate position at a much reduced salary. The latter accepts. His daughter, Edith, who is supposed to be engaged to Richard Chipperfield, a slow and cautious young man, also in the employ of the company, decides to help out the family finances, and applies for a position as secretary to Christie. Not knowing who she is, he engages her at the handsome salary she asks.*

CHAPTER V

THERE had been much speculation in Ste. Brunhilde as to the fate of John Barnsley under the new regime. He had been a popular man, and a very easy boss, but, when adversity comes, even those who have profited by his slackness, are among the first to point out the deficiencies of the fallen man. The allegiance of the crowd follows the throne and not the man. A new king had come and the old one receded into the shadows.

When it was known that he had accepted an understrapper's position, it was regarded as the plainest indication that he had lost his grip, and was on the downgrade. He who before had been master was now man; the giver of orders had to take them, punch the clock, keep regular hours. Instead of driving up to the office in his car at nine in the morning, he walked, and got there at eight. The Barnsley of the old time would have starved before he would have submitted. That he had meekly taken a three thousand cut in salary—for that was what it amounted to—showed that either he had lost all his former rugged pride, or realized that he was a back number. Everybody knew that he had not a dollar.

The Barnsleys, people said, would have hard times, for they were extravagant. It was a lesson on the evils of unthrift. But it was a shock to public opinion when it became known that Edith Barnsley had taken an office position with the Company.

Richard Chipperfield met her one evening, shortly after she had entered on her new duties. He was coming from the mill after the day's work so they walked down to the town together. She looked, as usual, he thought, very agreeable and attractive in her own way. He had not courted her entirely from unworthy motives; she had a charm for him that no other

woman had or perhaps ever would have. It had not been easy for him to abandon his purpose regarding her. The hardest battle between selfishness and unselfishness that ever had been fought within him had been about Edith. Prudence, as he called it, had been forced to fight hard against affection. It had summed up all its forces, warning him that she wouldn't have a penny, that her family had fallen off the ladder, and that it might be, if luck did not favor Barnsley, who was getting on in years, a son-in-law might be called upon to aid the fallen. Sometimes he told himself that, if Edith had been alone in the world, he would, perhaps, have taken the risk; but to ally himself with the defeated was against all his ideas and sound policy. Christie would give Barnsley his chance, but the ex-manager had worn himself too deeply into the rut to make good, and he would presently drop out. Chipperfield knew too much of Barnsley's business reputation to believe he would ever get into his former rank again. He was a man who had missed his opportunity, a dead star.

"I've been coming round to ask you out to the links quite often, Edith," said Chipperfield when he had greeted the girl. "But with the new man, Mr. Christie, on the spot, and wanting a good deal of attention, I've been unable to do so."

"And I've had little opportunity to play either," she replied. "I've so little time at home during the week that my Saturday afternoons are fully occupied in the house."

"I suppose so," he said gravely. "Believe me, Edith, no one has been more sorry than I on account of the recent events. Your father must have felt it very keenly; I should—anybody would—under the same circumstances. It's very brave of you to put your shoulder to the wheel. After the life you've lived you must have found the change a very great one."

"Yes, it's quite a change," she replied, quietly. He was really affected by her gravity. "So far as I'm concerned it's not been an unpleasant one. There is nothing more wearisome than idleness."

He thought it wonderfully brave of her. His sympathy was so great that he walked past his own home, and went on with her by the lake road leading to the Barnsley house. There were moments when his feelings well-nigh carried him away, and he needed all his self-restraint to hold himself back from a decisive step.

"You are very brave, Edith," he said again. "You've been much in my thoughts during recent days. The old world seems to have passed away, and much that was pleasant with it. Nothing seems certain in the new one. What do you think of Mr. Christie?"

"I've not seen a great deal of him yet," she replied. "My time at the office has been short."

"A very self-contained man," he said. "Distant as the North Pole. All business and drive. It's a great change and one hardly realizes it yet. There can be no longer the old certainty as to one's permanence in the place. Sometimes one longs for the old conditions. I'm sorry for your father, but he appears to endure the alteration wonderfully well. One of these days you'll spare me an afternoon or the links, I hope."

She did not make him any promise, and he did not seem to expect one from her. He lingered a little when they came to the gate of the tree-shaded drive, the temptation to say what was uppermost in his heart very strong. He thought she expected him to speak, and they stood in what seemed to him to be a most embarrassing silence.

Then she opened the gate, bade him good-night and walked up the path. He watched her till she entered the house, then turned and walked away despising himself a little, but cherishing the reflection of his prudent mind that he had taken the wiser course. The Barnsleys were on the downward course, he could see no chance of their recovery, and he feared to connect himself with a family that was the most conspicuous failure in Ste. Brunhilde.

HIS mother was looking out for him when he reached home. She was a dignified, keen-faced woman, and it was easy to see where Richard had obtained his calculating disposition.

"You are late, Richard," she said sharply. She had seen him go by with Edith.

"Yes, a little," he replied. "Edith and I came down together, and I walked on a short distance with her."

"As far as you could go without entering the house," his sister Eleanor observed. She was a few years older than he, a tall, floridly handsome woman. "I thought all that was over and done with long ago."

Richard made no reply but went and made ready for dinner. There were just the three of them, their father having been dead some years; and Richard was much woman-ridden. They were comfortably off, and had a well-ordered home. Eleanor might have married any one of half a dozen men holding subordinate positions in the camp, but she had ambitions of her own that reached beyond such possibilities.

"Be careful you don't make a fool of yourself," admonished his mother, when Richard came to the table. It was abruptly said, but he knew what she was referring to. "I've nothing against Edith Barnsley, but you have a right to look higher than a stenographer whose family are more likely to be burdens than aids to your advancement."

"I might do a great deal worse," said Richard, curtly. "There's more to admire than despise in a girl who throws herself into the fight when things are not going well. Then she is not office stenographer, she is private secretary really to Christie."

"We'll not quarrel about fancy names," his mother answered. "There are plenty of suitable girls in the world who would be a help rather than a hindrance to a young man who has ambitions. The Barnsleys are friends, but there's no need on that account for you to take a step that you might regret to the end of your life. If you plan to stand well in Mr. Christie's eyes, it would be no step in that direction to ally yourself with those whom he has superseded, and who must represent to some extent the opposed camp to his."

"There's no opposition," he observed. "If there had been, would he have found positions for either Mr. Barnsley or Edith?"

"It pays a man sometimes to appear to be generous to his foes," remarked Mrs. Chipperfield. "To keep them following his chariot is a tribute to his power. I never thought a proud man like John Barnsley would ever be so poor-spirited as to accept so great a humiliation."

"For goodness sake let me eat my supper in peace," begged the exasperated man. "I've not made a fool of myself, as you call it. May I not walk a few hundred yards along the road with Edith, without you imagining it means all sorts of things?"

"I know you, Richard," said his mother darkly. "And Edith, in that quiet, undemonstrative way of hers makes a greater appeal to the foolishness in a young man than if she appeared to fret and fuss over the change in their circumstances."

"Oh, let him alone, mother," laughed Eleanor. "He's a Chipperfield, after all, and while he may go very near the precipice now and again, he'll not fall over. We're not the dizzy kind. How are you getting on with Mr. Christie?"

"Finely," he replied, cheering up. "There's little that concerns the mills he doesn't consult me about."

"You should bring him in sometimes," said Eleanor.

"He goes nowhere," he answered. "Makes no friends, and keeps everybody about the mines at arm's length. Then he isn't a society man in the least. He comes of humble people and has never been accustomed to society. In the accepted sense he's not a gentleman. All he thinks about is business. I can't imagine him mingling in any of our Ste. Brunhilde affairs."

"Still, I suppose he's human," Eleanor laughed. "Perhaps he's just reserved and shy. Many of these bluff men are diamonds in the rough, so to speak. He's got to know people if he lives here long."

"You may rely on my bringing him if I get the ghost of a chance," he replied. "I guess I know which side my bread's buttered, and to get on the inside with the big boss is the main plank in my platform."

This seemed to be so clear proof of Richard's soundness that even his mother was mollified. The sentiment was true Chipperfield, and the clouds vanished.

CHAPTER VI

THERE were times when Edith Barnsley disliked Ewan Christie more than any person she had ever met or heard about. He jarred on every fine sensibility. He was ruthless on occasions and hard as flint. He practically never praised, and, when he censured, did so mercilessly. There was a self-sufficiency, an egotism, about him that often grated upon her. Later she came to understand that it was more of manner than of spirit. He was self-made, but associated little with the more refined people, and had been forced to make his way through much opposition. He owed his position to his own ability and strength, and there was a raw roughness still upon him. And if she disliked so many things in the natural man, there was a great deal that evoked her admiration. He was master unquestioned of his work. He knew every twist and turn of the mines, every wheel and cog of their vast machinery, their production and resources. Nobody could put anything over him in any department of their busy life.

Sometimes she heard one or other of his subordinates, carpeted for slackness, try to get away with it; but the attempt never succeeded. He ruled with strictness, and yet there was a redeeming fairness about him that took the edge off much of the severity. He would listen to reason, as long as it remained reason, but when it became sloppy or maudlin excuse, he swept it aside relentlessly.

There were weeks when he seemed scarcely to notice her. When she went into his office at the bell summons he would plunge into work, and, when it was finished, dismiss her with a nod. It was a gratifying tribute to the efficiency of her work.

Sometimes his brusqueness almost amounted to rudeness, and would have been in almost any other man, but she grew accustomed to it, realizing that he was not intentionally offensive, but was simply absorbed in business. Once when he was put out by something that had occurred in the office routine, and, carpeting the culprit, gave him a vitriolic scourging in about a dozen words, he employing an expletive or two to which she was not accustomed. When the man had gone he turned to Edith.

"I suppose you're shocked by what I said just now," he snapped. "Sorry, but if you come to work in a man's office you have to put up with that kind of thing. We can't handpick language in dealing with an idiot like Fotherington."

It was his way of apologizing. Gradually, as the months went by, he became a little more communicative. After he had been severe in his dealings with men, he would speak of it in a way that seemed to be an attempt to justify himself in her sight. She put it down to the credit of a man who was hard as the head of a system, but felt, now and again, that there was something within him that would have wished to be kindlier.

"If I took notice of sloppy tales," he said once, when an appeal had been made to him for the reinstatement of a man who had been discharged for gross carelessness, that might have resulted in injury to his fellow workmen, "I'd be drowned in them. You must have rules, system, standards and they're of value only as you keep and live up to them. Most men in trouble could put up a pitiful plea, either a wife or children or folks depending on them for support, but you have to eliminate all that stuff. A man on a job is a soldier on the field. If he sleeps at the post of duty you prop him against a wall and shoot him, even though he has friends who will be heartbroken by it. That is part of the disciplining of an army or a business staff. Shoot one man and it keeps a hundred wakeful, and perhaps saves a thousand lives in some pinch. Fire a man guilty of slackness, and the rest, fearing the same fate, will keep on their toes all the time. You don't think so?" And he looked quizzically at her.

"Not quite," she said. "After all, a man is not a machine, and it seems to me there are times when the strict enforcing of the law might be ensured, and still some broader consideration given to the man in fault. It means so much more to scrap a man than it does to throw a faulty machine aside."

"Woman's reasoning," he answered, smilelessly. "You've got to regard men as machines, useful only as they operate properly. It's good for the man as well as for the system that the law is strict. Now, if I'd been bottle-fed, I'd have landed nowhere. If I'd listened to other folks, and taken advice, I'd have been slugging rock on a pit bottom to-day. If I'd pampered myself, or been pampered, I'd have been a ten dollar a week man. It was hard sledging for a long time. Many a time I'd like to have taken things easily, but I couldn't. I saw this, that in this world a man has to understand that there are certain hard fixed laws he has to obey. Let yourself be switched to right or left by sentimental considerations, and failure's close ahead. Laws are not to be dodged or set aside, but to be kept."

SHE had opportunities for measuring him by the side of other men, Richard Chipperfield, for instance. Of course the difference in the positions they held might make the comparison unfair, but there was something about Richard that she knew she wouldn't have seen in Christie if the positions of the two men had been reversed. Richard, as she had known him, and Richard as she saw him about the office, were different men. He was anxious, evidently, to stand in the manager's good graces, and it jarred upon her to see something of subserviency in him that was almost fawning at times. Whatever Christie said was right; he never made an observation but Richard agreed with it. All the younger man's individuality seemed to disappear when he came in contact with Christie. Perhaps, Edith thought, this was in keeping with the ideas of discipline held by both men, but it was not at all pleasant. She could not imagine the stronger man dotting the i's and crossing the t's of a superior so punctiliously.

One thing gratified Edith, and that was a certain distinction in treatment that Christie accorded to her father. The two men, in a rather distant way, got on well together. Edith had been more than a little fearful at first that there might be clashings, and that she might be called upon to witness the humiliation of her father. But such never occurred. During these months she learned to admire her father more than she had ever done. He had accepted the great change without in any degree abating his dignity. He was still a man apart, receiving respect because he was worthy of it. He was punctilious in his work as Edith had never supposed he could be. The manager often consulted him, and her father had views of his own that sometimes did not accord with those of his chief.



There were times when he seemed scarcely to notice her.

John Barnsley seemed to have buried the old life and to have a new start. He was proving a success. A young man, filled with ambition, and eager to make the best of a great opportunity set before him, could not have buckled down to his work with more zeal than did this ex-chief reduced so tremendously in standing. What gave his daughter the greatest pleasure was the fact that he, almost alone of Christie's subordinates, had an opinion of his own, and was not afraid to express it. Instead of this giving offence to the chief, the latter appeared to set Barnsley on an eminence apart from the rest. John Barnsley never gave an opinion unless it was asked for, since that was not within his province, but when it was sought, he expressed it, and Edith knew that many times the superior followed the path his assistant thought the wiser.

All this change in Barnsley did not take place without the general notice. He gained rather than lost respect. Those who had regarded the step down as involving a swallowing of pride saw that the man had not suffered in this respect. He was a bigger man in the popular esteem than he had been in the days of his greatest prosperity, for he had done what nobody thought he could do, what few men could have done—taken a big step down, made a new beginning, and was bringing success out of apparently certain failure. Edith never liked Christie so much as when she once heard him, when she was in her own room, say in a moment of irritation over some defect in another of his under-bosses:

"The only man round the place with business intelligence is Barnsley. He talks little but gets there, while you talk like a soap-box orater and never land anywhere."

There was never an occasion during the first year that Edith worked with Christie when he gave her a word of commendation. His praise was the absence of blame, his biggest compliment the lack of fault-finding. At first she thought it a defect in him, the weakness of a grudging mind, but later she altered her opinion. He put his praise into deeds rather than words, into realities rather than cheap artificialities. When she had been in his employ exactly a year she found in her fortnightly pay envelope fifty dollars instead of forty.

"No mistake," he replied to her inquiry. "You've been here a year—services quite satisfactory—not deaf, don't chew gum, can spell. If you didn't earn the money you wouldn't get it."

Little by little he got into the way of leaving much of the routine work of the office to her, and indicating his views on minor matters in such a way that she could handle them herself without taking detailed instructions. She would not have been the girl she was, had this broadening of her position not given her pleasure. It meant much more than a few pleasant phrases thrown to her when he might happen to be in an amiable mood. More than once he consulted her on affairs. Instead of rushing through his business, grabbing his hat when the last word of dictation was done and leaving the office, he would often linger a little, talking sometimes of the bigger policies he had in mind. He seemed to think aloud in her presence, and find some help in her judgments, even when they did not coincide with his own. She gathered that he was a much isolated man, and had always been such, and that, reticent as he was, there were times when he found satisfaction in speaking his thoughts to some one whom he regarded as intelligent enough to understand them, and trustworthy enough to respect his confidence. In these talks she got occasional peeps of the inner man, the two-sidedness of him, one the ruling official who had been given the task of bringing a large, ill-disciplined mob into army efficiency, the other, a broad, even generous nature that did not always find it easy to do what business sense said ought to be done.

Nothing impressed her more than his action in respect of a claim for damages on account of injuries, brought against the Company by one of its own men. The man had been hurt clearly owing to his own wilful disobedience. An ambulance-chasing lawyer had egged on the hurt man to present a preposterous claim and sue for heavy damages. Christie was the last man in the world to stand for anything like blackmail, and he fought the case through the courts, and got the decision. The man had a wife and family, and he had been hurt so badly that it would be months before he could earn again. The general opinion in the town was that Christie had been terribly hard, and that it would not have hurt him had he spent some of the big company's money to make things smoother for the distressed family. Edith had thought something along the same lines too, though she recognized the strict justice of the case. The labor paper had not failed to dwell on the sentimental side of the affair—the crippled man, the distressed over-burdened wife, the little children.

"Well, you see we trimmed that fellow, Prideaux and his shark lawyer," said Christie to Edith, a day or so after the final decision of the Court had been handed down.

"Yes, I saw the report," she answered. She was standing facing him. His strong, grave face showed his satisfaction.

"Clean case of blackmail," he said. "If the fellow had been left alone we would have done what was right out of charity, but when he started in to make it a legal claim and force us to say that his wrong-doing was ours, he had to be shown. He gets nothing and it will cost us quite a bit for legal expenses, since he's beggar-poor, but it will make future claimants of his kind think twice before they listen to the blandishments of hold-up lawyers."

She did not make any reply. He was right, absolutely right, but —— well, there was the illogical woman in her, and he seemed to guess it, for the trace of a smile came over his face.

"You don't think with me?" he asked. "Where am I wrong?"

"No, I think you are right, legally, but — " she hesitated.

"But what?" he inquired. "I guess it's the sympathetic red-herring being drawn across the trail again. Wife and children and crippled bread-winner racket, I suppose?"

"Yes, one can't forget them," she answered. "The sun rises on the just as well as the unjust, and those who are guilty alone need mercy. He was a foolish man, led away by plausible talk."

"This company isn't that kind of sun," he grinned. "You believe in the new-old doctrine that while it is an atrocious sin to rob the poor, it's no sort of crime to steal from a big corporation? It has neither soul to be saved, body to be kicked, or feelings to be healed or hurt. That your notion?"

"No," she answered smilingly. "I suppose you are right from the standpoint you take, but it seems to me there is a kind of high equity—perhaps you'll laugh at my ideas but I would call it a sort of spiritual equity, beyond all law, that has or should have place in such affairs."

"It might have in pretty books or a parson's nice little sermons, but spiritual equity has no place in mining, especially when the equity pleader is a claim-hunting law-shark. Prideaux dragged us into the ring, and that's a place where two start in on their feet, and only one is to be standing thus at the finish. You can't blame us for his knock-out? He invited it."

"No, I suppose not," she conceded.

"I'm glad you admit so much. I like to appease my conscience, whether the inner one or the one who acts as secretary." His glance that fell on her was very whimsical.

"I am sure I don't wish to be that," she laughed. "You asked me and I gave you an honest answer. I suppose I shall have to cultivate the dual personality, the official one to keep the personal, sentimental one within bonds."

"I wouldn't like you to do that," he answered, quickly. "I don't want official views, since I have a full supply of them; I like the viewpoint of Edith Barnsley sometimes."

HE was standing very near to her and spoke with a deep-voiced impulsiveness that was new to him. For a moment his hand rested on her arm. It was laid on her so simply and naturally that she could not be offended by it.

"Stay just as you are," he said. "I can pay for echoes of my own choice and thought, but there is something else a man can't buy—he has to be worthy of it, to earn it by trust and confidence and liking. I wouldn't have you change in any one respect. Good-night." And he went out to his car.

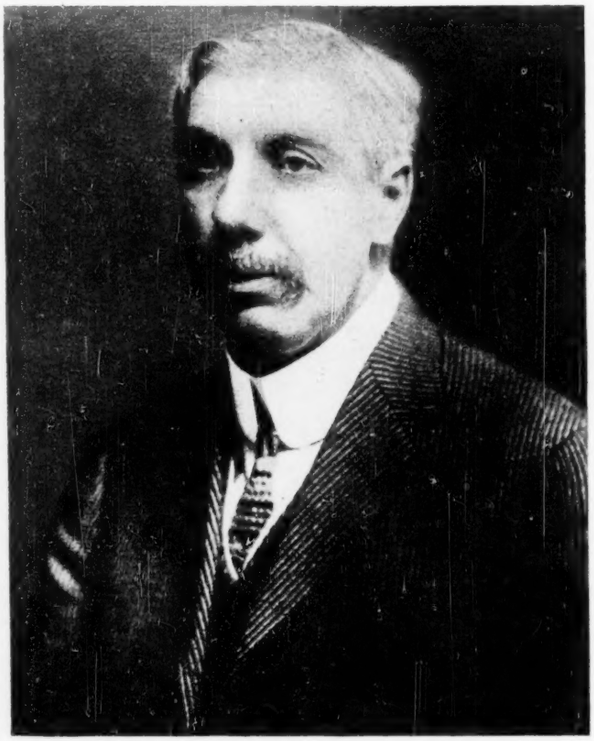
After he had gone she stood a few minutes in deep thought. His words and manner had deeply impressed her. She knew that he liked her after his own rather brusque fashion. Sometimes she had fancied he had treated her more considerately because of her father's former position—that was just at first. Then when he began to talk to her of the more important office affairs she knew that he regarded her as intellectually capable, and no woman dislikes a compliment of that kind, especially from a man whose abilities she respects and admires. To-day was a new revelation, but she was a very sensible, wide-minded girl. In some respects Christie was very inexperienced. He knew nothing of women and had no women friends. Something this day had moved him—she told herself it was the appeal to his sympathy in the Prideaux case, and the fact that what she had said coincided with the real Ewan Christie. Deep-souled men sometimes betrayed their emotions, and this afternoon the wells of

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Canada's Great National Asset

By D. B. HANNA

President of Canadian National Railways.



D. B. Hanna.

I DON'T suppose many people in Canada are inclined yet to regard the National Railways as a great national asset. The general opinion—even, I am sorry to say, among those who make our laws and among newspaper men who mould public opinion—the general opinion seems to be that the railways are a liability that the country has had foisted upon it.

The importance of impressing upon the people of Canada the true value from a national standpoint and the almost unlimited potentialities of the national roads cannot be overestimated. Canada must acquire a new angle of vision; the measure of our future depends upon it.

I want first to point out one way in which our ownership of a transcontinental railroad can be turned to account at the present moment. We all know and all deplore, that there is not enough of the national spirit in Canada. The man in the Maritimes does not understand and, in fact, does not know very much about the people in the other provinces. In Ontario there is not much community of spirit with the people we call "Blue-noses" and even less with the hustling, wideawake citizens of the West. In the West there is a growing impatience with everything Eastern. In fact, the Westerner thinks in terms of the West; the Ontario man thinks in terms of Ontario; the Maritimer thinks in terms of the Maritimes. There are too few men broad-visioned enough to think in terms of the Dominion of Canada.

East Versus West

THIS is bad business. Let's consider it purely and simply from a business standpoint and see what it means to us. We find the Western grain grower demanding the sweeping away of tariffs, deaf to the argument that by doing so the industrial life of the Eastern provinces would be jeopardized. We find the Easterner on the other hand ready and eager to tack on the ultimate fraction of protective duty, quite indifferent to the West, which he regards much as a market for his goods.

I have found the same sharp conflict between East and West in the matter of freight rates. The grain-grower comes to me and complains bitterly about the way the freight rates hit him.

"I get the worst of it coming and going," he declares. "When I ship my wheat to the East the charge for moving it comes off what I realize. But when I buy goods from the East, the wily manufacturer has it fixed so that the cost of the long haul is tacked on to the price I pay. I get soaked both ways."

When the manufacturer in the East comes to me he has almost the identical tale of woe.

"I'm paying the cost of the long haul to the West," he asserts. "When you put up your rates, you take it out of me, every last cent. The Westerner gets his price for his wheat and then you bring it on down to us and assess us for the haulage—" etc., etc.

The truth, as always, is somewhere in the middle ground. Truth is seldom found at either extreme of an argument but there are so few men unfortunately who can find the middle ground. If we had more men who thought in terms of the Dominion of Canada instead of in terms of Saskatchewan or Ontario, it would be much easier to shape the destinies of our broad Dominion along the lines that would give the broadest future.

And right there is where the value of a national transcontinental enters. It can be used as a means of teaching Canadians to think in terms of Canada. At any rate it can be made the means of instilling the national viewpoint into the men who go to Ottawa to make laws for the Dominion.

To Educate Our Legislature

I DO not suppose that anyone will contradict me when I say that the sectional or provincial viewpoint is found at Ottawa quite as openly as anywhere. The average Western member goes to Ottawa filled with the spirit of the West and convinced of the hundred per cent. justice of Western contentions. The Ontario member goes to Ottawa to represent Ontario and he takes with him the viewpoint with regard to the West that prevails in the section he has been elected from.

I would like to see the members of Parliament take the time to travel all over Canada. I know plenty of members from the East who have never been beyond the Great Lakes and there are Western M.P.'s to whom Montreal and Quebec and Halifax are geographical terms only. It would be in the interests of the country if all members took time between sessions to get around and see the whole of this man-sized country of ours. Let it be understood that it is part of their duty to find out what people are saving out beyond the Rockies and what they are thinking on the banks of the Bay of Fundy. Our legislators would become better fitted to legislate for a country that bristles with sectional interests and problems.

There would be plenty of the time between sessions. In fact I am inclined to think that the sessions would be shorter if this plan were adopted. The broad plan that spells prosperity for the country as a whole can be more easily arrived at when the body of the House thinks in terms of Canada as a whole.

Canada has a splendid transcontinental system of railroads all her own, so that the facilities for travel are provided. Would it not be a wise plan to see that the men we put in charge of this huge business of Canada Incorporated get a working knowledge of the whole plant?

I am suggesting a course in travel as a *duty* for the member of Parliament. Really there should be nothing optional about it as far as he is concerned. Let me suggest the same course for the private business man as well. Everyone should get acquainted with Canada.

Progress Will Result

THIS seems to be the only way that we can slough our provincialism. No amount of talk or reading will enable the man who sticks within a radius of his Ontario home to see with the eyes of the West; and *vice versa*.

As a result, I believe that soon the West would begin to take an interest in the welfare of the industrial East; and the East would see the problems of the West, even to the extent of boosting the cause of industrialism there. The time has come when the West must proceed, with the co-operation of the East, to develop its industrial possibilities. I am heartily in accord with the movement begun in Alberta to determine the resources of that province and to push for the establishment of industries.

"But," remarked a man to me the other day, "if you favor the establishing of factories out West, you'll hurt your own business. You'll lose your long hauls from the East."

"Long hauls are what railroads are supposed to want," I told him, "but we also need to have vision. Look at a future with an enormously developed West as a result of industrial growth—and the importance of the freightage on the long hauls of to-day assumes lesser importance. Build the West—and you build up the future of the railways."

Opening Up a New Land

SO much for that point. Before proceeding with what is a still more important factor of the relationship of the national railways to the future of Canada, I want to draw a moral from the history of railroading in Canada.

When Mackenzie and Mann decided to build the first link of what became later the Canadian Northern System, their enterprise was considered a mad one. They decided to build a short line north-west from Gladstone, Man., to a point where Dauphin now stands. This part of Manitoba was settled sparsely. There were some hardy pioneers who had gone in despite the lack of transportation and a few settlers of the type known as "sheriff-proof," that is, men who had sought a retreat from debt. The wiseacres shook their heads when the doughty contractors, who later became so well known, decided to build through this country.

"It's no good," they said. "It will never fill up. That section's off to a bad start. Anyway it's too far north and too cold."

It took nearly a year to build the hundred and twenty-three miles of road that had been projected. I was engaged to operate the road when it was completed and on January 3rd, 1897, we started the first train north. The wiseacres were so far wrong that the first year we had a revenue of $60,000 and our operating expenses were $30,000, which was pretty good for a road doomed to failure!

Of course, it was not an easy task to make the road pay despite the fact that settlers poured into the country rapidly. We had to watch every item and every man on the staff worked morning, noon and night. We lived on the line.

Making the Cow Pay

I REMERBER one occasion when I had boarded an accommodation to get north. It consisted of a long string of freight cars with a couple of passenger coaches in the rear and we carried, as I remember it, a large number of settlers going north. A heifer strayed on to the track and our engine lifted it neatly into the ditch. The accident worried me a little because I knew the owner would promptly put in a claim for damages; and claims were a serious matter in those days. Then it occurred to me that the butcher for a construction camp at the end of the line was on board. So, while the train slowed up to a stop, I picked him out.

"See here, Jim," I said, "this is a chance for fresh beef for the camp."

The butcher dug up a cleaver from his belongings and, while we held the train, he skinned and quartered the victim of the accident and hung the meat in an empty box car. The beef was turned over to the camp commissariat and the hide was sold. After the irate owner's perfectly just claim had been met, we were four dollars to the good on the transaction.

That is a sample of the way we had to handle things to make both ends meet in the pioneering stages of the road.

Construction never ceased for a moment. We were pushing out more and more into territory that had been accepted as doubtful or impossible. This

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Why KING *Won* LAURIER'S MANTLE

By J. K. MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS KEENE

LAURIER is dead: long live the King! His Majesty in this case, having his name prefixed with the historic "William Lyon Mackenzie." Yes, the new Liberal Leader is the grandson of *one* famous Canadian and the successor of another. He may be a third even if he does appear to lack the magnetism of a Laurier and the fighting qualities of a Mackenzie. He's a young man yet—he's only 45—and he may develop.

Anyway he was the choice of the greatest political convention ever got together under one roof in this Canada of ours. That convention comprised practically all the Government talent running loose in this troubled land. It numbered among its elect eight provincial premiers and one opposition leader, provincial cabinet ministers by the dozen and, enough of the raw material of which statesmen are made to make one apprehensive of a drop in the high cost of Government.

Taken by and large, the convention call sounded in the ears of 1,111 duly qualified delegates — the qualification in the great majority of cases consisting of a faith in Laurier that even trembling civilization had failed to shake.

"It's a fine body of men," was the boast of one and all of them. And the transparency of the Plumed Knight that beamed down on the assemblage seemed to smile its silent assent.

Yes, it was a Laurier gathering. The old chief is dead but his spirit still lives and rules. The question "What would Laurier do?" swayed the convention. The question "Which was the more faithful?" determined the choice of leader. That historic gathering not only chose a new chieftain; it canonized a new saint.



The spirit of the late Chief hovered over the convention.

THAT great gathering of Governments moved in on Ottawa in cozy stages. The candidates for the leadership were first on the ground. They appeared to realize that while the big job must hunt the man, their part was to see that said man was standing around where he could be found. D. D. McKenzie was probably there first, his duties as temporary leader requiring his residence at the capital. But Hon. Geo. P. Graham saw to it that his political wanderings came to their proper period. Hon. Mackenzie King curtailed his visit to the battle-fields of Europe so that he might not be late. Hon. W. S. Fielding probably left the office devil to get out his financial paper in Montreal lest the eye-sight of the man-hunter should grow vainly tired. Anyway they were all there when the "war-horses" began to blow in from the provinces. The word blow is used advisedly for there was a breeziness about their persons that also found expression in their voices. Lastly came the representatives of the great voting public—those representatives of the plain people who were to preserve that democracy for which millions have fought and died.

And as each division of the army of occupation arrived the atmosphere appeared to change. First it was filled with lofty ambitions and high ideals. Then practical politics held sway and you got a breath of the spirit of the buccaneers of other and—perhaps—better days.

And lastly came that strange mixture of faith, idolatry, patriotism, prejudice and partisanship out of which great political parties are built.

And as the would-be leaders came first a passing glance at them may be in order. The McKenzie of course has been under public inspection for some time but he's a changed and chastened Cape Breton Highlandman. You who have pictured the kilted chief dancing the Highland Fling to the music of scriptural quotations and snatches of shorter catechism would hardly have recognized the correctly attired statesman who smiled so genially on friend and foe alike, made his fight like a soldier and took his beating like a gentleman. Office has spoiled many a politician. It brought out all that was best in D. D. McKenzie. He was never so great as in the moment he withdrew from the race. He did it like a man. Nor did he fail to show in his final speech a trace of that fighting spirit that all the world loves. He would be loyal to his new leader but—not for a moment longer would he, in the House or out of it, continue to lead the forces that had declined his leadership. The McKenzie showed in that speech just why Cape Breton Highlanders stood at his back as one man and were prepared to shed their coats if anyone even hinted that in all the serried ranks of Liberalism here was another who could even compare with Cape Breton's own "D.D."

HON. GEORGE P. GRAHAM was as usual. The smile was ever on his face, the merry grin on his lips and he had a hand-shake for all in sight. Hon. Geo. has been a bit of a wobbler in his time but at Ottawa he knew what he wanted and knew it all the time. The noisier element of the cohorts were at his back and at times their tumult sounded like victory. But in the oratorical contest he finished a bad last. Some well-meaning friend had probably told him to cut out the jokes, that levity sat ill on the lips of a leader. So he was strained and unnatural. Moreover, he was bidding for the Quebec vote which earlier in the day had sworn undying hostility to Fielding and his protestations of love for Laurier simply served to remind the "die-hards" that Mr. Graham had voted for conscription and had been a candidate for a Union nomination—had in fact committed the two unforgivable sins. Anyway Hon. Geo. must have felt after the oratory was all over that it was also all over with his chances. For just before daybreak on the morning of the great day he could be found sitting in the lobby of the Chateau, the ever-faithful "Red" Macdonald by his side, while Hon. Charlie Cross paced the floor hard by. And the sad expression that veiled the faces of all three told of hearts from which all hope had fled.

Hon. W. S. Fielding, the little grey man from Nova Scotia, ran the race true to form. Every night he wanted to draw out and every morning found him back in the running. It has been said of him that he would never do for a leader because his party would never know whether they were being led. He proved it in every part of the leadership competition. He had eight provincial premiers as trainers and it took the entire eight to keep him from refusing every jump he came to.

It may have been the strong support he received from Premier Gouin of Quebec that started rumor that the Big Interests were behind him. This was counteracted by the appearance of Sir Clifford Sifton on the scene and the carefully circulated report that he was there to help the cause of Hon. Geo. P. Graham. That report may have killed Mr. Graham's chances, but it did not elect Mr. Fielding. Intellectually he is immeasurably the superior of his rivals. From Lady Laurier came a report that Sir Wilfrid had chosen him as the man to reunite the party. He was given every advantage in the convention. The other three were put on to speak on the night preceding the election so that the effects of their oratory had a chance to die out. Mr. Fielding was given the floor just before noon on the day the vote was taken. All the organization that the best organizing brains of the party could provide was used in his behalf. It all counted for naught. He had voted for conscription, he had once borne the tainted name of Unionist.

And as the last shall be first, take a look at William Lyon Mackenzie King, the youthful statesman from

Kitchener, Ont. He's one of those chaps who smacks of college halls and who would look only half-dressed without his cane. He has long been looked upon as the grandson of his grandfather, who had added theoretical labor to his Liberalism, and disposed of his entire equipment to the Rockefeller Foundation. In the early days of the race he was looked upon as a joke. In fact, Hon. Geo. P. Graham and Mr. King have been referred to as "the joker and the joke," of the Liberal party. But he was a protege of the Old Chief who had plucked him from political obscurity and made him Minister of Labor. There was even a rumor that Laurier loved him and had named him as the heir apparent. But rude laughter greeted his claims to the vacant leadership. People who "made book" on the big handicap put "write your own ticket" after his name.



It was known all along that he was a favorite with the younger element in Quebec, and it was understood that he would get a complimentary vote from that province, but even unprejudiced spectators smiled at his optimism and the industry with which he pushed his campaign. There can be doubt that he believed he was the man Providence had provided for the job. The fact that his speech of acceptance was carefully prepared indicates that he is a Presbyterian and a firm believer in the doctrine of predestination.

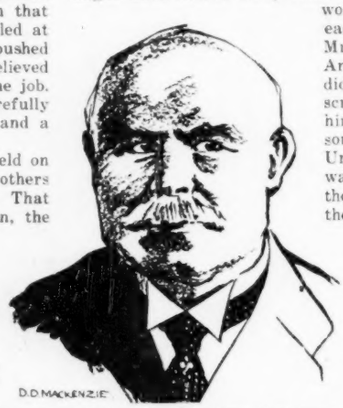
But it was not till the Quebec caucus was held on Wednesday afternoon that it began to dawn on others besides himself that he was a serious contender. That caucus had been called because Premier Gouin, the little Czar of old Quebec, had issued the order "Vote Fielding and keep on voting Fielding." The younger element in Quebec, composed of such men as Lucien Cannon and "Chubby" Powers, and others rather prone to follow Ernest Lapointe of Kamouraska and Hon. Jacques Bureau, couldn't see it that way. Their cry was "Anybody but Fielding." Of course "Anybody" did not include anyone who had ever trifled with Unionism or voted for Conscription. That was not mentioned. It was simply understood. And they named William Lyon Mackenzie King as their rallying point—they fixed on a man to whom the "die-hards" could gather. In short, they made young Mr. King the spearhead of the counter-offensive that was to stop the Fielding drive. And the Laurier transparency beaming down on the convention seemed to bless their superloyalty and wish them well.

EVEN then the serious-minded failed to realize the significance of the Quebec revolt. Gouin could still muster about seventy of Quebec's two hundred and ninety-seven delegates for Fielding. He had at his back eight provincial premiers. It was believed that Graham could be eliminated and that his none-too-friendly attitude toward King would throw his following to Fielding. As for McKenzie he, too, came from the Province down by the sea and rather than see "Scotia Nova" humiliated he would drop out and ask his Highlanders to throw better weight behind the little grey man he had conscientiously followed so long and really loved so well.

Premier Gouin was the commander-in-chief of the Fielding Drive. His general in charge of the Western Wing was Premier Martin of Saskatchewan, whom many delegates asked to allow his name to go before the convention. Premier Murray of Nova Scotia, who shared with Little Chief Gouin the chairmanship of the convention, commanded his army of the East. He had the tactical advantage of controlling the floor of the convention. It has already been shown how he used it. Sir Lomer was perhaps justified in believing his position impregnable. It was its very strength that caused his undoing and made William Lyon Mackenzie the man to whom all Liberals must bow the knee.

With Graham the machine would probably have fared as they did with Fielding. But with D. D. McKenzie they could have won hands down. That is something that every unbiassed observer admits. For the young leader can boast neither a personal following nor the magnetism that makes one. He was the rallying point for those who had been branded as "traitors" by Unionist opponents in the last election, whose election had been made harder or their defeat surer by the actions of just such men as W. S. Fielding. Like their great Laurier, they were bad forgetters.

There was not the same objection to McKenzie that there was to Fielding. He, at least, had never faltered in his allegiance to Laurier. To be sure his "mild protection" speech in Parliament might have scared away some Westerners but they would have found it easier to explain than Mr. King's war record. And if the McKenzie did vote against conscription it did not keep him from sending his son to help keep the Union Jack afloat. Anyway the tariff was not the whole issue with the Western Liberals. Nobody knows where the new leader stands in regard to it. Some critics go as far as to doubt that he knows there is such a thing as the tariff. And yet he polled nearly a third of the vote from that home of free trade, Saskatchewan. To put the whole thing in a nutshell, the net result of the leadership race was a positive defeat for the Unionist Fielding and a negative victory for the modest, but aspiring, young Mr. King.



BUT if the "leaders" were first on the scene of battle the war horses were close on their heels. The survivors of every political battle of the last twenty years were among them, as well as many a casualty fully recovered and hungry, if not for another fight, at least for a share of the spoils that might follow what, to them, looks like certain victory. The only one missing—and missed—was Hon. William Pugsley. He is said to have got as far as Montreal. But the handicap of a Lieut.-Governorship tacked on to him by a careful Union Government detained him and he did not reach the actual scene of conflict. How the suave and wily William must have sniffed the battle from afar and longed to throw his harness into the discord and jump into the midst of it all!


GRAHAM

But Hon. Frank Oliver was there looking strong, still wearing his chronic grouch and giving free rein to his matchless vocabulary. He was for D. D. McKenzie. Ned Macdonald of Pictou, N. S., dropped in quietly and proceeded to dilate on the pleasures of private life. But the old glint soon come back to his eye and he fought yet another losing fight as a champion of Geo. P. Graham. Then A. G. McKay and Duncan Marshall came down from Alberta and made considerable noise without cutting much ice one way or the other. And there was many another beside.

But it was the long list of Premiers who attracted most of the attention. Most of them are purely provincial in size and did not look quite at home in the going. Take Premier Bell, P. E. I., for example. He has just flashed to the head of the Province that is about as big as an Ontario County and that has as much population as one of the wards of a fair-sized city. He looked what he really is, a pretty fair sort of a country warden. And yet he tacks "Hon." in front of his name and was greeted as a statesman of the conquering hero variety. But from the other end of the Dominion came one of another kind, viz., and to wit, Honest John Oliver. John is a plain man and plays his plainness for all it is worth. He uses just as many aspirates as any other orator but he uses them more carelessly. Also he waves his arms and uses his robust voice in a manner that indicates much force and energy. He looks crude, acts crude and sounds crude. But he gets there. He demonstrated this when the chairman had got into a tangle on the third ballot. Graham had withdrawn after some ballots had been marked. That had been partially straightened out when McKenzie threw up the sponge. Then a lot of people wanted to talk at once and it looked as if all the statesmanship of Gouin and Murray would never get things going right again. Suddenly Honest John jumped down from the platform.

"Hi'll explain it," he shouted. So down one aisle and up the other he went, his arms and voice working overtime. Laughter followed in his wake, but in less than five minutes he was back on the platform, not another question was asked, and the ballot was taken as easily

Continued on page 39



The crowning of the King.

and precisely as if it had been the first instead of a jumble of the third and fourth and fifth.

BUT the two Premiers who were most in the convention's eye were Gouin of Quebec and Martin of Saskatchewan. The former was undoubtedly the "big man" of the convention, even if he did fail when he attempted the impossible—when he tried to make an anti-conscription convention elect a conscription leader. He's that peculiar mixture—a business man and a politician as well. He holds his native Province securely in one hand and does business with the other. He is said to be the only French-Canadian who ever was made a director of the Royal Trust Company. His administration is frankly pro-corporation and is heralded as the most able in Canada by a press as frankly pro-corporation as himself. He did not reach the capital till late on Monday night, but when he walked into the Chateau he got the first cheer of the convention. And as English and French voices mingled in the welcoming roar, an observer remarked:

"No matter who is elected there is the real leader of the Liberal party."

Nor is the little French-Canadian, whose word is law in Quebec Provincial politics, an imposing figure. He's short and dark and might almost be called pudgy. He has the capitalistic rather than the political face and in a crowd would pass for a man who ruled a board of directors rather than a Province—and ruled them with a rod of iron. He got a bad jolt when his Province ran out on him in the leadership race. But he'll recover quickly. And he'll come back stronger than ever. For Quebec will ere long realize that what he wanted was for her best interests—that no action that will further isolate the home of the habitant from the rest of Canada can really benefit anyone—that politics that have prejudice in place of principles can only lead to disaster. So don't forget Sir Lomer Gouin. If it had not been the turn of an English-speaking Liberal he would even now be leader of the Grit hosts. If the latter succeed in the next election, just watch and see if he is not the power behind the throne at Ottawa.

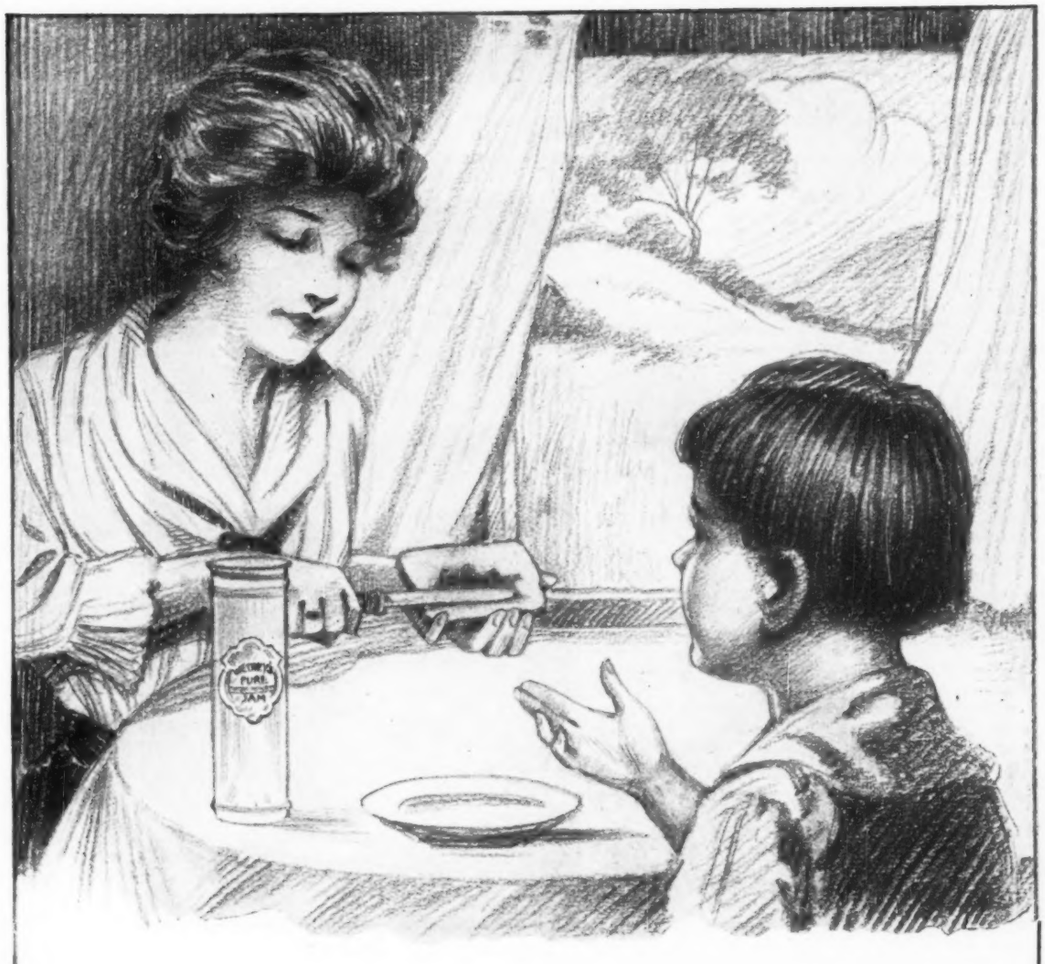
Of an entirely different type is the stalwart young Premier of Saskatchewan.

"There's a man who would have won if he'd got into the race," was the remark often heard as William Melville Martin slipped around urging the claims of Hon. W. S. Fielding. But while Martin may not be either a statesman or a political genius, he has inherited from his Scotch Presbyterian forbears a fair allowance of hard common sense. He knew that just as long as he stayed on the outside he would be looked on as a strong man but that the minute he stuck his head in he'd get swatted with an axe. He had been very mildly Union but he also represented a Province where even the babies cry for free trade. In a convention that was anti-Union and anti-free trade he would have the same chance as that paper cat that tried to chase an asbestos rat through the place that never bothers about the coal famine. Willie Martin showed a certain class when he refused to be cajoled into looking foolish and decided it was no place for a Minister's son.

PREMIER NORRIS of Manitoba probably owes his position more to his popularity than to any marked ability. And just at present he's having some trouble hanging on to that popularity. The Manitoba Grits got after him in caucus and made him swallow a brand new code of Grit principles. Then they loaded him up with Mackenzie King and sent him back home to placate the Liberal Unionists who are somewhat numerous among his followers. If he does it he's some little persuader. And there's an election hovering on the horizon too. Somehow you can't help feeling sorry for Norris. For even the Tories whisper that he's a good fellow.

Stewart, of Alberta, is another big, good-looking Westerner who has some-

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Everybody Likes Wethey's Jam

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Nuorteva's Insidious Propaganda

By C. H. CAHAN, K.C.

Recently Director of Public Safety.

IN MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE for August, under the title of "Planning Soviet Rule in Canada," Colonel Maclean places almost the entire blame upon the Department of Justice, and particularly upon the Minister of that department, for the ineffective methods employed to restrict the activities of radical and revolutionary Socialists in Canada and to punish those who are leaders in the revolutionary movement. In fact, he alleges that those who were found guilty by the courts were promptly released by the Minister of Justice.

So far as I have personal knowledge of the facts, I am confident that in so far as these criticisms refer to the Honourable C. J. Doherty, the present Minister of Justice, they are quite undeserved, as I am entirely convinced that he recognized the nature and extent of the propaganda that was being carried on in Canada, and that he supported all reasonable efforts which were suggested for its extirpation.

The members of the Government who are really responsible represent constituencies lying west of the Ottawa River, and they formed a controlling majority in the Cabinet after the Premier and three of his colleagues had departed from Canada to represent this country in the peace negotiations at Paris. In any case Col. Maclean rightfully excludes the Minister of Militia and Defense and his department from any share of the blame. He should also exclude the Department of Justice, whose representations were treated by the then acting Premier with contemptuous indifference.

The present conditions of unrest in Canada are due to several causes, each of which requires different treatment. These causes are both foreign and domestic in their origin.

Fortunes to Propagate Sedition

DURING the past four years German, and more recently, Russian agencies have been expending hundreds of thousands of dollars in Canada, disseminating pacifist, socialistic, revolutionary and seditious literature from one end of the country to the other, and in organizing in various industrial centres of the country, societies for the insidious propagation of doctrines destructive of our existing political, social and industrial institutions.

In was, at the outset, a war propaganda, and, from the point of view of those with whom we were at war, entirely justifiable as a means for curtailing the duration of the war, by destroying the patriotic spirit and moral stamina of the Canadian people.

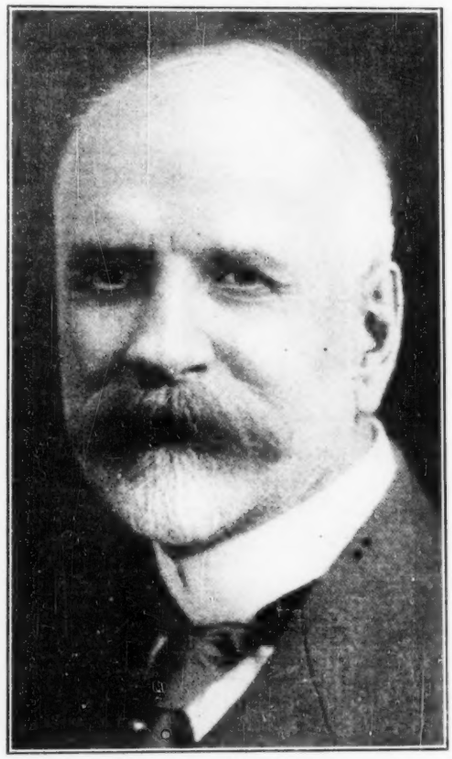
Until the summer of 1918, no effective measures were taken by the Federal Government to restrict or to controvert this propaganda, which has influenced the minds, not only of our alien population, but of very considerable numbers of our British population, including a number of the Protestant clergy and several of the leaders, as well as many of the rank and file of the labor organizations of the country.

During the past year official representatives of the Bolshevik Government of Russia have also been particularly active in Canada; and they have been singularly competent, adroit and effective in carrying on their propaganda.

The agents of the Industrial Workers of the World, commonly called the I.W.W., and the revolutionary or so-called "red" socialistic societies of the United States have also distributed hundreds of thousands of pamphlets, leaflets and periodicals throughout the country, seeking to engender a spirit of class hatred, and to persuade all members of the working class to unite in a revolutionary movement which would overthrow our existing political and social systems and result in the establishment of a new social order, in which all the agencies of industry, trade and commerce would be administered by the workers for the sole benefit of the workers. Hundreds of local organizations have been established in Canada for the purpose of spreading these doctrines far and wide throughout the country.

These three foreign movements have had many aims in common. They sought to paralyze the efforts of the Canadian Government and people to carry on the war; and they secured many adherents, not only among the workers in unorganized trades, but also among the more radical members of the recognized trades unions.

THE Socialist party of Canada, with headquarters at Vancouver, B.C., and with many branches throughout Canada, of which C. Stephenson was the active secretary, and the Social Democratic party, with headquarters at Toronto, of which Isaac Bainbridge was chief executive, with scores of branches in the several provinces, were engaged throughout the war, and doubtless are now engaged, in a propaganda in favor of social, industrial and political revolution.



C. H. CAHAN, K.C.

It was through the sixty-three Finnish branches in Canada of the Social Democratic party that Santeri Nuorteva, and his friends and agents, De H. Koljonen of Sudbury, and J. W. Alquist of Toronto, were chiefly active; though the activities of Nuorteva, who professed to represent the Bolsheviki leaders at Petrograd, as well as the Red Guard movement in Finland, were very far-reaching.

Among the Russian propagandists, Charitonoff and Wolczuk of Winnipeg, Michmevitch of Sudbury, Connosewitch of Brantford, and others, whose names I do not now recall, were also very active.

The press of Canada was conspicuously quiescent. Leading newspapers throughout the country failed to recognize the existence of these movements, and even refused to inform the public by publishing the available facts. There appeared to be a conspiracy of silence.

It was the duty of the Government, in so far as these movements were inspired by foreign agencies or resulted in revolutionary and seditious activities, to restore the reign of law in Canada, to provide adequate means for the enforcement of existing laws, and to devise new laws to deal effectively with such criminal acts as were entirely novel in our political experience.

Government Inexcusably Ignorant

THE Government, however, during the necessary absence from the country of the Prime Minister and of several of his colleagues, seemed not only inexcusably ignorant of existing conditions, but utterly lacking in unity of purpose and in courageous action. Certain municipal authorities endeavored to deal as best they could with these criminal activities, but their efforts were from time to time either partially restrained or completely thwarted by the Federal authorities. In case after case, after the municipal authorities had secured the conviction of offenders, the Government, not the Department of Justice, intervened and effected their release.

The agitators soon discovered that with entire impunity they could treat the existing laws with contemptuous indifference; and they finally persuaded themselves that by solidifying their scattered forces, they could, as one of them said to me, "kick the existing Government off of Parliament Hill," and assume complete control of the Federal administration.

Their immunity has led to the organization of the One Big Union, or O.B.U., as it is commonly called, a name which is only a new cover for I.W.W. propaganda, which is now gathering within its organization all the "red" or revolutionary elements, and considerable numbers of present and former members of the International Trades Unions of this country.

Just prior to the strike at Winnipeg, I travelled through Canada from end to end, and I found that the leaders of these movements were active in organizing in this One Big Union all the radical elements of the country, with a view to calling a general strike in all industrial centres, and thereby paralyzing the agencies of constitutional government throughout Canada. These leaders were persuaded that they would so far control the municipal, police and several branches of the Federal services that they could impose their will on the entire community. They believed that the members of the Federal Government, in the absence of the Prime Minister, as they said, "had not even a kick left in them"; or, in other words, that all the civil and military forces, under the control of the Federal administration, would remain inactive and indifferent.

No one, who carefully watched the trend of affairs, could doubt that they had reasonable grounds for reaching such conclusions; and even sane and moderate elements of our population, seeing first the utter apathy and then the extreme timidity of many members of the Government, began openly to express complete indifference to its fate.

Is Danger of Revolution Past?

THE events at Winnipeg have shown, however, that the Canadian people still preserve a civic spirit and a capacity for effective local organization and administration, which other Canadian cities may yet have opportunities to emulate.

The remedy for such conditions is obvious. It is the duty of the Federal Government to enforce Federal laws; and it is rank cowardice for that Government to attempt to avoid its responsibility for such enforcement by placing the burden of the enforcement of Federal laws solely upon the provincial and municipal authorities. Any Government, which discloses that it is afraid to do its duty in the face of revolutionary activities, thereby destroys its own authority, and practically becomes the agent of those who are actively promoting revolution.

We must revert to the reign of law in Canada. The criminal laws of Canada are within the legislative jurisdiction of the Parliament of Canada; and the Parliament which enacts such laws is in duty bound to provide effective means for their enforcement; or else it should obliterate them from the statute books, and no longer permit them to remain objects of contempt and derision.

Fortunately, the Prime Minister has now returned home, and the former acting Prime Minister no longer directs the administration of Federal affairs. Sir Robert Borden, in every courageous effort which he may take to restore and to maintain law and order throughout Canada, has solidly behind him all the sane and sound elements of our population, including, at the least, a large minority of all the trades unions of the country, and also a considerable number of their members, who have been intimidated and coerced by "red" or revolutionary leaders.

The conservative members of the trades unions, who have not been affected by this foreign propaganda, are more concerned in regard to their right of association, recognition of their unions, and the right of collective bargaining. They uphold constitutional government, and seek reforms by methods which are evolutionary. Their minds are chiefly occupied with questions relating to hours of work, conditions of employment, proper remuneration for labor and the like; and their demands must receive careful and attentive consideration.

Personally, I am persuaded that their grievances may be alleviated by the establishment of impartial

tribunals, to which all complaints may be submitted for hearing and investigation, and by which the principles of a new jurisprudence may be developed and established for the just determination of all labor disputes. The administration of justice must be extended to cover all labor disputes and difficulties.

The Causes and the Remedies

BUT, apart from all this, there is a great deal of unrest, which is more or less due to the war and to the financial and economic conditions resulting directly or indirectly from the war, which now prevail in this country, and with respect to which the Government has the remedies largely in its own control. This unrest finds constant expression in complaints against "the high cost of living"; but the real evils are due to:

(1) The inflation both of currency and of credit in Canada, which has resulted in a severe depreciation in the value of our Canadian dollar.

(2) The dilatory and inefficient methods by which the income taxes have been collected by the Department of Finance, which have now become a public scandal.

(3) The unequal distribution of the burden of the recently created war debt; and

(4) The prevailing ignorance of elementary economic laws, which impose on all classes and conditions of our people the absolute necessity of producing more and wasting less, if we are to successfully shoulder the heavy financial burdens which the war has created for this generation, and obtain a surplus sufficient to provide and distribute a satisfactory living wage for and among all classes of our workers.

The remedy for these evils will be found not so much in tariff adjustments, but in radical reforms in respect of our currency and in the financial administration of the Government, in the control of profiteering within the country, in restricting imports of articles of luxury from abroad, in regulating the exports of articles of absolute necessity to foreign countries, and in persuading the Canadian people to adopt sane and wholesome methods of living and saving.

Why King Won Laurier's Mantle

Continued from page 37

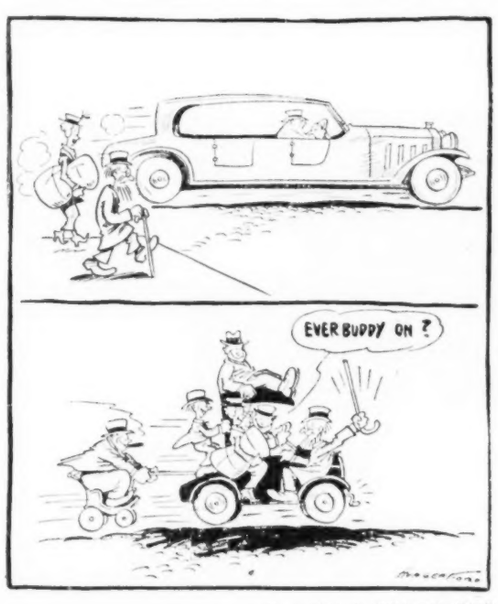
thing to think about. Hon. Frank Oliver and Hon. Charlie Cross rather put it over him in caucus and anyone who knows either Hon Frank or Hon. Charlie will freely admit they are bad people to have cracking a whip around your ears.

Foster, of New Brunswick, looks like a young lawyer hunting a brief than a Premier. He is said to be honest and that is a qualification few New Brunswick politicians ever claim. Murray, of Nova Scotia, is just a nice, big Scotchman who has become a habit in his native Province.

Oh, about the tariff! I almost forgot to mention that—it cut so little figure at the convention. Those crafty Westerners thought they were stealing a march on the capitalistic East. Hon. Duncan Marshall of Alberta and Hon. George Langley of Saskatchewan rushed a few of their followers into the first session of the resolutions committee and elected Andrew McMaster, of Brome, chairman before the sleepy East knew what had happened. Andrew is a rabid free-trader and his face just beamed while the Westerners plastered item after item on the free list resolution. The big fellows let them have it all their own way. With the right kind of a leader no resolution is at all dangerous. Why, the Laurier platform of '93 might just as well have been varnished over and adopted. It is just as good as new—never having been used. So, as nothing threatening showed in the leadership race, tariff-tinkering in committee was rather encouraged. It helped to distract some of the troublesome ones while the real business was being attended to. And how those free-traders did enjoy themselves! Sam Jacobs, of Montreal, dropped in and ventured a remark or two and was scorned as a specimen of a Liberalism fast becoming obsolete. As he escaped, he smilingly remarked:

"They've abolished the tariff and given the British a preference fifty per cent. lower than that."

Thus it was that the same convention that gave the Liberal Party Mackenzie King let the West have just about all it cared to ask for in the way of free trade.



Hungerford, in Pittsburgh "Sun"

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THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

WHAT THEY THINK *of* KING

MACKENZIE KING is welcomed to the leadership of the Liberal party in Canada with fairly generous tributes, from both Liberal and Conservative papers. The Toronto *World* (Indep. Cons.) greets Mr. King enthusiastically, saying: "Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D., C.M.G., is one of the best educated men in Canada, and one of the most experienced in practical politics, in sociological matters and in the problems of modern life and economics. He has been jeered at for his youth for a number of years, and now it is the greatest virtue he possesses."



Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, as he looked at Ottawa during the recent convention, when he was "snapped" for MACLEAN'S.

The Toronto *Globe* calls attention to Mr. King's specialization in "the consideration of labor problems and in questions of social reform. Few men have studied such problems so closely at first hand." The Toronto *Star*—than which no paper in the Dominion has been more friendly during his whole career—says that the Liberal convention "did itself credit in electing Mackenzie King as leader. . . . Personality counts. If there is in Canada to-day a great deal of original and independent thinking, there is also a craving for leadership. . . . Mackenzie King is a rising hope, not only of the Liberal Party, but to a large extent of the country."

Quebec newspapers are almost universally cordial and enthusiastic. Montreal *Le Devoir* says that "of all the candidates for the leadership. . . King is the least of a politician." Montreal *Le Canada* characterizes him as "without doubt the most brilliant man of his generation." The Quebec *Telegraph* says "no leader could have been more welcome," and Quebec *Soleil* congratulates the party on the choice of a man so well posted on political and economic problems." The Montreal *Gazette* remarks that while in Parliament Mackenzie King made "some mistakes which opponents will not permit him, or the public, to forget," and says when he takes his seat in the next Parliament he will have "his position and his future to make good." The Montreal *Star* attributes King's election over Hon. W. S. Fielding entirely to his attitude on the 1917 conscription issue, and the consequent support which he received from the Quebec delegates, but concludes its "day-after" editorial by saying:

"Mackenzie King has a harder task to weld his ranks into an effective fighting force than ever Laurier had. His efforts will be watched with interest. He has unquestionable ability and some useful political experience, but he has not hitherto displayed qualities that excite enthusiasm, like Laurier, or that compel confidence, like Borden. He needs both to succeed."

The Montreal *Herald* remarks that "Laurier's sceptre passed to one of his own favorites."

Western papers agree, in the main, that the choice of the convention was a wise one, but several display a distinct "I'm-from-Missouri" attitude. The Vancouver *Province* feels that the convention, in choosing Mackenzie King instead of Fielding, has "made a bolder and more interesting venture." King is the "wisest selection," says the Calgary *Albertan*. The Vancouver *Sun* calls attention to the new leader's study of labor problems as his most valuable asset. The Vancouver *World* and Victoria *Times* also specify this as just reason for selection. The Lethbridge *Herald* says: "We would much rather trust the tariff to King than to McKenzie or Graham."

The Maritime Provinces papers also take a "show-me" attitude, most of the Liberal papers in these parts having supported Fielding for the Laurier mantle. The Halifax *Herald* says: "It remains to be seen to what extent Mackenzie King can guide the destinies of his party. It is a long descent from Sir Wilfrid Laurier to Mackenzie King." The choice of King, the Halifax *Acadian Recorder* feels, is another evidence of the foresight and character reading power of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for it is understood that from the first he frequently spoke of the brilliant young man as the future leader of the party."

The Winnipeg *Free Press* is cordially disposed toward King, but intimates that his "war record may prove a serious handicap." The Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* refers to this fact, and says this is "something not likely to be forgotten." The London *Free Press* feels that "the choice of Hon. W. L. M. King as federal leader of the Liberal party comes as a surprise and to many as a disappointment." The Hamilton *Times* believes the new leader "lacks personal magnetism. He is a temperament rather cold and self-centred—not a 'good mixer'. . . We have heard him described by his friends as 'wooden'." The Brantford *Expositor* greeted the news of the convention's selection with:

"It certainly is something of a shock, but one from which it is easily possible to recover, to find the grandson of that 'arch rebel,' William Lyon Mackenzie, placed at the head of one of the great political parties in Canada."

The Kingston *Standard* says:

"Mackenzie King, despite his ability, energy, faith and political aptitude, is fearfully handicapped by the millstone of anti-Imperialism which, with his own hands, he slung about his neck in the political campaign of 1917, when he followed the anti-conscriptionist lead of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in that memorable fight, and when going even farther he actually truckled to the German element in his own riding."

Three of the Toronto papers—the *Globe*, *Star* and *World*—have been quoted as receiving Mackenzie King's selection with enthusiasm. The other three dailies take a different view:

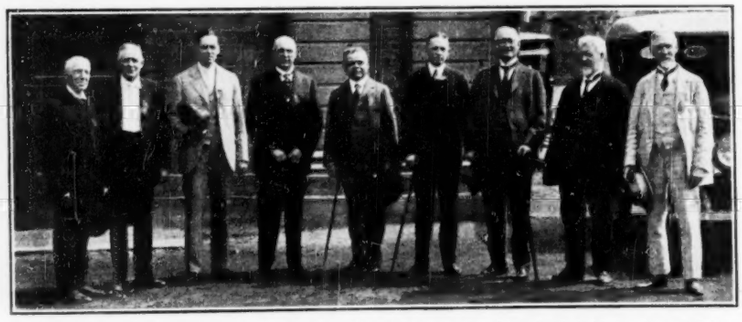
Mail and Empire—"Hon. Mackenzie King was a tooth-and-nail opponent of the Military Service Act. . . . . Though a bachelor, and only in his fortieth year, when the war broke out, he himself did not join the army, but that may have been owing to physical unfitness. Mr. King ought to be acceptable to the Quebec Liberals and their adjuncts in other parts of Canada."

Toronto *Times*—"The so-called 'Liberal' convention could scarcely have selected a more vulnerable leader than Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King. To begin with, the was primarily the choice of the Quebec delegation. . . . . Mr. King may rally the slacker vote, and the alien vote and the anti-British vote. We do not see how he can ever make headway with Liberal Unionists, with returned soldiers. . . . . He spent a great part of the war as an absentee from his own country."

Toronto *Telegram*—"A sham Liberal convention put in three days' good work on behalf of Union Government. . . . A new lease of life was written in the proceedings of the so-called Liberal convention. That lease was confirmed by the climax of the whole proceedings—the choice of a leader who learned Liberalism in the pro-clerical, pro-corporation school of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and took a post-graduate course in the school of John D. Rockefeller.

"If Sir Robert Borden cannot win against such a leader as Hon. W. L. M. King, and Sir William Hearst cannot win against such a leader as Hartley Dewart, K.C., M.P.P., neither the Premier of Canada nor the Premier of Ontario deserve to win."

Many newspapers took the view that the convention held in August at Ottawa was not a *real Liberal* convention. The Toronto *Times* and *Telegram* made this assertion. Each called it a "so-called Liberal convention." The London *Free Press* contended that "except for the presence of provincial premiers who gave more or less hearty support to Union Government, there were no Liberal-Unionists at the convention. . . . except Mr. Fielding and Mr. Pardee." The Toronto *Times* says that "the Liberal party has been permanently wrecked," and characterizes the Ottawa Convention as a "rump affair." The *Times* takes occasion to agree with the Toronto *Globe's* accidental terminology: "the Monstrous Party Convention."

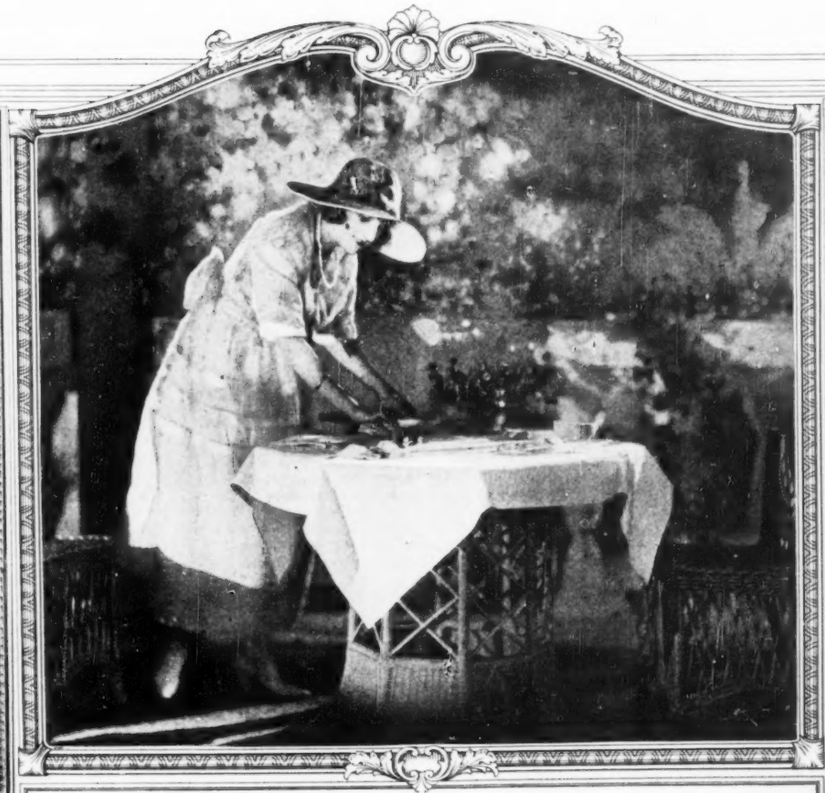


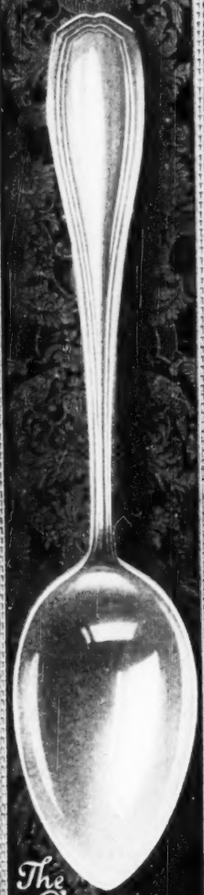
Eight Liberal Premiers and one Leader of Opposition—Left to right: Hon. J. H. Bell, Premier of Prince Edward Island; Hon. T. C. Morris, Premier of Manitoba; Hon. W. M. Martin, Premier of Saskatchewan; Hon. Charles Steward, Premier of Alberta; Hon. Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec; Hon. Walter E. Foster, Premier of New Brunswick; Hon. G. H. Murray, Premier of Nova Scotia; Hon. John Oliver, Premier of British Columbia; and Hartley H. Dewart, M.P.P., leader of the Liberal Opposition in the Ontario Legislature.

The future course of the Liberal party, and the problem of re-uniting Liberal-Unionists and anti-conscription Liberals, is widely discussed. The Montreal *Star* says:

"The light in the Liberal window no longer holds out to burn. Quebec has blown out the beacon set up to welcome the prodigals home.

Continued on page 66







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REVIEW of REVIEWS

Lenine Says The Allies Are "Too Late"

A Few Months Ago They Could Have Crushed Russia—Moscow To-day

SOME interesting light is thrown on Lenine, Peters the Killer, and life as it exists now in Moscow in a splendidly-written article by Frazier Hunt, in the *National Weekly*. Petrograd, in a previous article, Mr. Hunt described as Red—very Red. Moscow he finds milder, and characterizes it, and his sensations there, as "Pink."

Some of the humors of traveling in Russia to-day are described in his introduction, where Mr. Hunt tells how he got quick permission to travel from Petrograd to Moscow by liberal use of bribes. He says:

Our compartment was meant for two people, but there were three of us tucked in there—and one of us a rather beautiful young Russian woman; the third was a Russian naval officer. A friend who talked English had taken me to the station and we had remarked freely and fully in our most confidential English about both of my traveling companions. Later I discovered that the young lady talked perfect English, and so in great embarrassment I carried on a rather strained conversation with her. Of course we talked about what a funny-looking goofer our naval officer, who sat in the corner reading, was.

An hour later I found that this future Bolshevik admiral talked just about as good English as I did. But it was all right because the two of them spent most of the time after that talking in Russian about me.

On his arrival in Moscow Mr. Hunt finds that a conveyance taking him from the station to the hotel costs him about $18. He finds the lot of the bourgeoisie a little better, and writes:

More Food, Less Discontent

PEOPLE were less hungry and less desperate here than in Petrograd. Food was more plentiful and just about half the price and there wasn't that tense, drawn look on the faces of the passers-by. The revolution was more settled here; there was more bread and consequently less discontent. Petrograd has always been the outpost of revolutions and the frontier of protests within the Government itself against its own workings. She is the foreign city of Russia and the fires of revolution have always been kindled here. She has endless labor troubles and strikes and revolts. After all, Petrograd is only Petrograd, while Moscow is Russia—the heart and soul of this great hulking giant. Pink Moscow I've called her because she is no longer the flaming scarlet red she was in those first dramatic days of the revolution.

Pink is the color, too, of most of the biggest men of the Bolshevik or Communist party at this moment. They'd like to be red revolutionists, but they've suddenly discovered they're living in a very white settled world and their color doesn't match. So they're changing; slowly but surely they're compromising. They want to hold on to their power and save as much of their revolution as possible, and to do this they're taking and giving. And much of it is going on right under their own vests; I mean they are learning that dreams have to be squared with the world and the day in order to become even half true. Trotzky's army is a good example of what I'm getting at.

From a howling, undisciplined, wild band, following any leader or cause they wished, Trotzky has built up an efficient fighting organization of a million men. And he's done it simply by putting back into practice the very things that had helped cause the army to revolt—strict military discipline, capital punishment, and respect for authority. To-day there is no foolishness in this Red army; a soldier is shot for the slightest disobedience. Only by this method could an army be built up, so Trotzky, the wild advocate of imperialism of the workingman, put into force this cruel iron discipline.

Songs of Work

TO-DAY, in some of the factories, men are working by piecework, which is absolutely at opposite poles to the real ideals of the Socialists. Why? Simply because the Government had to have the work done, and could get it done best by permitting the men or groups to labor on a piecework schedule. Compromise, compromise, compromise in every branch and phase of the Government and revolution. Take the Foreign Office as an example:

"We'll pay our foreign loans; we'll let foreign capital and investors come in; we'll guarantee to stop all our propaganda; we'll satisfy the world as to our sincerity and honesty."

This was Tchicherine, Commissaire for Foreign Affairs, talking to me in his private office in Moscow; the same Tchicherine who a year before had repudiated Russia's foreign debt and promised to set the world on fire with revolution. Now he wanted recognition and foreign capital and brains to help put Russia to work and save a dying nation. And he wanted the Allies simply to state their terms so that his Government could meet them.

A few days later I met Lenine for the first time. Kolchak was galloping eastward over the plains toward the precious Volga. He hadn't been stopped as yet, and all Moscow was quivering with excitement and fear. The Bolshevik dailies—the only anti-Bolshevik paper, the "Dielo Narodnoye," had just been closed after its eighth issue—were carrying great streamers across their first pages calling Russia to arms to save the revolution. Everywhere big factory meetings were being held to shoot the workmen full of anti-Kolchak propaganda. On this particular morning I attended one of these meetings.

My guide was a small, fiery-eyed, smiling, gentle revolutionist named Tomski, one of the most picturesque figures of the whole country. They call him the Sam Gompers of Russia, for he heads the All-Russian



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BRANCHES IN THE LEADING CITIES

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Union of Industrial Workers, boasting three million and a half members. He had spent years of his life in prison and the ravages of his close confinement still showed.

This day he took me to the blackest, most reactionary factory in Moscow, where there was deep hatred and fighting opposition to the Government.

"What Can Kolchak Bring?"

TOMSKI spoke first, and he had hardly begun when several women began crying: "Where's the bread? Bread! That's what we want—bread. We don't want any more talk; we want bread!" It was the desperate cry of hungry women who had to look into the eyes of hungry children. It was the hardest cry in the world to answer.

Tomski started again, and there were more cries: "Give us bread! Our children are starving! We want bread! Bread! Bread!"

He was patient, as only a man who has spent half his life in prison for an ideal can be patient, and soon he had his crowd listening. But it was a superior crowd, who were tired to death of promises and wanted food and clothing and the comforts of life. They had lost faith in their revolution that was going to bring them everything and had actually brought them so little. A thousand times silver-tongued apologists had explained why it had been impossible to give them these promised comforts, and that soon they would have them. And yet they never came: and they wanted things to eat and wear now and not more promises.

So it was that when Tomski finished there was only scattered applause. Then came a tall, gentle man named Novomirsky, an anarchist who for four years had been Tomski's cell mate at Peter and Paul Prison in Petrograd.

Russia's millions want a change, but if they get it, and a new Government is set up, it will have to give them just the kind of rule they want or it will fail.

And it will have to be a radical government, for these people still want to adventure and are still suffering with the fever of unrest. The peasant wants the land, and all of it, and he's going to keep revolting until he gets it; the city workmen want to have a deal to say about the way their shops shall be run and the way they must work, and they're going to keep on revolutionizing until they get that. And the whole great mass want real liberties and a real voice in their state and business affairs, and no government, whether it be Lenine's or Kolchak's, that fails to give that will last long.

Pink Lenine

THAT was the afternoon I met Lenine. Coming from the factory meeting we drove to a great hall where the workmen's committees from all the Moscow factories were in special session to stir up enthusiasm for the anti-Kolchak mobilization.

There was about an hour of this canned oratory that no one took seriously, and then a door directly to the rear of the rostrum opened and Lenine walked quickly to the front of the platform and began speaking. There was probably a half minute of hand-clapping, and then every one of the several hundred present threw down his papers and listened attentively to what this first man of the Soviet Republic had to say.

He shot his words right into the teeth of his hearers, speaking directly and without any attempt at oratory. He wore a very ordinary poorly fitting blue coat and odd unpressed trousers, and had on a soft white collar. It was his eyes and a very wise and friendly humorous smile that got you.

"If the Allies had put a half million soldiers against us six months ago, they'd have crushed us, but it's too late now," he was saying. *"They can't make them fight us. Look what has just happened at Odessa; the same thing is happening elsewhere. Kolchak is gaining this minute, but it won't be for long. We are not going to lose our heads and draw a single soldier from our southern or western fronts. When we have cleaned up the Crimea and the south we will turn on Kolchak and drive him back."*

That was the last of April when Lenine said that, and Kolchak was advancing toward the Volga at the rate of twenty-five miles a day. The world, hungry to pick any white hope against Red Russia, was betting big on Kolchak. The newspapers printed columns and pages about how this former admiral would reach the Volga and press on to Moscow and pull down the Bolsheviki. Then there came a period of two or three weeks when there were no accounts of new Kolchak victories, and then suddenly the Paris statesmen were dumbfounded at authentic news that Kolchak was being driven back to his Urals.

The World's Toughest Citizen

Then there's Peters, who is head of the Revolutionary Tribunal and used to be Chief Death Warrant Signer of the Extraordinary Commission for the Suppression of Counter-revolution, Sabotage, and Speculation. This fellow Peters interested me tremendously, because he was supposed to be the real bad man of the revolution. The first time I saw him was at his very busy office when he was surrounded by a pack of his secret-service henchmen. Having spent seven years in exile in London, he could talk just as good English as I could.

"Well, I guess the world thinks you are the toughest citizen it's got," I ventured when I was introduced to him. "They call you Peters the Killer."

I looked for him to swell out his chest and offer me a Bolshevik cigarette, but instead he smiled rather a sad smile and answered me in a very low, gentle voice: "Well, I guess it don't make much difference what they think of me. People don't understand the Russian Revolution at all. We've been fighting with our backs to the wall. Each of us has had to do the job he's been placed in. The French Revolution was made by individuals—the Russian Revolution by the Communist party. Here we've had strong party discipline. We do what our party orders us to do. I'm placed at the head of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and I have to do my work."

It seemed to me he had unconsciously placed his finger on their greatest weakness. This had been a party-led revolution. Party orders were above humanity, democracy, everything. Fanatic party loyalty, the fetish of doctrines and theories, the cold science of their political philosophy, had unhumanized many of them. Peters went on: "To-day counter-revolutionists can be sentenced only after an open trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Now the revolution is sufficiently settled down for us to be more tolerant and open."

I asked Peters about the thousands that it was reported he had ordered shot. He dug around in his desk for a minute or two, and finally dragged out a sheaf of papers.

"Up to the 1st January of this year the total number of executions was 4,500," he said when he had found the one he wanted. "Of this total 533 were executed in Moscow and 659 in Petrograd. Most of these were killed in the two tragic Red Terror days in September, after the attempted assassination of Lenine and the killing of Uriksky. Many of those executed were government people caught stealing and speculating. We didn't want to kill those 4,500, but, after all, what's 4,500 when you think of the hundreds of thousands who have been sacrificed on Russian scaffolds and Siberian prisons that this spirit of revolution might be bred in our hearts? The first year after the 1905 revolution Stolypin, the Czar's minister, killed 32,753—yet the world paints us as the real murderers."

These are his own figures, of course, and they take no account of the depredations and killing of Red soldier bands in the early days.

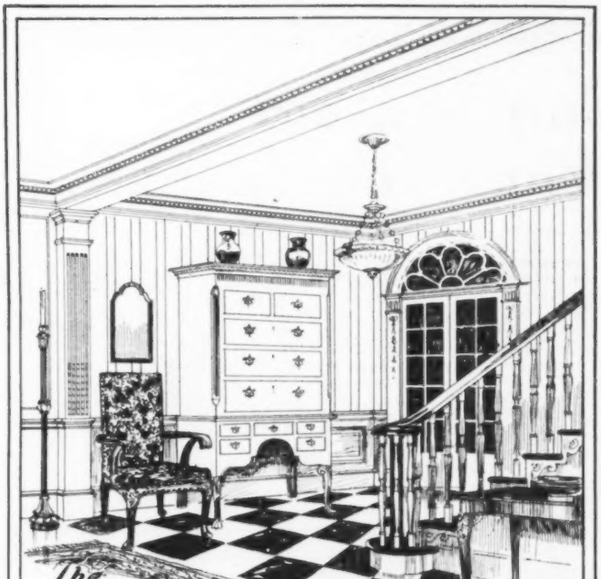
After all, it isn't the number of executions that count; it is the cool, calculating philosophy of putting down all counter-revolutions by carefully picked executions. That was the philosophy of the terror and of the party, and it was a philosophy of results and not one that considered the fairness or justice or humanity of the moment. But the terror, as an overshadowing brutal thing, is about ended now.



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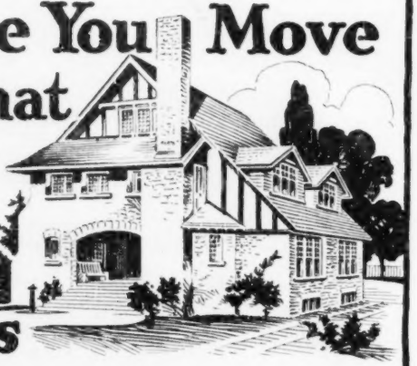
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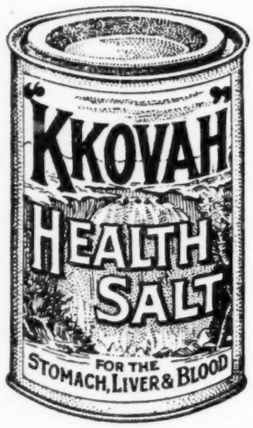
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How Long Will You Live?

Insurance Statistics Disclose Some Interesting Information

F. F. DRYDEN, President of the Prudential Insurance Co., of America, in the *American Magazine*, writes entertainingly of man's chances to foil the Grim Reaper. Which will live longer, a rich man or a poor man? What are the chances of a distiller enjoying a long life? A farmer? A clergyman? These, and other features are discussed:

A few years ago some figures were compiled for the American Bankers' Association which read about like this:

Out of 100 average healthy men 25 years of age 64 reach the age of 65. Of these:

1 will be rich.
4 will be well-to-do.
5 will be earning their own living.
54 will be dependent upon friends or charity.

Similar statistics have been gathered to show that of the men who have saved money between thirty-five and forty years of age, a majority will have lost it, and have nothing but their insurance by the time they are sixty-five.

General statements of this sort are difficult to establish, and our friends are not competent either to prove or disprove them. But every day brings evidence that the only certain thing in life is that life itself is uncertain. The men who say to themselves in their thirties, "At fifty I will have so much, and I will then retire," are generally to be found still hard at work at fifty. And if they do retire their existence is often far from pleasant. They have nothing then to occupy their minds but the worry less they should lose their money—and very frequently, indeed, they *do* lose it.

When one starts through human statistics he is impressed at once with the fact that all the truths in the world are old truths; and that modern statistical methods do little more than prove to us scientifically the things that the instinct of the race has made pretty clear from the begining.

Several thousand years ago, for instance, men came to the conclusion that six days of work a week are better than seven; and Moses wrote a commandment to that effect in the Book of Exodusdus. In each generation there are some ambitious men who seek to disprove that ancient truth. They think that if they can crowd an extra day's work into each week they will make that much more progress than their fellows. Our records imply unquestionably that they are wrong. The man who devotes his Sundays to rest and wholesome recreation, and a complete change from the duties of the week, not only lives longer and enjoys better health, but in the long run he will accomplish more and better work.

A number of authorities have undertaken to adduce scientific evidence on this point. A year or two ago Dr. E. G. Martin, of the Harvard Medical School, selected a group of medical students, and by testing their reaction time by means of electric currents gathered some very interesting facts. The tests were continued for a period of eight weeks, and they showed that the sensitiveness of the men was, in every instance, most acute on Monday, and that it sunk steadily from day to day, reaching its lowest point on Saturday.

"The results show," said Doctor Martin, "that the repose of a single night following a day of toil does not afford complete restoration of the impaired nervous tissues; and, furthermore, that the longer period furnished by the Sunday recess gives, under ordinary conditions, the longer time needed for the expulsion of the accumulated fatigue products and the recovery of efficiency. . . . *The man who carries his work home with him and dwells on it in the time devoted ostensibly to rest is defeating the very purpose he seeks—increased efficiency.*"

When the war broke out, England was faced by the necessity of increasing her factory output. Her very existence depended upon it, and it was assumed that the emergency could only be met by longer hours and by Sunday work. After a time, the Ministry of Munitions appointed a commission to inquire into the matter, and it was proved again, beyond a doubt, that Sunday work does not pay. The work done on the seventh day was the poorest work of all; and as week after week went by without the usual period of rest the men complained of being "fed up," and the production fell steadily. Sunday work was discontinued as scientifically unsound.

The same English commission discovered clearly that night work and work before breakfast are also inefficient. The commission did not undertake to determine what is the ideal length of a working day, but its investigations did bring out that ten hours are better than twelve and eight, on the whole, than ten. The records of the life insurance companies are apparently all in favor of the man who works *hard* for a few hours, and allows nothing to interfere with the important business of enjoying himself, with his family, in the evenings and on Sundays and holidays.

The popular notion, of course, is that modern men work themselves into early graves, leaving their wives to enjoy the fortunes that their overwork has accumulated. The statistician would want more facts before expressing himself on this point, however. Whether modern life is harder on men than women, whether the well-to-do woman is peculiarly protected and spared, and so comes into old age with a greater fund of resistance, or whether a man who has been active finds it harder to adapt himself to the semi-leisure of old age, all these are points on which the statistics of the future will doubtless shed more light. The whole science of vital statistics is very new; only in the last few years have our tables given us a fairly solid basis for generalization. And we are safer now to state the facts, and to allow each reader to test them by his own observation and draw his own conclusion.

Clergymen and farmers are popularly supposed to lead as moral and as wholesome lives as any two classes in the population; and the records of insurance companies—as might be expected—show that *they* represent apparently the best risks. About the worst risks, of course, are makers of high explosives, aviators, submarine workers, and those who are exposed to the constant irritation and infection of injurious dust.

But, side by side with those whose occupations involve physical danger come saloon-keepers, who have an extra mortality of seventy per cent., as shown by extensive investigation conducted jointly by the Actuarial Society of America and the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors. The investigation further showed that hotel proprietors, who tend bar only occasionally, but who take frequent drinks, shorten their lives on an average six years by that fact. Even the proprietors of wholesale liquor houses die before their time; and, indeed, among all the fourteen classes of individuals connected in any way with the liquor business, the only class which was found not to have an excessive mortality was that of *proprietors of distilleries.*

The same searching investigation—which was based upon an examination of the life records of more than two million policy holders in forty-three companies—dealt a hard blow to the popular notion that the sowing of wild oats is innocuous, provided a man repents and reforms in his youth. The wages of sin is always death; and even though a sin be long since forgotten, it is likely to have its wage finally, in a shortened period of activity, and an earlier end. The records proved clearly that decency and temperance pay; that the total abstainer outlives the occasional drinker; and that the man who has been a steady drinker in his earlier days, even though he reforms, has almost certainly shortened his life.



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Mohammedanism To-Day

What Effect Will Prophet's Followers Have on World's Peace

The King of England is the greatest Moslem ruler on earth, as the British Empire contains more than 100,000,000 Mohammedans. Lothrop Stoddard, in *World's Work*, points to this fact as a reason why the British may not wish to dismember the Turkish Empire as completely as is generally expected. Protests from India, particularly, may be anticipated—in fact, have been made—says Mr. Stoddard. He adds:

A hundred years ago, to be sure, the state of Islam seemed a pretty hopeless one. Yet, at that very moment, a voice was crying from out the vast Arabian desert, the cradle of Islam, calling the Faithful to better things. This puritan reformer was the celebrated Abdel-Wahab, and his followers, known as "Wahabies," spread over the length and breadth of the Mohammedan world. Thus began the movement known as the Mohammedan Revival. With many vicissitudes, it has persisted ever since, and was never more active than at the present day. It has assumed a multitude of forms and is as much political as religious in character. Its political aims are summed up in the term "Pan-Islamism"—the re-union of all the Faithful in a restored Caliphate under the leadership of a true "Khalifa" or "Successor" of Mahomet, the "Shadow of God on Earth." Since Islam was in its inception an aggressive, proselytizing religion, spreading its gospel by the sword, Pan-Islamism has always struck a warlike note, and this warlike tendency has been inflamed by an external factor — Christendom's aggression against the realm of Islam. For during the very century that Islam was gathering itself together and renewing its vitality, the Christian Powers were pressing upon Islam with a violence unknown since the Crusades. One by one the Moslem States fell under Christian rule, till in 1914 only the Turkish Empire and remote, mountain-girt Afghanistan retained genuine independence. The rest of the Moslem world had been partitioned between Europe's far-flung colonial empires.

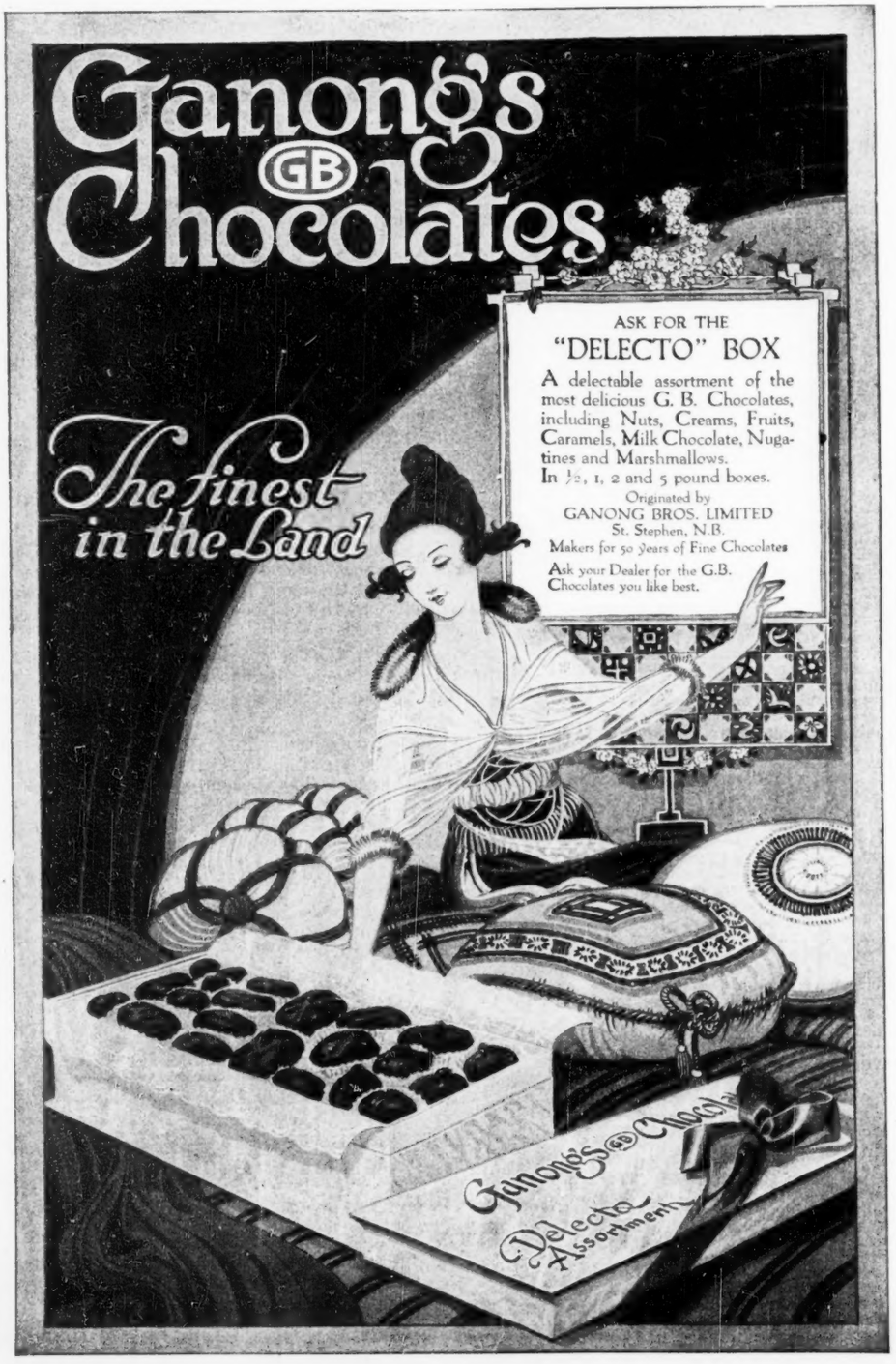
Thanks to Europe's superiority in arms, the partitioning of the Moslem world was effected with comparatively little fighting. The Moslems, however, realized their plight, and their hearts were full of bitterness. Everywhere the hope of vengeance and freedom played, mirage-like, before their imagination, when, on some great day, Islam should rise in the legendary "Jihadd" or "Holy War" and should sweep the arrogant Infidels from the face of the earth.

Well, the Great War broke out in 1914, just as many keen-sighted Moslems had long foreseen, it having been a common prophecy in Islam that the Infidel robbers would one day quarrel over their booty and start cutting each other's throats. At first blush it might have seemed that the moment for the Jihadd had come. And the opportunity was soon offered. Toward the close of 1914, Turkey entered the European conflict and solemnly declared the "Holy War" upon Russia, France, and Britain, the three chief partitioners of Islamic lands. And yet—the Holy War did not "come off." A certain tremor, to be sure, was everywhere felt, and a few benighted mountaineers or desert tribesmen rose here and there at the Khalifa's call. But, outside the Turkish frontiers, there was no general response, and even here real enthusiasm was confined to the true Turks or "Osmanli," the Arabs showing a tepid zeal, later transformed into hostility and open insurrection in alliance with Turkey's Infidel enemies.

Why this fiasco? In part, no doubt, it was due to the fact that this particular "Holy War" was declared by a governing group of free-thinking "Young Turks" for the benefit of German Infidels—scarcely a call to inflame the fanaticism of pious True Believers. In part, also, it was due to the strong military hold maintained by Britain, France and Russia, making rebellion an almost hopeless undertaking. Even Moslem zealots want a "run for their money" before gaining Paradise through death in battle for the Faith.

But there was another reason for the Holy War fiasco which, though seldom mentioned, probably had a more fundamental influence than any of the others. This was the dissolving effect of the growing spirit of Asiatic nationalism upon Islamic unity. Within the last few decades the nationalistic philosophy which transformed Europe has passed over into Asia. The "Young Turk" and "Young Egyptian" movements, the Nationalist" stirrings in Persia and India, and the Chinese Revolution, are all unmistakable signs that Asia is in the throes of national self-consciousness. This means a radical shift in political values. Hitherto Asiatics have united or divided mainly along lines of religion. So it was with Europeans many centuries ago. But just as the gospel of nationality which came to Europe with the Renaissance and Reformation disrupted the Catholic unity of the Middle Ages and made Crusades impossible, so that same gospel has been relaxing the bonds of Islamic solidarity, transforming the True Believers into patriots first and Moslems afterward, and rendering a real Jihadd improbable if no nationalistic issues are involved.

Beginning with the Ottoman Empire the two-fold reaction of the Islamic world can be strikingly seen. I have already explained the interest felt for Turkey throughout Islam, both as the one independent Mohammedan Power of importance and as the seat of the Caliphate. Now the Ottoman Empire contains two Mohammedan peoples—Turks and Arabs; the Turks occupying the western part, including Constantinople, Asia Minor, and the Armenian Highlands; the Arabs the eastern part beyond the dividing wall of the Taurus Mountains, including Syria, Mesopotamia, and the Arabian Peninsula itself. The Turks and Arabs have never gotten on well together. Their racial temperaments are too incompatible. In former times their common Islamic





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faith and their common hatred and contempt of the Infidel kept them united against Christian aggression, whatever the state of their domestic relations. But, for the last generation, the new nationalist leaven has been disrupting the religious tie. Long before the late war the Arab half of the Empire was seething with an Arab nationalist movement looking to emancipation from Turkish rule and the founding of a great Arab Empire. This explains the revolt of Arabia in 1916 under that venerated religious leader the Shereef of Mecca, who did not hesitate to ally himself with the Christian enemy. On the other hand, the Turks have been developing a nationalism of their own. This is the famous "Pan-Turanian" movement of which so much was heard during the war, and which had as its goal the political amalgamation of all the scattered branches of the Turco-Tartar race in Asia Minor, the Caucasus, Persia, South Russia, and Central Asia. Thus, when the Ottoman Empire entered the Great War in 1914, its Moslem element were thinking in terms of nationalism even more than of religion, and since these nationalisms conflicted, they cause first disunion and then disruption, to the Empire's undoing.

Now all this is perfectly well known to Moslems everywhere. Therefore the Islamic world would offer no religious objections to a division of the Ottoman Empire into a Turkish and an Arab state. It would also probably not object to a transference of the Caliphate or spiritual headship of Islam from the Turkish Sultans to Arabia, provided this were done by Islam itself and not as the result of a European intrigue, which would vitiate the transfer in the eyes of devout Mohammedans. But the plans broached at the Versailles Peace Conference for the liquidation of the Ottoman Empire certainly do raise bitter Moslem protests on both religious and nationalistic grounds. These protests are so numerous they they must be analyzed in detail.

The proposed erection of Constantinople into a neutralized state under the authority of the Christian Great Powers is most distasteful to Islam. While Constantinople is not a Moslem "Holy City" in the sense of Mecca and Jerusalem, it is yet held in deep veneration by all True Believers. Under Moslem rule since its capture by the Turks in 1453, Constantinople, or "Stamboul," to give it its Moslem name, has been both the capital of the Ottoman Empire and the temporal centre of the Mohammedan world, the seat of the Caliphate, thus occupying in Islam a position analogous to that held by Rome in Western Christendom. It is easy to see how Moslems will regard the passing of their Rome under Christian sway. Besides these religious objections, there is also the nationalistic dislike felt by Ottoman Turks and the other members of the "Pan-Turanian" *bloc* at the loss of the historic seat of Turkish power and glory. The Turks' definite expulsion from Europe will be a blow not easily borne. The effect of Islamic protests is already seen in English proposals to leave the Turkish Sultans some show of authority in Constantinople.

European proposals for the settlement of Asia Minor have likewise roused loud protests in Islam. Asia Minor is a huge peninsula jutting out from the continental mass of Asia toward Europe, from which it is separated only by the narrow straits of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. Its interior is a high plateau ringed about by mountains which slope sharply down into the seas which wash it on three sides and rise on the east into the Taurus mountain-wall. Asia Minor is the true homeland of the Turks. Of its 11,000,000 inhabitants more than 8,000,000 are Turks, who constitute virtually the whole population of the interior. Along the seacoasts, however, especially along the western or Ægean sea-front, runs a ribbon of Greek Christian population, totalling about 2,000,000. Again, in the Taurus regions of the extreme east are a certain number of Armenians, prob-



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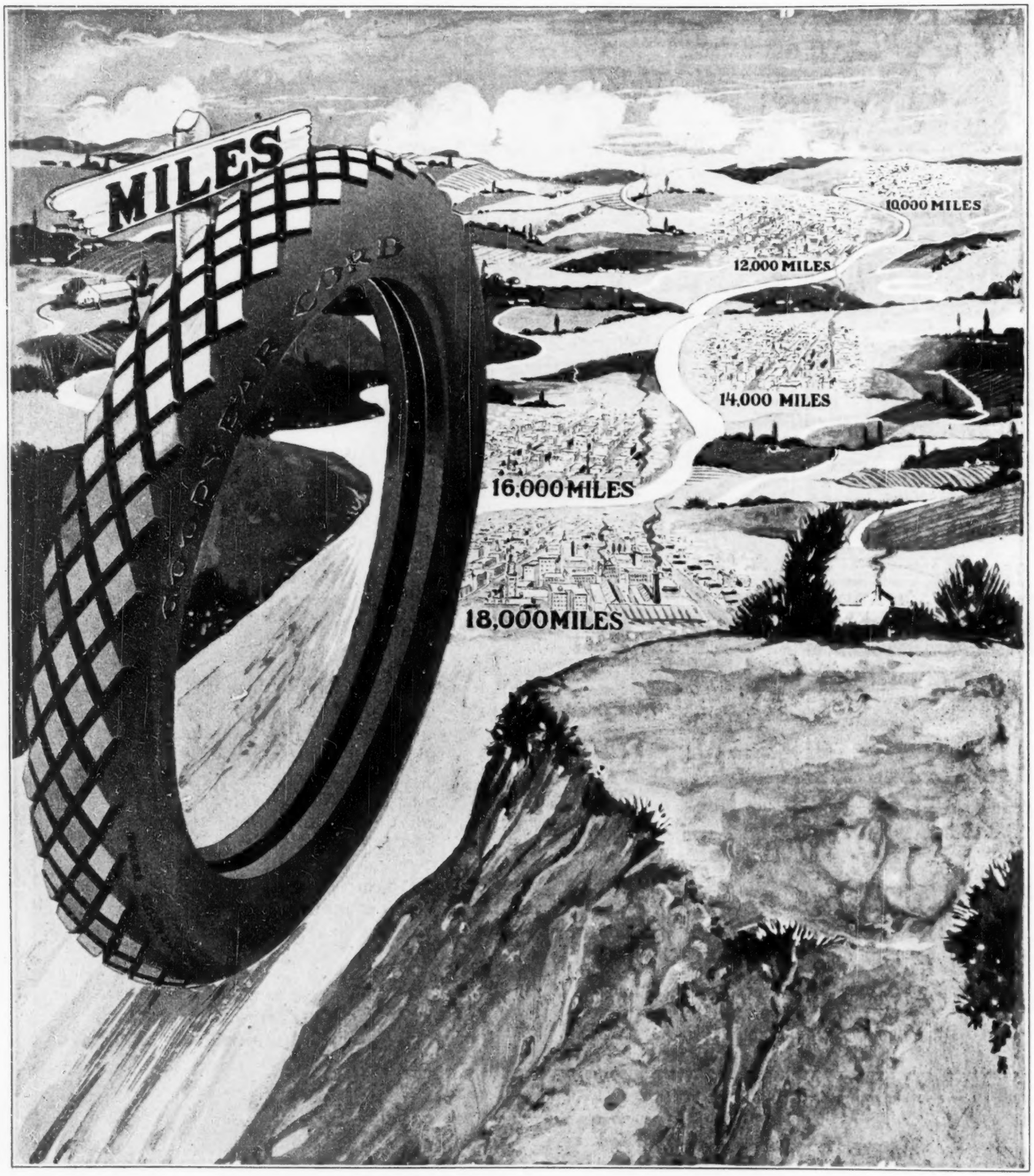
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ably numbering more than 500,000 before the massacres of the late war.

The plans elaborated at Versailles for the settlement of Asia Minor contemplate a practically complete partition of the peninsula between various European nations, Greece receiving most of the Ægean region, Italy the southern coast districts, the projected protected state of Armenia being assigned some of the Taurus region. The utmost that would remain to the Turks would therefore be the semi-desert interior plateau, and even here European control and "spheres of influence" would render the Turkish state a mere shadow. Thus Islam is faced with the prospect of seeing a great, independent Moslem region pass under Christian control, while the Turks are threatened with nothing short of national death.

The Versailles Conference plans to erect an Armenian state under the protection of the Great Powers. This is the fulfilment of the Armenians' age-long dream of freedom and has the enthusiastic assent of Christendom. It does not, however, please Islam. To Moslems, this is a Moslem land. For many centuries it has been under Moslem rule, and more than half the population is Mohammedan. To Moslems, the creation of an Armenian state will be yet another slice cut from the living body of Islam, the subjecting of yet another Moslem population to Infidel sway.

Fascinating Queen Marie

Roumanian Queen Did Wonderful Work During the War

FOR many reasons, but particularly because she is a wonderful woman, this sketch of Queen Marie of Rumania is of interest. The Queen is also mentioned in this issue in the article on page 13, about "Klondyke" Boyle.

Should Queen Marie of Rumania decide to leave her three daughters at home when she pays her promised visit to the United States, the Americans, predicts the Paris *Gaulois*, will lose much of the spectacular quality of the whole international affair, says *Current Opinion*. The Queen herself, despite the fact that she has passed the fourth decade of her life, is deemed an extraordinary instance of autmnal loveliness. An effort to convey an accurate impression of the beauty of Queen Marie of Rumania was made recently by that expert on such subjects, M. Louis Barthou, who was Premier at Paris not so long ago and is a high authority on esthetics. He dwelt, in the *Revue hebdomadaire*, upon the grace of her smile, the caress of her voice, the seduction of her wit and the steady luminosity of her intelligence, all gleaming through features to which no photograph can do justice. Her beauty is a combination of spirituality of expression, dignity without coldness, an absence from the face of the classical regularity which results in that coldness known as "statuesque." The net impression is one of softness.

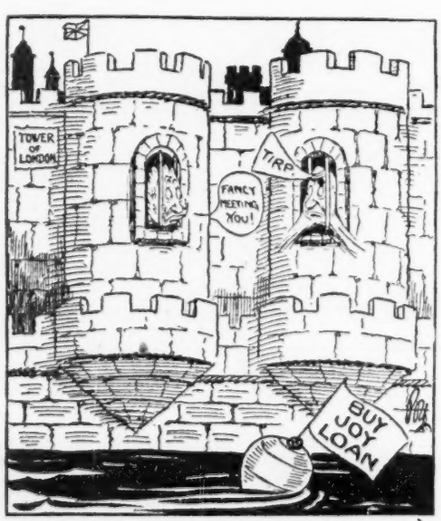
When, still a slender sapling of a girl, she left her native isles as the bride of the heir to the Rumanian throne, her heart was won and her spirit Latinized by the dances, the songs and the costumes of a peasantry still leading in Moldavia the bucolic existence described by Virgil. It soon became a delight to the princess from Great Britain, a favorite recreation, to don the peasant costume of the Rumanians and to lead the dance and the song in the leafy bower, to row out over the waters of a placid stream under the moon in celebration with a whole village of the anniversary of a rustic saint. In no long time this royal lady had established her fame as the most graceful dancer in the kingdom, the most finished leader of the rolling choruses that accompany these festivals. She became just such a poetical character as the French public associates with its ideas of a heroine in opera, smiling, caroling, dancing in the vivid colors of a costume more Oriental than European, playing a musical instrument compounded of the kettledrum, the chimes and the violin, carrying wreaths woven of brilliant flowers, heading processions to shrines, stimulating with her own bright and frolic spirit the national mood of joy and life.

Lest it be suspected that life is one long laugh to the lady, the Paris *Gaulois* dwells upon her pious pilgrimages to those beautiful regions of Rumania wherein, on lofty crags or amid the recesses of deep forests, are established great monasteries that link our day with the medieval period. Marie delighted in long sojourns at these convents, steeping her spirit in the brooding silences of corridor and cell, wearing only the drab garb of the penitent, reciting her prayers in the black midnight before an altar on which gleamed a solitary taper, while bats wheeled and a bell tolled slowly.

When the war had cast the gloom of its tragedy over the idyllic life she had led hitherto the royal lady told her intimates, as quoted in the French daily: "You have seen only my smile of happiness as yet. You will henceforth see me serene and firm in misfortune." The wonderful Byzantine palaces decorated by great artists under her supervision became hospitals filled with the beds of the wounded whom she nursed. She wore the garb of the nuns, spent long hours beside the operating table, revealed a physical endurance which surprised only those who do not know what wonderful physical health she has always enjoyed. When to the horrors of war were added the peril of typhoid, of small-pox and the plague, Queen Marie did not leave her post. She did not shrink from rendering assistance at amputations. She made beds, held bottles, poured broth down the throats of helpless men and rubbed the chilled feet of common soldiers threatened with loss of circulation at a critical moment.

In the crisis of the war, when the Rumanians seemed to have lost all, her youngest son perished. He had to be buried in haste, for the enemy was marching on the capital, but the Queen walked with the mobs of ragged men and women on their way to Jassy, sometimes carrying a babe, which an exhausted mother could no longer bear on her shoulders. To make matters worse, the Russian regiments guarding the royal progress were suspected of disaffection. They soon got out of hand, owing to the ineptitude of a French staff which had never studied the peculiarities of peasant character in the south of Europe. The Queen undertook to make them a speech in their own dialect, which she understands perfectly. Before she had said a dozen words a young Transylvanian peasant explained to the crowd that she was the nurse to whom he owed his life at the hospital. The poetical touch caught the fancy of the soldiers, who broke out into cheers and offered to act as her bodyguard the rest of the way to Jassy. She was so shocked by the accounts she received from the men regarding the lack of the most primitive provisions for their comfort that she loudly declared her perfect sympathy. "I am with you!" she cried. "We are all mutinous together." General Berthelot, the French commander on the spot, was dumbfounded, and the insubordination had to be overlooked unless the lady herself were to be disciplined or shot with the rest for a serious technical offense.

Closely as she had identified herself with the manners, the habits and the garb of her peasant people, Queen Marie of Rumania is in western Europe a woman of fashion, a patroness of the arts and intensely modern. She is fond of smart private parties to which she can go incognito in a beautiful afternoon frock. She is to the *Figaro* by all odds the most elegant royalty who has emerged anywhere in European society since the great Victorian triumphs of Alexandra when she was Princess of Wales.



From London Evening "News"
Die "Whacked" am Thames

A League of Churches Next

Competitive Effort a Waste, Says Greek Patriarch

GREGORY Mason, a distinguished New York journalist, recently interviewed on behalf of his paper, the New York *Outlook*, the Patriarch of the Greek Church. He writes:

"There is just as much need of applying the principles underlying the Fourteen Points of President Wilson to the affairs of the churches of the world as there is of applying them to the affairs of the states of the world. In particular, the principle of the self-determination of peoples in church matters is vital. With regard to missionary effort this means that one Christian church ought not to be wasting its energies trying to take converts from another Christian Church. All Christian Churches ought to unite to lead the world out of darkness. We need a League of Churches as well as a League of Nations."

These words are the words of His Eminence Dorotheos, the Patriarch of the Greek Church, or the Locum-Tenens of the Œcumenical Throne, to give him his full ecclesiastical title. His Holiness came to Paris recently. It was the first time since the Council of Florence, in 1339, that a Patriarch of the Greek Church has left the Œcumenical Throne. On Easter Sunday all the Greeks in Paris, from the Premier down, went to the beautiful Greek Church in the French capital for the service which was led by the venerable Patriarch.

It was a memorable service. Imagine a service in a Roman Catholic Church in which the Pope should take the leading part. What the Pope is to the Church of Rome the Patriarch is to the Church of Greece, whose members number one hundred and thirty millions. One hundred million of them are in Russia alone, where the Greek Church was the official Church until the Revolution.

Mr. Mason asks the Patriarch of conditions in Russia, and for his prophecies:

"I am not a politician," he answered, simply, "but my opinion is that the Bolsheviki Government of Russia cannot last unless it changes its present attitude. Between Christianity and the present Bolshevism there can be no compromise. They are as different as white and black, as good and evil. There are millions of Russians who can never forgive the Bolsheviki for their persecution of the Church. This persecution included the confiscation of millions of rubles' worth of church property. The Russians are naturally a deeply religious people, and I have no fear that Lenine, Trotsky, or any other man will ever lead them long away from their religion. Perhaps the Bolsheviki are beginning to have new light on this, for there are some signs that Lenine is inclining to be more conciliatory, although Trotsky remains as obdurate as ever."

"There are people, your Holiness, who have been predicting that the war would be the inspiration for the formation of a new religion. Do you see any evidence of this?"

"I am aware," answered Dorotheos, "that since the outbreak of the war certain self-styled prophets have been predicting the coming of some vague new religion. But the war lasted four years and a half, and has now been ended for five months. And still this long-heralded religion has not been heard of. I believe it will never appear. On the other hand, the war has tried the quality of Christianity. The world has seen that Christianity is immeasurably the finest religion conceivable to-day.

"However, all speculation about the effect of the war on religion interests me very much. The war has undoubtedly strengthened religion. There is a new intensity of feeling everywhere. Men have seen that moral values count, that God always fights for the right, and that the most important consideration for a military commander is to be sure that his cause is just. Germany lost the war because she aroused the moral indignation of the whole world. The agitation everywhere for a new world constructed on a closer recognition of the oneness of humanity shows that religious feeling is deep in the hearts of men. The world-wide demand for a new social and political order, for some kind of a league among nations, is an unmistakable evidence that the spirit of Christ is strong everywhere.

"This brings me to something on which I feel very strongly. *I believe there is just as much need of applying the principles underlying the Fourteen Points of President Wilson to the af-*

Continued on page 56

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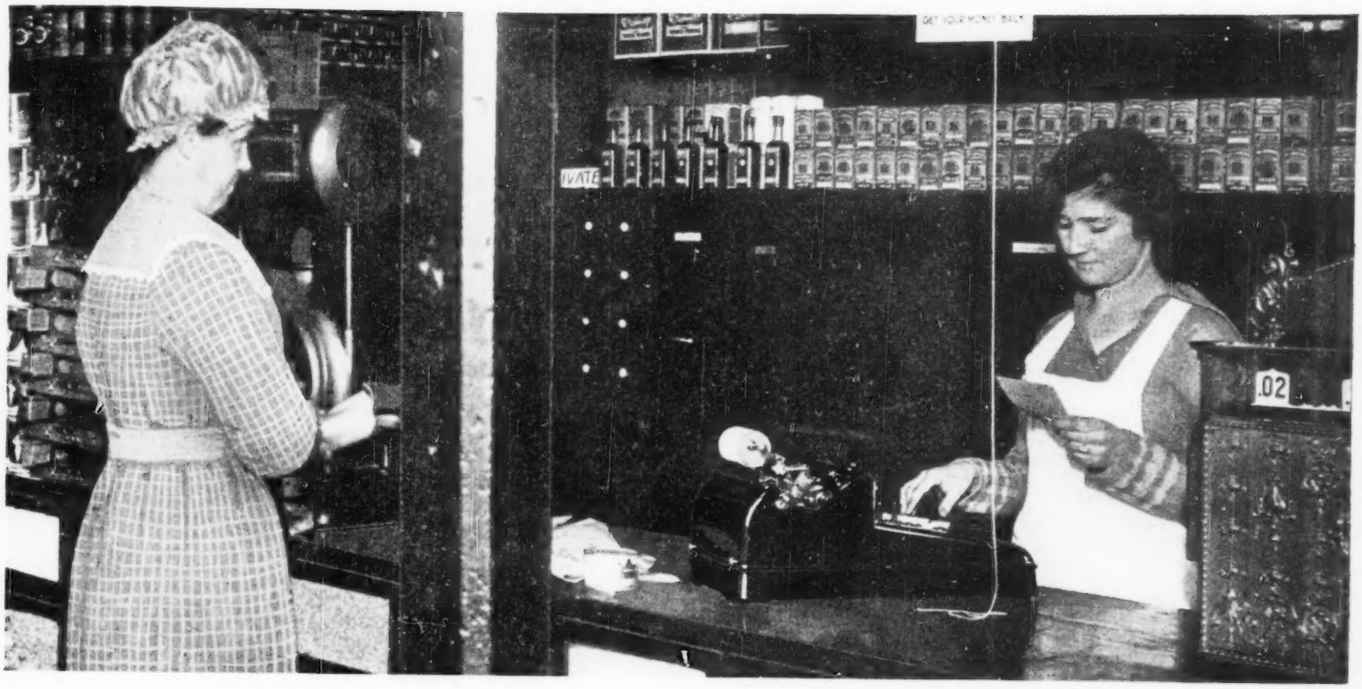
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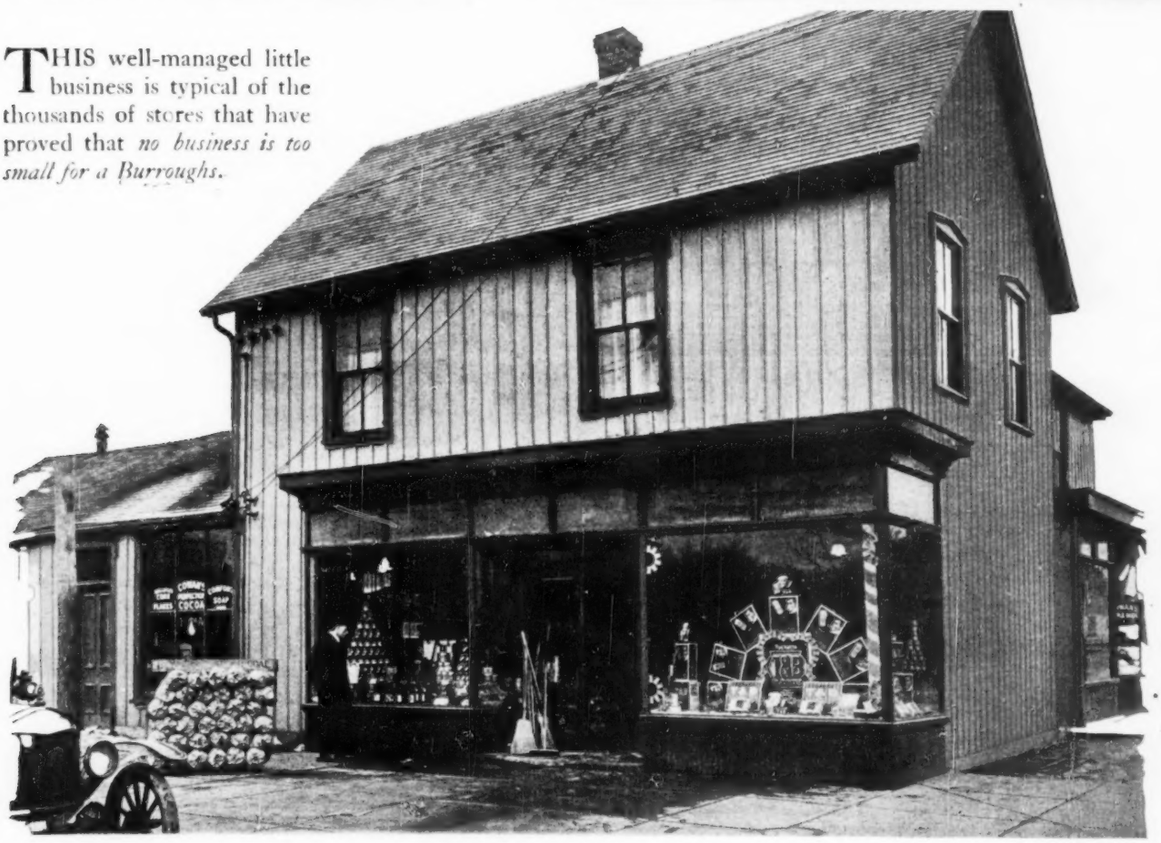
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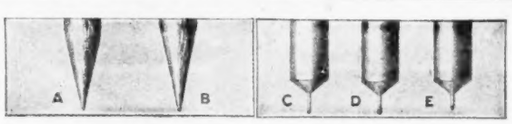
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Continued from page 52

fairs of the churches of the world as there is of applying them to the affairs of the states of the world. In particular, the principle of the self-determination of peoples in church matters is vital. With regard to missionary effort this means that one Christian Church ought not to be wasting its energies trying to take converts from another Christian Church. All Christian churches ought to unite to lead the world out of darkness. We need a League of Churches as well as a League of Nations."

"Are you speaking mainly in terms of general principles, your Holiness," I asked, "or have you in mind as compact and definite an organization as is proposed for the League of Nations?"

"I have in mind just as compact and definite an organization as that proposed for the League of Nations," he answered, decisively, "and I believe it is entirely practicable. On all sides already you can see signs which indicate that churchmen everywhere recognize the vital need of co-operation among all Christian churches. I have been already in communication with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has always championed the *entente* of all the Christian churches. In fact, our relations with the Anglican and Episcopalian Churches have always been cordial, and to-day they are the very best."

"What will be the attitude of missionaries from English and American Protestant churches in the Balkans and in Asia Minor?"

"Perhaps it is too soon to say, but I think it ought to be sympathetic. In the past the relations between our Church and the Protestant churches have been cordial. There have been some exceptions, there have been some individual Protestant missionaries of a bitter temper, but on the whole the relations have been cordial.

"I regret to say that it is with the great Roman Catholic Church that the rub comes. Thus far indications are that the Catholics are not so inclined to welcome the plan for a League of Churches as one would hope. In many respects there has always been more sympathy and understanding between the Greek Church and the Protestant churches than between the Orthodox Church and the Church of Rome."

I asked the Patriarch to expand his idea of how a League of Churches would affect missionary work in foreign fields.

"The idea is," he answered, "that each Christian Church would be allotted particular fields, just as particular nations are made mandatories for certain territory under the League of Nations. Asia Minor would naturally be the field for the Greek Church. Friendly churches would no more send missionaries to invade one another's fields than America, for instance, would send



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political agents into Ireland to wean the Irish away from the British Empire. It is necessary to face the fact that in some respects foreign missionary work runs the risk of clothing itself in some of the very features which make disliked the work of such foreign political propaganda as you came to disapprove of so heartily in America during the recent war. But it should be understood that the free exercise of religion is to form the basis of our understanding. Non-Christian peoples will not be simply relegated to this or the other Church, but will be allowed to choose for themselves the Church they wish to join. We will have simply brought them the message of the Bible."

"But, your Holiness, as I understand it, your League of Churches would embrace only Christian organizations. Now, if there is a League of Nations it will contain some non-Christian nations. What would be your attitude toward the invasion of a modern and civilized but non-Christian nation like Japan by Christian missionaries?"

The Patriarch reflected a moment, while he twined and untwined his slender fingers. Then he replied:

"I should say that any missionary effort is proper so long as it is not brutal or coercive, so long as the missionary confines himself to offering people a chance to have the light which he believes he carries. No one could object to Japan sending Buddhist missionaries to Europe in that spirit. Christianity fears no rival, because Christianity is confident of the moral foundation on which it rests.

Trotzky in Halifax

Tells American Journalist He Had No Fear of Detention

FRANK HARRIS, American journalist, had a talk with Trotzky before the latter went to Russia in 1916, and describes how the notorious Bolshevist had no fear of detention in Halifax—the story of which was told in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE in June:

When after a couple of hours he rose to go I asked him how he was going to Russia.

"By way of Halifax," he said.

"Good God!" I cried, "don't trust yourself in an English port."

"Why not?" he asked. "The English are our allies."

"If you think," I cried, "that the English Government regards itself as an ally of any revolutionary Socialist and firebrand such as you, you are mistaken. Lansdowne and Curzon and Asquith, and I am inclined to think, Lloyd George, as well, regard you as more dangerous than the Kaiser or Bethmann-Hollweg, or Hindenburg."

"Curious," he said, looking at me with his great bright eyes; "this is the first time I have seen anti-British bias in you; why man, however they dislike me personally they can do nothing; they are our allies, allies of all Russians."

I laughed. "I assure you that they are accustomed 'to wrest the law to their authority,' as Shakespeare put it; you are safer anywhere than in English hands."

But Trotzky only laughed again at what seemed to him palpably absurd.

A few days afterwards I heard that he had arrived in Halifax. A day or two later still a friend called on me and asked me whether I had heard anything of Trotzky. I said I had not, and he told me that nothing had been heard of him since he arrived at Halifax.

"Oh my prophetic soul!" I exclaimed, "Write at once to Washington: there you'll hear of him. I only hope he's not in prison."

He wrote and it transpired that Trotzky had been taken off the ship and imprisoned by order of the British Government and was only released after emphatic protests had been made by the American Government; then he went forward to St. Petersburg with the world-shaking results we all know.

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The Ku Klux Are Riding Again

Race Troubles in the South Are Becoming Acute and Clansmen Are Out

THE war has intensified the race question in the Southern States to such a degree that the Ku Klux clansmen are actually riding again! This startling piece of information is contained in an article in the New York *Nation*, dealing with the negro problem. Since "The Birth of a Nation" was shown, the whole English-speaking world is familiar with that strange phenomena that followed the civil war—the riding by night of bands of white men with hoods and long cloaks and the war they waged to protect themselves from the emancipated blacks. In the end the Ku Klux developed evil tendencies through criminals covering up their depredations in that way. No one thought it possible that this picturesque and hair-raising phase of racial conflict in the South could ever be revived. But it has; the Ku Klux are riding again.

Editorially the *Nation* says:

Everywhere there is evidence of friction and discontent. There has been a widespread epidemic of lynching, as Mr. Seligmann testifies. More than that, the Ku Klux have begun to ride again. On a single morning recently they burned in Putnam County, Georgia, five Negro churches, two schools, and a lodge hall. They have appeared in public in other places. These are but a few manifestations of the spirit of bitterness and resentment which, among the colored people, is a direct outgrowth of the war. The white people say that it is due to the negro soldiers being treated as equals by French men and women. The Negroes are incensed because, almost everywhere in the South, the black soldiers have returned unnoticed, while the streets have been beflagged and whole cities turned upside down to greet their white brothers-in-arms. False stories of the lack of prowess of some of the Ninety-second (colored) Division have evoked bitterness. Negroes were drafted into the war and were called upon to be heroes to fight for democracy. They were confident that after democracy was rendered safe abroad they would receive some few crumbs of democracy at home—that at least they would be allowed to vote for Governors and President, to have some representation as well as taxation. They return to find their hopes dashed again. They receive no thanks, even for the memorable services of the black pioneer regiments, which admittedly rendered notable aid in winning the war by doing a large share of the laboring, stevedore, and construction work without which Pershing's army could not have done what it did. They return to find—the Ku Klux riding again.

What is their spirit? A bitter one. Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois in a most dangerous and mistaken article in the *Crisis* declares that they come back *fighting* for their rights and that they will continue to battle for them. He and others exult that there are now 100,000 black Americans trained to arms. The new Ku Klux, they say, will not find the Negroes cowed as were the freedmen of 1865-70; they will find men ready to die for their liberties and to protect their families. This is the counsel of madness. It leads nowhere but to bloodshed without result. It threatens to make a shambles of the South. It is creating the most ominous situation since the carpet-bagger days—and every one of the lynchings reported from the South but adds fuel to the flames. The voices of the moderates on both sides are no longer heeded; the roar of the mob rises higher and higher.

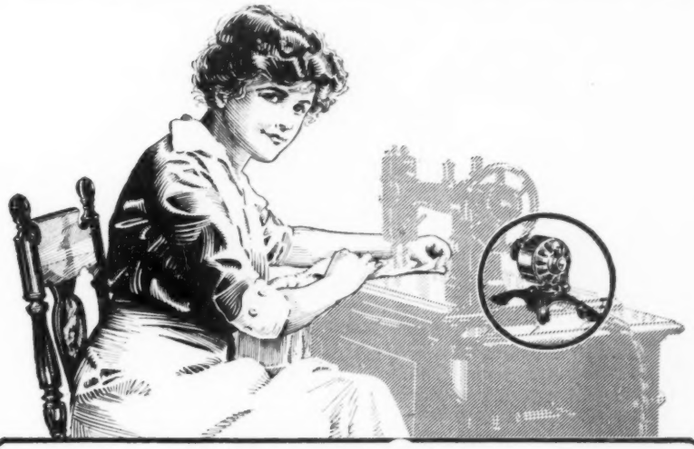
In the same issue, Herbert J. Seligmann contributes an article in which he shows that the colored people are kept

in a condition of fear through ruthless lynchings and civil oppression. He says, in part:

A revealing chapter of American history is yet to be written on the methods employed to "protect Southern womanhood" Those methods have included in the past two months an orgy of men and women about a dying human being whose legs slowly burned as a rope strangled him and fifty bullets entered his body; they have included the murder of innocent men without trial; they have included the invasion of a hospital by a mob, resulting in the death of a patient just operated upon; they have included the forcible removal from a railway car and the murder of an innocent man whose leg had just been amputated in the hospital from which he was being transported. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the increasingly popular sport of "protecting Southern womanhood" it should be noted that the objects of this sport are usually United States citizens of dark skin—Negroes.

We learn from the editorial page of the Vicksburg *Weekly Herald* of May 16 that the sport in Vicksburg, where it claimed an innocent victim, nineteen years old, was stimulated by a country-wide campaign for equal rights for United States citizens (Negro). We learn that published reports of that campaign acted "like oil on fire" in Vicksburg, where a human being (Negro) was roasted amid "the fiendish gloating" of a mob, to quote a local newspaper, of 1,500 persons, some of the spectators being women (white). We learn from the columns of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* of May 12, that the sport received a special impetus in the case of a Negro artisan who was so skilled in his occupation that he competed successfully with white men who resented his success. From a study of authenticated cases, it would seem that where there is a white man to be shielded from the consequences of wrong-doing, where a Negro is a rival to trade or business of white men, where a Negro attempts to change his status from that of laborer to property owner and farmer, or where a Negro falls under suspicion of attempting to exercise the functions of a citizen guaranteed him by the Federal Constitution, there stares him in the face the danger that he will be done to death in any one of a number of hideous ways by a mob of white men intent upon "protecting Southern womanhood."

Unfortunately, racial animosity is exhibited not only in lynchings. Race riots are constantly threatened. Not one Negro to whom I spoke in the Delta region but wished to get away. Daily life for them is almost intolerable. Negroes are subject to every insult and abuse, not to mention Jim-Crowism, and they have had too much experience of the courts to rely on them. It is not surprising that they have purchased arms in a number of Southern cities with the intention of defending the lives of their families if conflict is provoked. A disastrous race riot was narrowly averted in Memphis, Tennessee, on the nights of Friday and Saturday, May 23 and 24. Says the *Commercial Appeal* of May 27: "There was a powder train all over Memphis Saturday. That there was no explosion was due to sheer luck. . . . Somehow we have drifted into a tense racial relation. It is nobody's fault and yet it is everyone's fault." Open threats of attack had been made by white men, to avenge the death of a street-car conductor. The mayor and city officials in conference were informed that the Negroes of Memphis had arms and ammunition, and proposed to use them in self-defence. Police and sheriff's deputies were posted, and what might have become a bloody race conflict was averted. With every lynching, the danger of such a conflict increases. Convince men that they have no stake in society and the courts, and no refuge in an enlightened public sentiment: insult, injure, and degrade them without redress and you create the desperation out of which springs violence.



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Asia's Lost Hoard

Vast Millions Said to Lie in Oblivion; Waiting Discovery

THE tradition of an immense cache or hoard of the kings of an empire of long ago still inflames the imagination of listeners in the towns of Asia. Every famous explorer in these regions has left his record of some effort to come upon these riches. That there is some truth in this tradition of the last six hundred years has recently been established by facts, declares *Chambers's Journal*:

"When we take into consideration the gold, silver and jewels lying in the graves of kings and emperors long dead, the valuables concealed in the ruins of the cities of central Asia buried under the white desert sand, where but five hundred years ago all was green and life went on busily, and the treasure left in forgotten mountain temples, central and southern Asia may be said to be the tomb of lost millions.

"The greatest and most famous of these reputed treasure-hoards is that buried in the tombs of the great khans or emperors of the Mongols—that formidable military race which poured out of middle Asia early in the thirteenth century, and ravaged eastern and central Europe from Danzig, on the Baltic, to the Adriatic. Now, during the past few years many large precious stones, including turquoises from the Syr Daria—one of central Asia's great rivers, where turquoises were obtained for the court of the khans—together with thirteenth and fourteenth century Asiatic ornaments, rare jewelry, and pieces of Tartar-worked gold, have been coming out of the state of Nepaul into Indian bazars, without any adequate explanation as to their source.

"Some years ago a few similar articles of ancient Asiatic workmanship and a quantity of rubies and other precious stones were sold in Bokhara by two men of Yarkand, and passed ultimately into the collection of the Czar of Russia. In each instance the gold-work and the precious stones came from the long-lost tombs of the once mighty khans of the Mongols, for the two men of Yarkand had chanced on the place of sepulchre and treasure."

The two men belonged to a caravan trading between Yarkand and the towns that fringe the great desert or salt and sand that forms part of eastern Turkestan. They soon quarreled with the headsman, however, and set out on their return to their native place—Yarkand:

"On the fourth morning they lost the track among the defiles of the mountains, and after wandering for two days they happened on a trail that was hewn out of the solid rock, and was only wide enough for two men to pass abreast. After travelling for some time along this deep and gloomy defile, they found it led them into a little, rocky, arid valley. Here they saw a number of huge images in a row before a heavily sculptured doorway. Beyond the square open portal lay a cavern, in which was a series of tombs, each filled with many objects of immense value. They averred that they saw of precious stones alone more than sixty camels could carry. It is interesting to note here that medieval Chinese historians and travelers, when touching on the burial of the great khans, mention the enormous wealth of gold and silver and jewels utilized to adorn the tombs.

"The two traders brought off as much treasure as they could carry, but had to throw practically all of it away in the effort to save their lives before they found succour and regained the caravan route to Yarkand. They made careful observation of the trail, however, and left heap of stones to mark it. On reaching their native town, they resolved to sell the few remaining articles in Bokhara, where a higher price was obtainable than in their native town, and after a few days proceeded to that city by way of Kashgar and Khodjend, taking advantage, for safety's sake, of a caravan going thither."

Here, in Bokhara, that most picturesque town of central Asia, they came in contact, when in the bazar, with an adventurous Englishman, H. Spaulding, who for some years had been engaged in exploration in Ferghana and Turkestan. Spaulding, who at once recognized that the gold-work they were selling was of ancient Tartar origin, won their confidence and to him the two men related their tale. It appealed to him with invincible force and he had little trouble in organizing an expedition, although the two men were with difficulty persuaded to return with him:

"By this time the rumor had run through Bokhara and the treasures of the Mongols, about which all central Asia had been dreaming for centuries, had been discovered, and Spaulding fully realized that his expedition was in danger of being attacked on its way back. Despite this knowledge, however, he determined to proceed.

"It is known that the route he took was one of the old and now wholly unused caravan trails between China and western Asia. The tombs of the great khans, five in number, are said by the Russian authorities who interviewed the two traders to lie northeast of the Kashmir border, on the way to Khotan from Yarkand. Whether Spaulding reached them we do not yet know. It is believed that he and his men died in or hard by the desert. In the bazars of Samarcand and Kashgar it was whispered that he had penetrated to the tombs, secured part of the treasure, and had been murdered with his men on the verge of the desert, the murderers making for refuge in Nepaul.

"Certain it is that since Spaulding's disappearance the jewels and the gold-work of the Mongols have found their way into India out of Nepaul.

"And so this quest for the Mongols' treasures ended."

Six Billions Sunk in the Sea

That Number of Dollars Represents Valuation of Torpedoed Treasure

EIGHT thousand ships lie on the bed of the ocean, torpedoed by the Germans. Their own value and the value of the cargoes amount to the dazzling sum of twelve hundred millions of pounds. Here are prizes to tempt the most adventuresome. And now the ships are to be raised; 500 of them have already been brought to the surface of the sea. Waldemar Kaempffert, in the *Quiver*, writes:

One-quarter of the word's shipping lies at the bottom of the ocean—15,053,786 gross tons. Before the war, when a day's labor was more cheaply bought than it will ever be bought again, and when steel was cheaper than it is now, it cost at least £15 a ton to build a vessel; from which it follows that the money value of the ships torpedoed, shelled, bombed and scuttled by German submarines is at least £200,000,000. The new merchant fleet that we launched to keep pace with the submarine cost us nearly £40 a gross ton. We could not hope to rebuild what was ruthlessly sunk for less than the still more staggering total of £600,000,000.

And the cargoes—what of them? No one knows exactly how much they were worth. Let us hazard the usual £40 gross ton—not too much when we recall the insurance rates that prevailed when submarines were sinking as much as seven hundred thousand tons a month. We arrive at a bewildering £1,200,000,000 as the value of the ships and cargoes that lie on the bed of the sea.

Sunken treasure has been a lure to

men ever since oars dipped into water and wind bellied a sail. But what shall be said of a treasure that is measured, not by paltry hundreds of thousands, but by magnificent, intoxicating hundreds of millions? Is it to lie in mud and sand and to dissolve in the lapse of time? Or will the covetous, venturesome, romantic spirits of two hemispheres strive to raise it with all the wonderful technical resources of our engineering age?

Apart from the cupidity and the mystery that inevitably cling to the raising of wealth from the sea, is there not an actual necessity for salving these ships and their cargoes? Remember that despite the feverish haste of both Great Britain and the United States to rebuild what has been mercilessly sent to the bottom, the shipyards of the world never caught up with the submarine. Only 9,849,527 tons were constructed in America to take the place of the 15,053,786 that were sunk; and 2,392,675 tons were captured from the enemy or commandeered. At the end of 1918 there was still a net loss of 2,811,584 tons for which there is still a crying need.

If this sunken wealth is to be recovered it will be mainly with the help of the salvage engineer—an extraordinary ingenious and resourceful technician, who combines the knowledge of naval architect, shipbuilder, mariner, hydraulic expert, electrician, mechanic and physicist. That Admirable Crichton communes with himself thus:

"What is the exact position of the foundered ship? It makes all the difference in the world if she is in a sheltered bay or in the open, where storms may rage. Can she be lifted bodily, with all the hundreds of tons of water in her, or must she be pumped out and floated? How big is the hole through which the sea poured? In what part of the hull is that hole?

The engineer must know the answers to these and to many other questions. He must have exact information. To obtain it there is but one way, and that is actually to inspect the ship as she lies at the bottom of the sea. Divers must be sent down. Without them the engineer is helpless.

Whenever it is possible the engineer prefers to salve a ship by "pontooning" her, a simple method, but one applicable only to craft of not more than two thousand tons—in other words, to craft about as large as the ordinary tramp steamer. Most of the steamers that ply the ocean—the unadvertised, dingy vessels in which much of the world's freight is carried—are of that size. Lusitanias, Titanics and Leviathans may be the talk of the world; but they are few in number. Hence "pontooning" will be reported to in lifting many a hull that lies in the waters off the British Isles and in the North Sea.

Eight thousand, perhaps ten thousand ships of all sizes must lie at the bottom of the ocean. Sir Eric Geddes recently stated that 2,465 British ships went down with their crews and that 3,147 were sunk and their crews left adrift. Nearly six thousand British ships alone, varying in size from the small fishing smack to the great transatlantic liner! How many of them will be restored by pontoon, pump and compressed air? Since 1915 about five hundred have been salved. The number seems encouraging; but most of these ships had been beached.

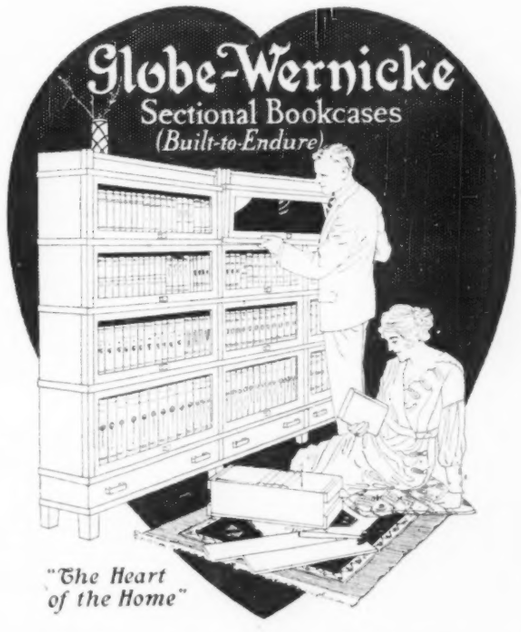
With hundreds of millions to be recovered, the daring financial adventurers of Europe and America will not be daunted by obstacles too formidable for the conservative salvage master. They will swarm to the sea has they have swarmed in times past to the gold fields. But they will be adventurers of a higher type than the pick-wielders and panners who braved starvation and death for gold in California, Australia, South Africa and Alaska. They will even sink their money in aiding inventors whose schemes leave one almost breathless with amazement. They will stake hundreds of thousands on startlingly original ship-raising and cargo-recovering inventions. Avarice and inventive imagination are quickened by the thought of untold wealth to be recovered.



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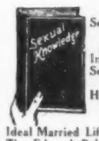
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Bug-Bear of Flying

Problem of Landing is Biggest to be Solved, to Make Flying Safe

HOW "automatic" can flying become? How safely can landings be made? These questions are discussed authoritatively by "Engineer Officer" in *Aeronautics*, in the course of an article in which he makes a novel—to the layman—suggestion, viz., landing in a wind tunnel. He says:

As time goes on we must come to the step when the mere mechanical act of manoeuvring a machine will be as matter-of-fact as the eating of a cherry. The two operations are really comparable. There is—there must be—for many, many years something of the marvellous in the pilotage of the flying machine. After all, it does what nothing has ever done before (one talks of say, 20 years past as the present period) and it will take many generations to realize fully something that is out of their own knowledge. Adam walked—he couldn't do anything else. Somebody later on invented wheels—no—I'm forgetting—somebody later on was dragged along the ground. It became fashionable—the thing—and humanity sledged. Then came the only great invention there's ever been until flying; the discovery of the wheel. And, till flying started, we've wheeled ever since. I wonder if that fact, a real fact, is understood as completely as it should be? Talk as one likes, no real great change has been brought about in public thought and life comparable to the discovery of the wheel. The first wheel was probably a log of a tree, and objects were rolled by it. Then some genius, by slow thought, discovered the wheel-barrow. The chariot took its place in time, and the Great Western Railway Company's "Great Bear" is the modern chariot.

The public thought between the time of the first chariot and the "Great Bear" has gradually quickened; persons have got quicker in the up-take. The conversion might be likened to a business deal in Selfridges, or a Devonshire village post office. The deal is the same, but the time taken over it is different. Flying brought a new deal. It brought with itself the romance of the undiscovered; the poetry of the new. All surrounding the new discovery was unknown, mysterious, and therefore the pilot, as a chief of the mysteries, as the high priest of the temple, came into a troublous life of some 15 to 20 years. He, like Noah, was a plucky fellow, and he managed to keep his head, and do a very simple job, all at the same time. And that's all there is to it. Piloting has been a question of keeping cool, as doing movements such as those used by a ploughman. The expert horse-rider has forgotten more than the ordinary steady pilot ever knew. At best, the pilot may be compared to a jockey. Jockeys go cheap nowadays, even the best. And that is in comparison with the older class of pilots.

The modern machine is gradually getting more and more to the automatic stage, and therefore is asking less, day by day, from any pilot's hands. In the old days, "hands" were essential; you couldn't be a pilot without possession of "hands." There were different varieties—"ham hands," etc., and the best quality "hands," just "hands." Nowadays such things are unwanted for service even though they may always be required for the very best and finest accomplishmnt. Any ass can steer a row-boat on the Serpentine, but a good steersman can still make his £120 a year at steering a *Lusitania*.

As speed goes up, so risks go up, and no doubt the future function of an air-pilot will be retained by a wage larger than that given to a *Lusitania* steersman; but only in proportion to the extra risk involved. Automatic control is in its infancy, but the writer has seen a large flying-boat flown on an ordinary bumpy day, and entirely controlled, as regards involuntary deviations from its flight path, by a stabilizing device. The machine in question flew for three-

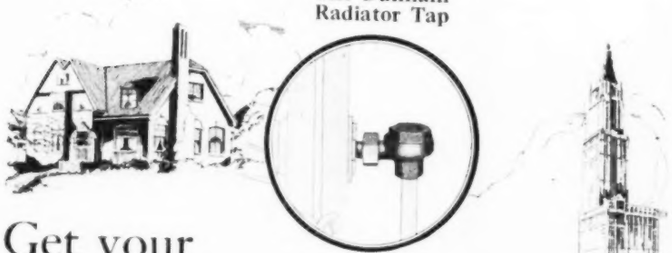
quarters of an hour, and the occupants, when once at 1,000 feet, operated the rudder only, the entire control as regards a level path on straight flights (longitudinally and laterally) and the correct bank on turns, being left to the machine. That is only a beginning. The whole device depended on a mercury level tube, and will, no doubt, in time be developed to a working commercial proposition.

Surely, for the near future large machines, some such device will be part of the equipment, and become as matter-of-fact a concern as the steam steering gear in a ship. The steersman (the present pilot) will be given a definite course at a certain level, by the captain of the craft and his attention will be given to two small controls, each giving the human touch to the machine. Warping will be done for him, and bumps controlled for both rubber and elevator. The steersman will simply have to keep his course, and that, although in two dimensions, should be an easier job than the steering of a motorboat. The risk, however, will be always there, and for that the wage will have to be increased as necessary. The pay drawn can be assessed as "risk pay," and the increase of pay required by the risk will apply equally to all in the machine. As "Medway" (who wrote on this subject in *Aeronautics* of June 19th last) says, the captain will be the well-paid member of the aircraft's crew, and the pilot will get wages *pro rata* as ruling between present captains of ship and their steersmen.

There remains the landing, the bugbear of present flying, and the one item where personal skill makes for all. But unless the writer is completely mistaken, landing, on either land or sea, will not be necessary in a very few years from now. If flying is ever to be of commercial value, speed must increase, and speed cannot increase if landing speeds of not more than 50 miles per hour are essential. The future must find other methods of landing its loads.

The obvious solution lies in a wind tunnel wherein the machine can fly at its maximum speed without touching any solid surface while not moving relative to earth. The business of landing is then reduced to the task of flying into a tunnel and remaining there, at a stand-still relative to the earth, but yet at top-speed. Machinery could then be devised to take the weight of the machine, and the power could be cut off. The expense of such a method is great, needing as it does enormous power for a short time. But if flying is conducted as a State concern for mail, the initial expense of putting up a wind tunnel can be met. All the present indications go to prove that the pilot of the future will be no more than the ship's steersman of to-day, excepting that he will be paid in accordance with the much greater risk attached to flight.

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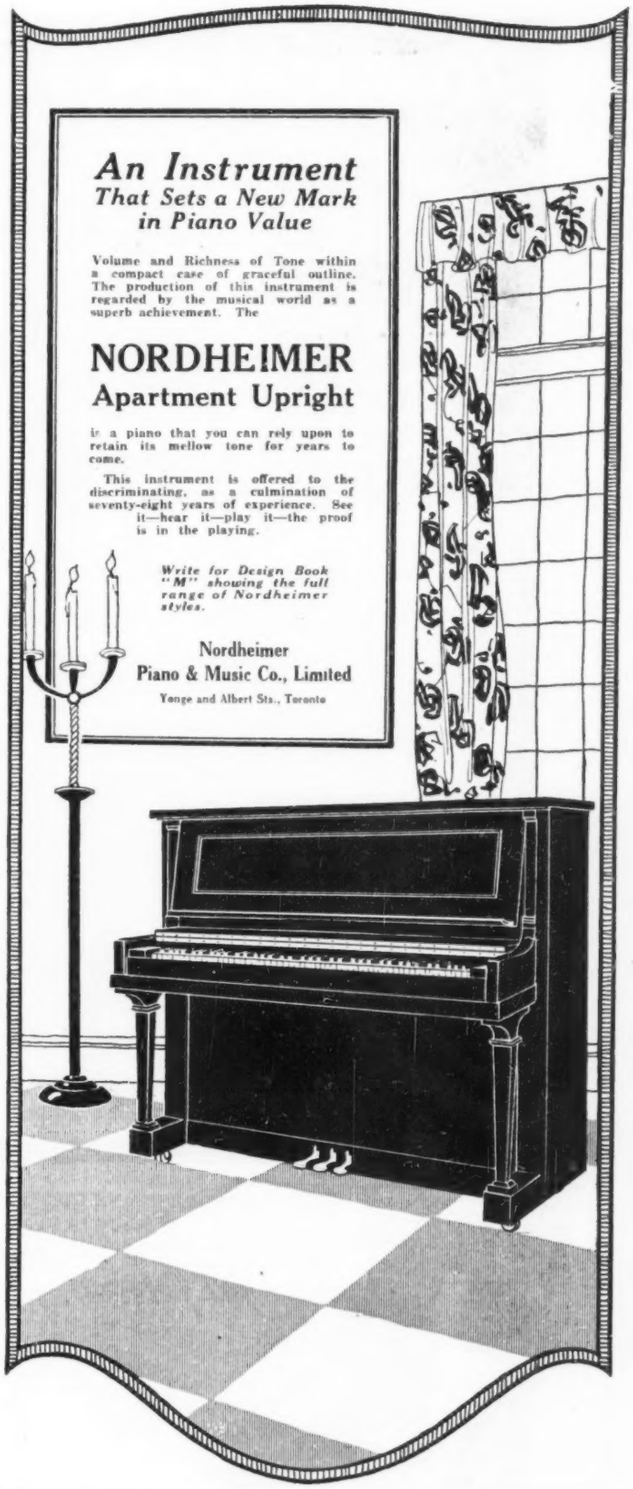
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World Turns to Oil

Huge Boom Within Past Few Months in Oil—The New Financial and Industrial Giant

CANADA has not had an industrial oil boom since the Alberta episode five years ago, but during the past few months there has been an immense stock-selling campaign conducted in the Canadian newspapers generally. Albert W. Atwood, a well-known writer on American financial and industrial topics, contributes to the *American Review of Reviews* an informative article on the present oil situation. In part, it reads:

It is doubtful if there has ever been such a great movement of investors and speculators into any class of stocks as that which is now pouring into the petroleum industry. This is especially true of the shares of new companies formed for the purpose of producing oil.

Within the last six months Wall Street and the public throughout the country generally have turned to oil stocks with a simply amazing fervor. The "oils" have become the favorites not only of speculators, but of many who consider themselves conservative investors, and of brokers and apparently of the most solid bankers. The name of oil has become magic, and the financial community which a few years ago knew nothing and cared less about the oil industry is now working overtime gathering information and compiling statistics regarding the position and wonderful possibilities of the new industrial and financial giant—Oil.

The completeness of the change is well illustrated by a brief conversation which the writer had a short time ago with the vice-president of one of the richest and most conservative banks in New York City. This bank is synonymous with all that is supposed to typify the best and most solid traditions of Wall Street. I had just told the vice-president that I had recently visited the new oil fields of Texas, Ranger and Burkburnett.

"I am going down there in a few days myself," he replied. "We expect to invest down there. It's absurd that we should have waited so long to get into the oil game. Think of all the years' handicap those people at 26 Broadway (Standard Oil) have had over us," and he looked out of the window regretfully as if he could not forgive the older men in the powerful group of capitalists to which he belongs for not having sooner followed in the paths of John D. Rockefeller.

What are the reasons for this almost tidal movement of investment money into the oil industry? A very moderate estimate places the capitalization of new oil companies in this country from the beginning of the year down to the end of April at $300,000,000. Another estimate places the total number of new companies down to July 1 at 5,000 and their capitalization at $1,500,000. It is impossible to obtain exact figures, but the organization and "flotation" of $160,000,000 companies does not at present cause a ripple of surprise in Wall Street. Yet the combined capitalization of all the Standard Oil group of companies is only $550,000,000.

The attitude of Wall Street and the public toward oil stocks in recent years would certainly furnish an interesting subject for a study in psychology. A few years ago both Wall Street and the public had no interest in oil. They were well aware that the Standard Oil companies had been remarkably successful and that their stockholders had received handsome profits, especially in the years subsequent to the dissolution of 1911. But this success of Standard Oil was linked up in large measure with John D. Rockefeller's wonderful business ability and foresight, and prior to 1911 with the monopoly which he and his associates were supposed to have.

Furthermore it was felt that the Standard Oil group so completely con-

trolled the oil industry that there was little room for outside participation. Mr. Rockefeller did not need or want either Wall Street or the general public in the work of oil development. The Standard Oil Company never had to call upon outsiders for financial aid, being almost a bank or "money trust" in itself. Then too it was felt that all the really worthwhile things in the industry would be taken by the Standard, that anything else was risky in the extreme. The little fellows who went into the game for the most part did not receive much encouragement financially, and eventually many of them were taken over by the Standard. People were almost afraid to invest with competitors of the Standard.

But the situation has been radically changed by three developments; dissolution of the old Standard Oil combination, the almost startling increase in the consumption of oil, and, finally, by the war. All these events have combined, so to speak, to take the lid off the industry and open it up wide for public participation.

It is true that the Standard companies have been even more profitable since the dissolution of the old combine than before, and in certain important respects their power is almost if not fully as great. But nevertheless the old absoluteness of control and dominance was removed, perhaps as much by the natural expansion of the industry as by the courts. At any rate enough time has now elansed since the days of Rockefeller dominance for various ambitious and energetic men to get well started on extensive independent projects.

Now these indenendents, not having the resources of the Standard companies, were obliged to obtain funds from Wall Street, and they set about to acquaint the big bankers and capitalists with the possibilities of the industry. Experts say that this acquaintanceship of the last few years is among the most important factors in making for the present activity in oil. Harry F. Sinclair and J. S. Cosden were among the rst to induce Wall Street to take an interest in independent oils, and they have more recently been followed by many others. There had been one or two very large independent companies, such as the Texas Company and the Gulf Refining, but they didn't buy money "down east" the way Sinclair and Cosden did.

But the mere persuasiveness of even the spectacular Sinclair was not enough in itself to win the interest and support of the leaders of finance and the army of investors and speculators. The new uses for petroleum, and for several years past the steadily threatened shortage of the product, have drawn everyone's attention to the industry. At first petroleum was used largely for lighting purposes, and much of John D. Rockefeller's fame will rest upon his achievements in lighting the world. Then it became apparent that the development of machine production depended upon lubrication, and petroleum loomed up as of tremendous importance as a lubricant. Nothing has yet appeared to take its place, and the use of lubricants continually increases. The whole mechanical world depends upon grease and lubricating oil.

But perhaps the most rapidly developing use of petroleum has been for fuel purposes. Here the possibilities are so dizzying that it is no wonder investors should lose their heads. First of all came the automobile, passenger and truck, then the tractor and now the aeroplane. The internal-combustion engine, using gasoline, has already revolutionized the world and threatens to turn it over again by means of traffic through the air. Gasoline, once thrown away in connection with the manufacture of kerosene, is the motive power in this country alone for automobiles, motor-boats, tractors, motorcycles, and aeroplanes whose aggregate number begins to run up not far below ten millions.

These uses, however, are only for the lighter or refined parts of petroleum. The greatest possibilities of all, perhaps, lie in the employment of a heavy fuel oil for bunker purposes, that is, for steamships. Its use for locomotives may extend, and possibly stationary engines may depend on it. The immediate consideration is the increasing use of bunker oil. Most of this heavy oil comes from Mexico, and recently the National Coal Association appointed a committee to consider the danger to the coal industry. So grave does it appear that the committee reported in favor of asking Congress to put a duty upon Mexican oil.

The navies of the world seem headed for oil as a fuel, several of them already using it. The British Navy was a vast consumer of oil during the war and Earl Curzon said that the Allies had "floated to victory upon a sea of oil." But a more important consideration is the merchant marine of the world. The advantages of oil are obvious. It takes up less room on the ship, it reduces labor expenses and is more quickly and easily loaded. One of the many factors which probably led to the present boom in oil stocks was an article by Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, in which he estimated the amount of oil which might be used by the new merchant marine now building in this country. If our shipping plans are entirely carried out and all the ships should burn oil, more than one-third the world's entire production would be required.

Indeed, if all the shipping of the world should go on an oil basis the world's production of petroleum at present would fall short by nearly a half, without even considering other uses of the product. Of course, all the shipping of the world is still far from being entirely on an oil basis, and the figures given are merely for the purpose of getting a perspective on the subject. But the eagerness with which such a great commercial nation as England is trying to provide for its future oil requirements is a clear indication of what the future has in store. This country produces the lion's share of the world's oil, but England is searching its various dominions for the product, and drilling has even been going on in England itself where oil had never been found before.

Golf as a Test of Character

American Champion Talks of How Game Develops Points in Men

GOLF is becoming an important part of modern day life. It is more than a game; it is a form of insurance against ill health and, even a developer of character. This latter point is interestingly made by "Chick" Evans, the American champion golfer, in the course of an article in the *American Magazine*. He writes:—

The man who gives way to his temper is a common figure on the golf course—but you don't often find him in the finals. He may play brilliantly at times; but if he wastes his energy and nerve force throwing his clubs around and kicking up the turf, he won't have many championship cups to carry home with him.

Temper is just a form of self-indulgence, anyway, and a good many men have learned to deny themselves that particular luxury when they are at business. But if they let themselves go when they get out on the links you may be sure that their self-control is only superficial. They haven't really mastered the little devil inside of them.

Character shows itself on the putting green! A man may be a good driver, He may like the big swing and the feeling of starting something. But it is on the green that he shows his power to negotiate a delicate and difficult transaction, to keep himself well in hand until a thing is *finished*. In a match game, he has to do this under the most difficult conditions. Several hundred spectators stand around, watching him with breath-



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less interest. He knows that probably a good many of them have money up on the game. And there is a psychological effect from all this to which it is very hard to be insensible. He must shut out even the consciousness of the spectators being there. If he cannot do that, the mere sound of a chance remark, of a woman's laugh, or the half-seen movement of a parasol, may cause him to miss his putt.

I should say that a man who is good on the putting green is one who would be good on a business emergency requiring a cool head, control of nerves, and absolute concentration. It doesn't require quick thinking, or initiative. But it is the supreme test of steadiness. It shows you the man who doesn't go to pieces under a strain.

Here is an interesting idea: I believe that in playing in a tournament men show themselves more as they are in business; and that, in playing what you might call a social game, just for the exercise and the relaxation, they show their real personality.

You see, a tournament *is* business, for the time being. It is played for compensation—a title, a silver cup. And involuntarily a man puts his business self into it. He is conscious that he is under observation, that he is being judged by outsiders, and he shows more self-control and is more careful, both in his game and in his self-expression, than he is when just playing for amusement.

You will not often find a man with a "yellow streak" playing golf. In the first place. I don't think the game appeals to that type of man. And in the second place, the traditions and ideals of the game are so high that the "yellow" player would not last long in a club.

I have kept one important point for the last. It is this: Never quit until the game is irretrievably lost! The man who does is a fool as well as a coward. Every golfer with much experience can tell you of games that have been won by the player who, at some stage, seemed hopelessly beaten. It doesn't pay to give up, and it shows a fault in character as well. A game is not lost until the last hole is played; or at least not until the shot which actually finishes it is made. Yet I know men who feel beaten when the game is just begun.

A man told me not long ago that he and two other young players were being sized up once by an experienced golfer as championship possibilities. The wise old fellow looked them over keenly—he hadn't even seen them play—and delivered his ultimatum:

"There's only one of you that has the making of a real champion," he said. "For there's only one that has the necessary iron in his soul."

In a way, he was right. A man must have iron "in his soul" to stay and win in almost any contest. As a rule, the cool, self-poised, silent type makes the best golfer. The assured, easy-talking, dashing type is likely to be erratic. But the iron may be in a man even though he is not hard and cold. Gardner is the proof of that, to name only one example. And there is Francis Ouimet, who is boyishly cheerful when not playing, and is always pleasant and friendly during the game.

A man has got to show one trait in golf, perhaps more than in other games, and that is self-reliance. For nobody can help him, except with advice. There is no team work. You can't score on anybody else's hit. You haven't any guard, or protection, or assistance. Nobody "sacrifices" that you may gain.

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This Month's Vital Question

Continued from page 40

"Of course, the practical politicians who want to win elections were all for harmony; forgive and forget; Laurier was great, but the liberal party is greater—and all that. That was the keynote of Chairman Murray's opening speech; that was the reason most of the provincial premiers supported Fielding; that was the real significance of the pressure behind Fielding's nomination.

"But though the machine could handle things pretty well when delegates were out in the open under the whip, the under-current of rank and file sentiment was too strong for them when the curtain of a secret ballot hid the herd from their dominant eyes. The under-current was party loyalty to past traditions, a stubborn determination to reward only the faithful and to cast into outer darkness those who fell away."

To this, the Toronto *Star* replies:

"The Montreal *Star* says "the light in the Liberal window no longer holds out to burn." By this it means that the selection of Mr. King as leader of the party shows that the late division is to be converted into a vendetta. We are sure that nothing could be farther from Mr. King's mind than such a declaration of hostility; that taking his own course in the last election from sincere conviction he respects the convictions of others, and has no sympathy with any talk either of revenge or of regarding those with whom he differed as called upon to explain or justify their course.

"Mr. King, however, is not a partizan of the ordinary type, and has found little favor with machine politicians. They have distrusted him as an idealist, as a man who placed ideas above expediency. His aims and ambitions are for the furtherance of ideas. There should be a natural affinity between him and those upon whom party ties sit somewhat lightly, with those Liberals who in the last election felt it to be their duty to support Unionist Government for a certain purpose, as well as with all who are interested in the problems of the hour and seeking for light."

The Vancouver *Sun* feels that the time for enmity between Liberals of various shades of opinion and conviction has passed, and remarks:

Those wild-eyed Liberals who are going around swearing that as long as life lasts they will neither forget nor forgive should be told to go away back and sit down. The fact should be impressed on them that they are a weariness to reasonable men and a decided weakness to their party.

Canada's Great National Asset

Continued from Page 34

northern section was too cold or too remote or too wild to be suitable for settlement; so everyone said. But settlement kept pace with the steel or ran far ahead. People were frantic for land and they followed in droves in the wake of our construction gangs. Towns sprang up at suitable points and business generally became quickly established. It was our invariable experience that, as soon as a new link was completed and in operation, it carried enough business from the start to pay operating charges.

Mackenzie and Mann always had the Big Plan at the back of their minds, the grand idea of a new transcontinental. Each new bit of road built was but a link in the Big Plan. Gradually, as the system extended, the Big Plan began to show signs of coherency. They kept driving ahead toward the magnificent goal and in time every man on the system acquired a belief in the Big Plan and a zest for its accomplishment. If at any time the company had seen fit to forego the main objective and be content with the system as then completed, a commercial success would have been theirs. They persisted, however, until the fixed charges became too heavy to sustain through the war slump.

The point I desire to make is that this line, which was persistently built out through territory that had been regarded as inaccessible and in the teeth of public indifference, opened up a tremendous new country and laid the foundations for what might be termed the greater North-West.

The Daring of Col. Davidson

NO man deserves more credit for the opening up of Western Canada than the late Colonel A. D. Davidson. He became convinced that a tremendous future was ahead of the country of the Qu'Appelle Valley and in 1902, he staked everything by buying from the Government part of the Qu'Appelle-Long Lake Railway land grant to the extent of 800,000 acres at a price in the neighborhood of $2.50 an acre. Then he entered upon a campaign to attract American settlers.

The Qu'Appelle at that time was considered to be next door to the pole. Davidson was regarded as a dreamer and men freely predicted that he would be ruined. More than that, he was regarded as almost a menace. "If he takes Americans up to that frozen land, he'll give Canada a bad name," men said openly. Senator Perley from Saskatchewan made a speech at Ottawa in which he asserted that wheat could not be successfully grown north of Qu'Appelle.

There was no stopping Davidson, however. He went across the line and organized a trainload of American bankers. This party he took in a special train over the Prince Albert branch as far as what is now the town of Davidson. They went in the middle of the growing season and the visitors were thunderstruck. They saw rich, rolling country well watered and open for cultivation as far as the eye could see. They got down and scooped up the soil and found it rich. The sun beat down upon them as warmly as it did in the more settled sections they had come from and with as much promise of refining quality. In fact they saw lying before them an ideal wheat country. So this trainload of Joshuas went back and reported that it was indeed a promised land—that Colonel Davidson was right and nearly all the rest of Canada was wrong.

In 1902 the Western Canada Immigration Association was formed to launch a publicity campaign in the United States and, as a result, the huge wave of immigration from across the line started.

I am telling of these incidents to demonstrate that the opening up of new country is invariably contingent on the taking of huge risks and that the public is always skeptical. More important still the opening up has depended upon the building of a line of steel. Transportation is needed to effect permanent settlement on a large scale.

Consider this in relation to the fact that Canada now owns a system of railways that stretch from Halifax and the Sydneys to Vancouver. If this system is considered as the means of opening up new territory, of developing new stretches of Empire, then it becomes of tremendous importance indeed. No longer will we need to depend upon the daring and initiative of private individuals to blaze the trail to new fields; the country as a whole, which has always reaped the benefit of the pioneer efforts of our railroad builders, can assume the risk and plan its own campaigns of extension.

There are already fields open for exploitation. The Peace River country has been established as a suitable field for agricultural settlement. To build a road through that Northern Section would be the prelude to a settlement as prosperous and successful as the Qu'Appelle. The value of the Government roads from the middle prairie points to the Pacific as feeders for the Panama route can be developed. I am merely noting a few outstanding and obvious directions in which the aggrandizement of Canadian interests can be accomplished by the development of the national railways.

Great things can be accomplished if the Dominion of Canada is disposed to regard railroading in the same light as the private railroad builders have done in the past—as a risk that must be taken to assure a big future.

On Leave

Continued from Page 16

have been untold misery in my countenance, for hers paled.

"She cares," I whispered and my heart leaped; then became as le d when memory returned.

The meal ended. They toasted me and I made some kind of footling reply.

"Dear Dorothea has an announcement to make," said the Mater.

Dorothea rose. I shut my eyes and gripped the chair tightly.

"I'm going to do a very unusual thing," she said; "but as we are all old friends and I promised Reggie"—I groaned to myself—"that I would announce my engagement myself"—

I heard a rustle as the folk sat up in expectation.

"He's been such a dear," she continued—I groaned again. "He brought me 'Dick'."

I sat up with a jerk but before I could speak, Heyward had risen, glass in hand: "To Reggie Conway," he cried, "a damned good pal!"

We toasted them and congratulations were hurled about like snowballs. I was almost mad with joy. In fact I overdid it for I caught Dorothea glancing at me curiously; but I didn't care. I was free, free!

"Dorothea," I said later, "you've treated me rottenly."

"You don't mind, Reggie, I'm sure, and—and I love Dick."

"I'll forgive you," I said, magnanimously; "but now you've chucked me, Dorothea, I'll have to start again. There's a girl in the corner seat under the palm that strikes my idle fancy. Will you introduce me?"

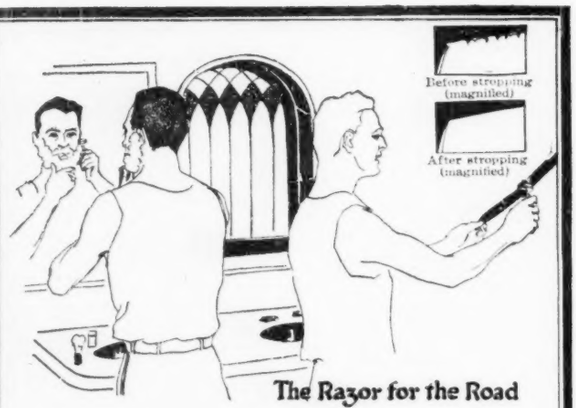
"You're incorrigible, Reggie," she said; but she led me to where Barbara was seated.

"Captain Conway—Lady Barbara Elfort," she said and I bowed deeply. After a few minutes' desultory conversation Dorothea departed and I turned to Barbara, pain in my eyes, a knife through my heart.

"You didn't tell me you were married," I protested dully.





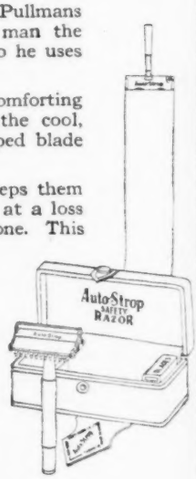


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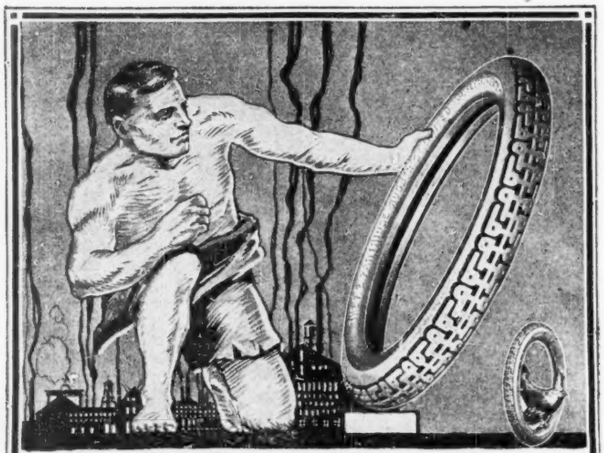
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74

She laughed rather shrilly: "Why should I?" she said. "Are married people to have no fun?"

I turned on her savagely. "Barbara," I cried. "I wish to Heaven I'd been killed out there. I should have been saved this torment."

Her face paled but she made no answer.

And then the dear old Mater bustled up. "I'm glad you two know each other. How's the Earl, Barbara?"

"In a beast of a temper. He's got gout."

What a fool I'd been What a fool! Barbara wasn't married at all. I sat glumly there until we were again alone.

"Forgive me, Barbara," I begged. "If you care even a little give me your answer now."

"What do the German prisoners say to you, Reggie?"

"Kamerad!" I answered, wonderingly.

"Kamerad!" she pleaded and held up both hands in mock submission.

His Majesty's Well-Beloved

Continued from Page 28

the Lady's fitful smiles, and while responding to her advances with the Ardour born of Cupidity or of a desire for self-advancement rather than of true love, they had for the most part lost some shreds of their Reputation and almost all of their Self-respect.

But at the moment I paid no heed to Lord Douglas' taunt levelled at his Friend, nor at the latter's somewhat careless way of Retort. In fact, the whole Episode did not then impress itself upon my mind, and it was only in face of later events that I was presently to be reminded of it all.

VIII

FOR the moment I was made happy by renewed kindly glances from Mr. Betterton. It seemed as if his eyes had actually beckoned to me, so I made bold to advance nearer to the dazzling group of Ladies and Gentlemen that stood about, talking—jabbering, I might say, like a number of gay-plumaged birds, for they seemed to me irresponsible and unintellectual in their talk.

Of course I could not hear everything, and I had to try and make my unfashionably attired Person as inconspicuous as possible. So I drew a book from my pocket, one that looked something like a Greek Lexicon, though in truth it was a collection of Plays writ by the late Mr. William Shakespeare, in one or two of which—notably in one called Hamlett—Mr. Betterton had scored some of his most conspicuous Triumphs.

The book, and my seeming absorption in it, gave me the countenance of an earnest young Student on the perusal of Classics, even whilst it enabled me to draw quite near to the brilliant Throng of distinguished People, who, if they paid any heed to me at all, would find excuses for my Presumption in my obvious earnest Studiousness. I was also able to keep some of my attention fixed upon Mr. Betterton, who was surrounded by admiring Friends; whilst at some little distance close by, I could see Mr. Harris—also of the Duke's Theatre—who was holding forth in a didactic manner before a group of Ladies and gay young Sparks, even though they were inclined to mock him because of his Conceit in pitting his talent against that of Mr. Betterton.

There was no doubt that a couple of years ago Mr. Harris could be and was considered the greatest Actor of his time; but since Mr. Betterton had consolidated his own triumphs by playing the parts of Pericles, of Hamlett and of Prince Alvaro, the older Actor's reputation had undoubtedly suffered by comparison with the Genius of his younger Rival, at which of course he was greatly incensed. I caught sight now and then of his florid face, so different in expression to Mr. Betterton's more spiritual-looking countenance, and from time to time his pompous, raucous voice reached my ears, as did the more

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strident, high-pitched voices of the Ladies. I heard one young Lady say, to the accompaniment of some pretty, mincing gestures:

"Mr. Betterton was positively rapturous last night. . . . enchanting! You, Mr. Harris, will in truth have to look to your laurels."

And an elderly Lady, a Dowager of obvious consideration and dignity, added in tones which brooked of no contradiction:

"My opinion is that there never has been or ever will be a Player equal to Mr. Betterton in purity of Diction and Elegance of Gesture. He hath indeed raised our English Drama to the level of High Art."

I could have bowed low before her and kissed her hand for this; aye! and have paid homage too to all these gaily dressed Butterflies who, in truth, had more Intellectuality in them than I had given them credit for. Every word of Eulogy of my beloved Friend was a delight to my soul. I felt mine eyes glowing with enthusiasm and had grave difficulty in keeping them fixed upon my book.

I had never liked Mr. Harris personally, and I was indeed pleased to see that both the Dowager Lady—who I understand was the Marchioness of Badlesmere—and the younger Ladies and Gentlemen, felt mischievously inclined to torment him.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Harris?" my Lady Badlesmere was saying to the discomfited Actor. "It would be interesting to know one Player's opinion of another."

She had a spy-glass through which she regarded him quizzically, whilst a mocking smile played around her thin lips. This no doubt caused poor Mr. Harris to lose countenance, for as a rule he is very glib of tongue. But just now he mouthed and stammered, appeared unable to find his words.

"It cannot be denied, your Ladyship," he began sententiously enough, "that Mr. Betterton's gestures are smooth and pleasant, though they perhaps lack the rhythmic grandeur. . . the dignified sweep. . . of . . . of . . the. . . "

He was obviously floundering, and the old Lady broke in with a rasping laugh and a tone of somewhat acid sarcasm:

"Of the gestures of Mr. Harris, you mean, eh?"

"No, Madam," he retorted testily, and distinctly nettled. "I was about to say 'of the gestures of our greatest Actors.'"

"Surely the same thing, dear Mr. Harris," a young Lady rejoined with well-assumed demureness, and dropped him a pert little curtsey.

I might have been sorry for the Man—for of a truth these small pin-pricks must have been very irritating to his Vanity, already sorely wounded by a younger Rival's triumph—but for the fact that he then waxed malicious, angered no doubt by hearing a veritable Chorus of Eulogy proceeding from that other group of Ladies and Gentlemen of which Mr. Betterton was the centre.

I do not know, as a matter of fact, who it was who first gave a spiteful turning to the bantering, mocking Conversation of awhile ago; but in my mind I attributed this malice to Lord Douglas Wychwoode, who came up with his clerical friend just about this time, in order to pay his respects to the Marchioness of Badlesmere, who I believe is a near Relative of his. Certain it is that very soon after his arrival upon the Scene, I found that every one around him was talking about that abominable Episode, the very thought of which sent my blood into a Fever and my thoughts running a veritable riot of Revenge and of Hate. Of course Mr. Harris was to the fore with pointed Allusions to the grave insult done to an eminent Artist, and which, to my thinking, should have been condemned by every right-minded Man or Woman who had a spark of lofty feeling in his or her heart.

"Ah, yes!" one of the Ladies was saying; "I heard about it at the time. . . . a vastly diverting story. . . ."

"Which went the round of the Court," added another.

"Mr. Betterton's shoulders," a gay young Spark went on airily, "are said to be still very sore."

"And his unusually equable Temper the sorer of the two."

Lord Douglas did not say much, but I felt his spiteful Influence running as an undercurrent through all that flippant talk.

"Faith!" concluded one of the young Gallants, "were I my Lord Stour, I would not care to have Mr. Betterton for an enemy."

"An Actor can hit with great accuracy and harshness from the Stage," Mr. Harris went on pompously. "He speaks words which a vast Public hears and goes on to repeat *ad infinitum*. Thus a man's—aye! or a Lady's—reputation can be made or marred by an Epilogue spoken by a popular Player at the end of a Drama. We all remember the case of Sir William Liscard, after he had quarrelled with Mr. Kynaston."

WHEREUPON that old story was raked up, how Mr Kynaston had revenged himself for an insult put upon him by Sir William Liscard by making pointed Allusions from the Stage to the latter's secret Intrigue with some low-class wench, and to the Punishment which was administered to him by the wench's vulgar lover. The Allusions were unmistakable, because that punishment had taken the form of a slit nose, and old Sir William had appeared in Society one day with a piece of sticking plaster across the middle of his face.

Well, we all know what happened after that. Sir William, covered with Ridicule, had to leave London for awhile and bury himself in the depths of the Country, for in Town he could not show his face in the streets but he was greeted with some vulgar lampoon or ribald song, hurled at him by passing roisterers. It all ended in a Tragedy, for Lady Liscard got to hear of it and there was talk of Divorce proceedings, which would have put Sir William wholly out of Court—His Majesty being entirely averse to the dissolution of any legal Marriage.

But all this hath naught to do with my story, and I only recount the matter to You to show You how, in an instant, the temper of all these great Ladies and Gentlemen can be swayed by the judicious handling of an evil-minded Person.

All these Ladies and young Rakes, who awhile ago were loud in their praises of a truly great Man, now found pleasure in throwing mud at him, ridiculing and mocking him shamefully, seeing that, had he been amongst them, he would soon have confounded them with his Wit and brought them back to Allegiance by his magic Personality.

Once again I heard a distinct Allusion to the Countess of Castlemaine's avowed predilection for Lord Stour. It came from one of the Cavaliers, who said to Lord Douglas with an affected little laugh:

"Perhaps my Lord Stour would do well to place himself unreservedly under the protection of Lady Castlemaine! 'Tis said that she is more . . . willing to extend her Favours to him."

"Nay! Stour hath nothing to fear," Lord Douglas replied curtly. "He stands far above a mere Mountebank's spiteful pin-pricks."

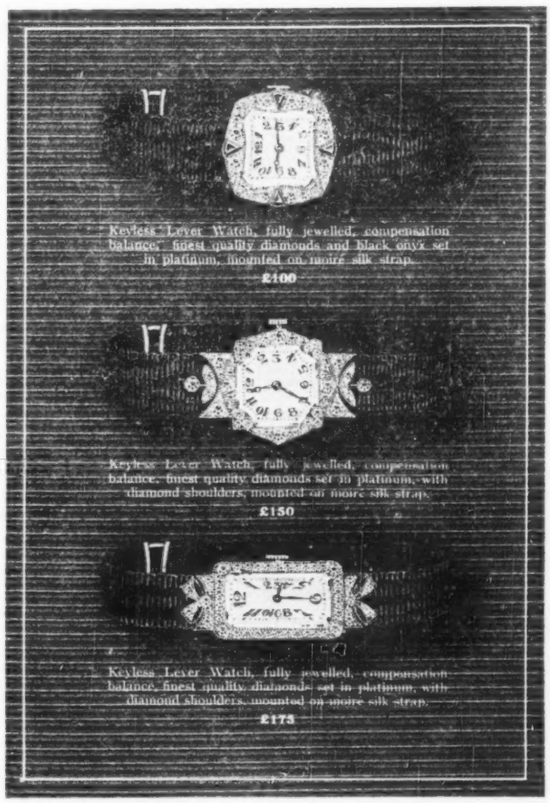
Oh! had but God given me the power to strike such a Malapert dumb! I looked around me, marvelling if there was not one sane Person here who would stand up in the defence of a great and talented Artist against this jaboering of irresponsible Monkeys.

IX

I MUST admit, however, that directly Mr. Betterton appeared upon the scene the tables were quickly turned once more on Mr. Harris and even on Lord Douglas, for Mr. Betterton is past Master in the Art of wordy Warfare, and moreover has this great Advantage that he never loses control over his Temper. No malicious shaft aimed at him will ever ruffle his Equanimity, and whilst his Wit is most caustic he invariably retains every semblance of perfect courtesy.

He now had the Duchess of York on his arm, and His Grace of Buckingham had not left his side. His Friends were unanimously chaffing him about that

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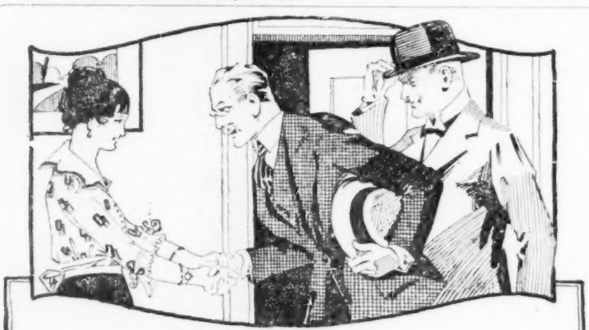
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Epilogue which he had spoken last night and which had so delighted the Countess of Castlemaine. My Lord Buckhurst and Sir William Davenant were quoting pieces out of it, whilst I could only feel sorry that so great a Man had lent himself to such unworthy Flattery.

"'Divinity, radiant as the stars!'" Lord Buckhurst quoted with a laugh. "By gad, you Rogue, you did not spare your words."

Mr. Betterton frowned almost imperceptibly, and I, his devoted Admirer, guessed that he was not a little ashamed of the fulsome Adulation which he had bestowed on so unworthy an Object, and I was left to marvel whether some hidden purpose as yet unknown to me had actuated so high-minded an Artist thus to debase the Art which he held so dear. It was evident, however, that the whole Company, thought that great things would come from that apparently trivial incident.

"My Lady Castlemaine," said Sir William Davenant, "hath been wreathed in smiles ever since you spoke that Epilogue. She vows that there is nothing she would not do for You. And, as already You are such a favourite with His Majesty, why, Man! there is no end to your good fortune."

And I, who watched Mr. Betterton's face again, thought to detect a strange, mysterious look in his eyes—something hidden and brooding was going on behind that noble brow, something that was altogether strange to the usually simple, unaffected and sunny temperament of the great Artist, and which I, his intimate Confidant and Friend, had not yet been able to fathom.

Whenever I looked at him these days, I was conscious as of a sultry Summer's day, when nature is outwardly calm and every leaf on every tree is still. It is only to those are initiated in the mysteries of the Skies that the distant oncoming Storm is revealed, by a mere speck of cloud or a tiny haze upon the Bosom of the Firmament, which hath no meaning to the unseeing eye, but which foretells that the great forces of Nature are gathering up their strength for the striking of a prodigious blow.

CHAPTER SEVEN

An Assembly of Traitors

I

I. IN the meantime, had relegated the remembrance of Lord Douglas Wychwoode and his treasonable Undertakings to a distant cell of my mind I had not altogether forgotten them, but had merely ceased to think upon the Subject.

I was still nominally in the employ of Mr. Baggs, but he had engaged a new Clerk—a wretched, puny creature, whom Mistress Euphrosine already held in bondage—and I was to leave his service definitely at the end of the month.

In the meanwhile, my chief task consisted in initiating the aforesaid wretched and puny Clerk into the intricacies of Mr. Theophilus Baggs' business. The boy was slow-witted and slow to learn, and Mr. Baggs, who would have liked to prove to me mine own Worthlessness, was nevertheless driven into putting some of his more important work still in my charge.

Thus it came to pass that all his Correspondence with Lord Douglas Wychwoode went through my Hands, whereby I was made aware that the Traitors—for such in truth they were—were only waiting for a favourable opportunity to accomplish their damnable Purpose.

They meant to kidnap His Majesty's sacred Person, to force him to sign an Abdication in favour of the son of Mistress Barlow—now styled the Duke of Monmouth—with the Prince of Orange as Regent during the Duke's minority.

A more abominable and treasonable Project it were impossible to conceive, and many a wrestling match did I have with mine own Conscience, whilst debating whether it were my Duty or no to betray the confidence which had been reposed in me and to divulge the terrible Secret of that execrable plot which threatened the very life of His Majesty the King.

I understood that the Manifesto which it had been my task to multipli-



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cate had met with some success. Several Gentlemen, who held rigidly Protestant views, had promised their support to a project which ostensibly aimed at the overthrow of the last vestiges of Popery in the Country. My Lord Stour, who had also become a firm Adherent of the nefarious scheme, in deference, I presume, to the Lady Barbara's wishes in the matter, had, it seems, rendered valuable service to the cause by travelling all over the Country, seeing these proposed Adherents in person and distributing the fiery Manifestos which were to rally the Waverers to the cause.

I imagined, however, that the whole project was in abeyance for the moment, for I had heard but little of it of late; until one day I happened to be present when the Conspirators met in the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs.

How it came to pass that all these Gentlemen—who were literally playing with their lives in their nefarious undertaking—talked thus openly of their Plans and Projects in my hearing, I do not pretend to say. It is certain that they did not suspect me, thought me one of themselves, no doubt, since I had written out the Manifestos and was Clerk to Mr. Baggs, who was with them Body and Soul. No doubt, had Mr. Baggs been on the spot on that day, he would have warned the Traitors of my presence and much of what happened subsequently would never have occurred.

Thus doth Fate at times use simple tools to gain her own ends, and it was given to an insignificant Attorney's Clerk to rule for this one day the future Destinies of England.

II

MY Lord Stour was present on that memorable afternoon. I am betraying no Secret or doing an injury by saying that, because his connection with the Affair is of public knowledge, as is that of Lord Douglas Wychwoode. The names of the other Gentlemen whom I saw in Mr. Baggs' room that day I will, by your leave, keep hidden behind the veil of Anonymity, contenting myself by calling the most important among them My Lord S. and another Sir J., whilst there was also present on that occasion the gentleman in clerical Attire whom I had seen of late in Lord Douglas' Company and who was none other than the Lord Bishop of D.

My Lord Stour was in great favour amongst them all. Every one was praising him and shaking him by the hand. His Lordship the Bishop took it upon himself to say, as he did most incisively:

"Gentlemen! I am proud and happy to affirm that it is to the Earl of Stour that we shall owe to-night the Success of our Cause. It is he who has distributed our Appeal and helped to rally round us some of our most loyal Friends!"

Lord Stour demurred, deprecated his own efforts. His Attitude was both modest and firm: I had not thought him capable of so much Nobility of Manner.

But, believe me, dear Mistress, that I felt literally confounded by what I heard. Mr. Baggs, who had pressing business in town that day, had commanded me to remain at home in order to receive certain Gentlemen who were coming to visit him. I had introduced some half-dozen of them, and they had all gone into the inner office, but left the communicating door between that room and the parlour wide open, apparently quite acquiescing in my presence there. In fact, they had all nodded very familiarly to me as they entered: evidently they felt absolutely certain of my Discretion. This, as you will readily understand, placed me in a terrible Predicament. Where lay my duty, I did not know; for, in truth, to betray the Confidence of those who trust in you is a mean and low trick, unworthy of a right-minded Christian. At the same time, there was His Majesty the King's own sacred person in peril, and that, as far as I could gather, on this very night; and surely it became equally the duty of every loyal Subject in the land to try and protect his Sovereign from the nefarious attacks of Traitors.

Be that as it may, however, I do verily believe that if my Lord Stour, whom I hated with so deadly a hatred and who had done my dear, dear Friend such an irreparable injury, if he, I say, had not been mixed up in the affair, I should have done my duty as a Christian rather than as a subject of the State.

But You, dear Mistress, shall be judge of mine actions, for they have a direct bearing upon those subsequent events which have brought Mr. Betterton once again to your feet.

I have said that my Lord Stour received his Friends' congratulations and gratitude with becoming Modesty; but his Lordship the Bishop and also Lord S. insisted.

"It is thanks to your efforts, my dear Stour," Lord S. said, "that at last success is assured."

"But for you," added the Bishop, "our plan to-night might have miscarried."

My God! I thought, then it *is* for to-night! And I felt physically sick whilst wondering what I should do. Even then, Lord Douglas Wychwoode's harsh Voice came quite clearly to mine ear.

"The day is ours!" he said, with a note of triumph in his tone. "Ere the sun rise again over our downtrodden Country, her dissolute King and his Minions will be in our hands!"

"Pray God it may be so!" assented one of the others piously.

"It shall and will be so," protested Lord Douglas with firm emphasis. "I know for a fact that the King sups with the Castlemaine to-night. Well! we are quite ready. By ten o'clock we shall have taken up our Positions. These have all been most carefully thought out. Some of us will be in hiding in the Long Avenue in the Privy Garden; others under the shadow of the Wall of the Bowling Green, whilst others again have secured excellent points of vantage in King Street. I am in command of the Party, and I give you my word that my Company is made up of young Enthusiasts who, like ourselves, have had enough of this corrupt and dissolute Monarch, who ought never to have been allowed to ascend the Throne which his Father had already debased."

"You will have to be careful of the Night Watchmen about the Gardens, and of the Body Guard at the Gate," one of the Gentlemen broke in.

"Of course we'll be careful," Lord Douglas riposted impatiently. "We have minimized our risks as far as we were able. But the King, when he sups with the Castlemaine, usually goes across to her House unattended. Sometimes he takes a Man with him across the Privy Gardens, but dismisses him at the back door of Her Ladyship's House. As for the City Watchmen over in King Street, they will give us no trouble. If they do, we can easily overpower them. The whole thing is really perfectly simple," he added finally; "and the only reason why we have delayed execution is because we wanted as many Sympathizers here in London as possible."

"Now," here interposed His Lordship the Bishop, "thanks to my Lord Stour's efforts, a number of our Adherents have come up from the country and have obtained lodgings in various quarters of the town, so that to-morrow morning, when we proclaim the Duke of Monmouth King and the Prince of Orange Regent of the Realm, we shall be in sufficient numbers to give to our successful Coup the appearance of a national movement."

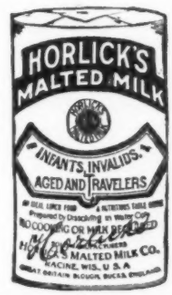
"Personally," rejoined Lord Douglas with something of a sneer, "I think that the Populace will be very easily swayed. The Castlemaine is not popular. The King is; but it is a fictitious Popularity and one easily blown upon, once we have his Person safely out of the way. And we must remember that the 'No Popery' cry is still a very safe card to play with the mob," he added with a dry laugh.

THEN they all fell to and discussed their abominable Plans all over again; whilst I, bewildered, wretched, indignant, fell on my knees and marvelled, pondered what I should do. My pulses were throbbing, my head was on fire: I had not the faculty for clear thinking. And there, in the next room, not ten paces away from where I knelt

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He was down—but he *wouldn't stay there!* He saw other men promoted, and he made up his mind that what they could do *he* could do. Then he found the *reason* they were promoted was because they had special training—an expert knowledge of some one line. So he made up his mind that *he* would get that kind of training.

He marked and mailed to Scranton a coupon like the one below. That was his first step upward. It brought him just the information he was looking for. He found he could get the training he needed right at home in the hours after supper. From that time on he spent part of his spare time studying.

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Are you satisfied merely to hang on where you are or would you, too, like to have a real job and real money? It's entirely up to you. You don't *have* to stay down. You *can* climb to the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can! The I. C. S. are ready and anxious to come to you, wherever you are, with the very help you need.

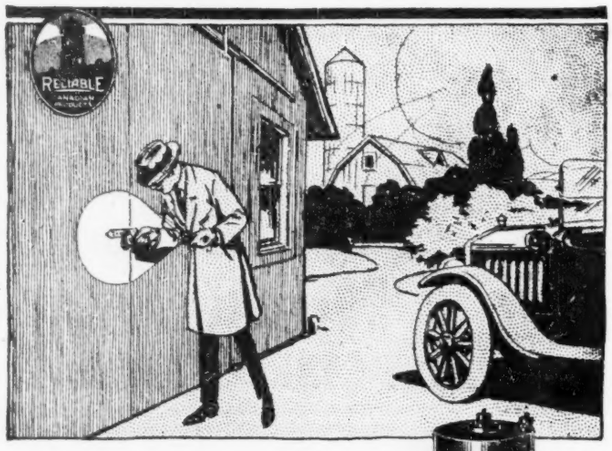
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- ARCHITECT
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- Concrete Builder
- Structural Engineer
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Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

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Ottawa, February 3rd, 1919.

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in mute and agonized Prayer, six Men were planning an outrage against their King: amidst sneers and mirthless laughter and protestations of loyalty to their Country, they planned the work of Traitors. They drew their Swords and there was talk of invoking God's blessing upon their nefarious Work.

God's blessing!! Methought 'twas Blasphemy, and I put my hands up to mine ears lest I should hear those solemn words spoken by a consecrated Bishop of our Church, and which called for the Almighty's help to accomplish a second Regicide.

Aye! a Regicide! What else was it? as all those fine Gentlemen knew well enough in their hearts. Would not the King resist? He was young and vigorous Would he not call for help? Had not my Lady Castlemaine Servants who would rush to His Majesty's assistance? What then? Was there to be murder once more, and bloodshed and rioting—fighting such as we poor Citizens of this tortured land had hoped was behind us for ever?

And if it came to a hand to hand scuffle with the King's Most Sacred Majesty! My God! I shuddered to think what would happen then!

There was a mighty humming in my ears, like the swarm of myriads of bees; a red veil gradually spread before my eyes, which obscured the familiar Surroundings about me. Through the haze which gradually o'er-clouded my brain, I heard the voices of those Traitors droning out their blasphemous Oaths.

"Swear only to draw your swords in this just cause, and not to shed unnecessary blood!"

And then a chorus which to my ears sounded like the howling of Evil Spirits let loose from hell:

"We swear!"

"Then may God's blessing rest upon You. May His Angels guard and protect You and give You the strength to accomplish what You purpose to do!"

There was a loud and prolonged "Amen!" But I waited no longer. I rose from my knees, suddenly calm and resolved. Do not laugh at me, dear Mistress, for my conceit and my presumption when I say that I felt that the destinies of England rested in my hands.

I was now perfectly calm. From my desk I took a copy of the Manifesto which had remained in my possession all this while. I read the contents through very carefully, so as to refresh my memory. Then I took up my pen and, at the foot of the treasonable document, I wrote the word: "To-night." Having done that, I took a sheet of note paper, carefully wrote down the names of all the Gentlemen who were even now in the next room, and of several others Whom I had heard mentioned by the Traitors in the course of their Conversation. The two papers I folded carefully and closed them down with sealing wax.

My hand did not shake whilst I did all this. I was perfectly deliberate, for my mind was irrevocably made up. When I had completed these preparations, I slipped the precious Documents into my pocket, took up my hat and cloak and went out to accomplish the Errand which I had set myself to do.

To be Continued.

Ebb and Flow

Continued from Page 33

the soul of this man, in whom she saw so much to like amid much she had disliked, had been oddly troubled. It was an intimate appeal for candor, and for a friendship that even the most self-reliant crave at times. Beyond that she would not suffer her thought to go.

He brought the Prideaux affair up on the following Saturday, as she was about to leave the office for the day.

"There is something I wish you would do," he said. "It's about the Prideaux people. Here's ten dollars. Would you mind calling and slipping it to the woman as you go by. Tell her not to be afraid of lack of bread till her man gets round again. She'll get as much every Saturday, and the rent will be paid for her. She's not to talk about it.



For Every Floor In Your House

"AGATE" Varnish will make them glitter like new; from the parlor to the kiddies' room, "AGATE" Floor Varnish

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resisting the severe usage to all floors.

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Bugs, Fleas, Flies, Roaches, Mosquitoes, etc. *all killed by*

Cartons 15c., 25c. 40c.

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SHORTHAND Is Your Opportunity!

Thousands of successful men and women owe their success to shorthand. Beginners are paid $20 to $25 a week. It is easy to learn expert shorthand by the new way—taught by mail within a few months. Write for free sample lesson.

Sharwell Expert School, 16 John St., Nutley, N. J.

It would give a bad impression if it were generally known, and we'd be accused of weakening. The office knows nothing of it. Remember, this is in strict confidence—you understand?"

She looked up at him in her gravely frank way.

"Yes, I think I understand," she said.

Her glance brought a flush of color to his face, the first sign of emotion of the kind she had ever seen in him, and she left the office feeling strangely happy. She felt now that she knew the real man, the man whose official guise led to so much misconception regarding his real self.

A day or so later she saw the little news sheet that circulated through the camp, and in it was an article commenting on the Prideaux case, and anathematizing the Company and its local head.

Christie came into the office as she was reading it, and glanced over her shoulder.

"Fine sob-sister stuff," he commented with a laugh.

"The truth ought to be known," she answered indignantly.

"Why?" he asked. "Who cares? They don't want to know the truth, and if they did would explain it away. Words break no bones."

"But ——" she began.

"One of the first lessons in wisdom is to obey the old Bible behest, to 'suffer fools gladly'," he interrupted.

Every Saturday there was the envelope with the ten dollar bill laid on her desk for the Prideaux family. Few knew whence it came, the general opinion being that his fellow workmen were doing something for the injured man's family.

During these weeks Edith came to understand more and more of Ewan Christie, and it was often hard to obey his command and keep silence regarding the man who did good by stealth.

CHAPTER VII

TOWARD winter of his second year at Ste. Brunhilde, Christie took up residence in the town. He had found winter travelling to his former quarters too expensive in time besides being uncertain in the severer weather. So he rented rooms at the hotel and became, nominally, at least, one of the community. Naturally his arrival was an event in the social life of the camp, and the fact that he was unmarried did not make it the less interesting. He turned out to be a disappointment, for he had no social inclinations and did not accept invitations. Whether it was because of natural reserve or the aloofness of one in a superior position who did not wish to mingle with those who were his employees, lest familiarity might lessen his business influence, was a much debated matter. His plea was that he was much too busy, but those who saw most of him told of long solitary evenings spent by him in a lonely hotel sitting room, smoking dourly over a newspaper or book. Everybody agreed that he was a phenomenon of unsociability.

There was only one home of any social prominence in the town to which he had not been invited before he had lived there half a dozen weeks, and that was the home of his predecessor: John Barnsley had heard him say often and apparently sincerely that he did not care to accept social invitations, and Barnsley was not the man to thrust his hospitality on an unwilling person who might be inclined to misconstrue its purpose. A little later on, there was one house to which Christie did go occasionally, and that was to the Chipperfields, but not even there when there was the likelihood of meeting outsiders. Sometimes he had business with Richard, who was very useful to him in more ways than that of his direct duty. Chipperfield was his source of private information regarding the inner life of the Camp. Christie had no more scruples about using him than has a general who employs a secret service aide. The hotel was too public a place for private conversation, so Chipperfield suggested that his chief might prefer to drop into his house, where there would be no possibility of their talks being overheard. At first the mother and daughter would discreetly vanish at the stranger's appearance, but, as the calls became more numerous, it seemed to Christie that it was discourteous to turn the ladies out of Richard's snuggery whenever he called, so they often remained when there was nothing of special importance for the two men to discuss.

Eleanor was a woman near Christie's own age, ambitious, fastidious in her way, and indisputably clever. She had her brother's calculating powers, with much more of his finesse.

Eleanor seemed to understand Christie instinctively, and met him as if she were unconscious that he was the big man of the Camp, while permitting the fact to be fully realized though left in the background. She had a brusquely pleasant manner, that matched to some degree his less agreeable one. It had the effect of setting him at his ease. The feminine in her was not obtrusive, and thereby she displayed the very refinement of feminine art. Ewan Christie found that with her he could say pretty much what he liked without choosing words. She understood the liking his type of man has for a woman who will let him, figuratively, sit in his shirt sleeves and smoke his pipe without fuss or formality. There was an attractive frankness about her, and a young maturity that to a man of his cast of mind has greater charm often than that of a young girl. Richard, one evening, had been speaking to Christie of some little trouble there had been in one of the mills.

"It's the penalty we're paying for former slack administration," he said. "With Barnsley they could do pretty much as they liked. If things didn't go just to suit them, there would be a deputation in the office, a talk over things as if the men had been directors, and some concession would be made."

"It's part of the game," laughed Christie. "Masters and men sitting at opposite sides of the table, each wanting what there is in the game. If you and I were in their position we'd probably act as they do; as it is we have our own game to play. It comes, sooner or later, to a show-down, and, after that, things get into the normal state. Both want to be master, and it has to be settled who is entitled to the job. Business is in a way like war. Every private would like to be a general, and thinks he could run things a good deal better than those who are set over him. It's just plain human nature. You can't find much fault with it, for it's one of the fundamental conditions of life; what you have to do is to meet and beat it."

"Barnsley was all for conciliation and compromise," said Chipperfield.

"And it was hard work to pay bondholders interest," Christie replied. "The stockholders had to take an odd bone now and again, but more often had to go without. We're paying interest and dividends and, after all, the masters are not in the game solely for their health. Perhaps Barnsley would ride with a tighter rein if he were in the saddle now."

At this moment Richard was called out of the room to take a telephone call, and Christie was left alone with Eleanor.

"Of course you know," she smiled, "that Richard has a very essential attachment for the Barnsleys. Nothing whatever to do with business, of course, but it is amusing to notice how it crops out occasionally. Edith—you perhaps know?"

"No, I hadn't heard of it," he replied, a little grimly, she thought.

"A rather pretty little affair in its way," she continued. "Though it's not formal or fixed. It's what the storybooks call an 'understanding', going back to boy and girlhood. You know the kind of a thing in a little world like this. It has always been said they were sent into the world for each other, and neither of them has ever appeared to entertain even a wandering thought in the direction of anyone else. You know how reserved Edith is—quiet and very capable. She'll make him a most suitable wife, and he'll be the most devoted and domesticated of husbands. They both shun publicity, and perhaps one day soon we'll be suddenly told that everything is settled and a wedding due to come off as soon as the banns can be

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Our booklet, "Home Upholstering," will answer this problem for you at once, in simple language that anyone can understand, complete with a large number of understandable illustrations.

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It is easy to make, either with Junket Tablets, adding sugar and flavor, or with "Prepared Junket" which is already sweetened and flavored with nothing to add but the milk. Prepared Junket comes in six pure, natural flavors.

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A Recipe Booklet and sample of either Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets sent for 3c. stamp. A full package for 12c.

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ELITE FOLDING TABLE

like this in the house. You could use it for sewing, afternoon tea, and lots of other things—while I need it for my cigars, and to hold the phonograph."

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published. That's the pretty, humdrum, Darby and Joan way each of them has. And she really is the dearest, the most charming of girls. It always has seemed to me to be so brave of her to take up money-earning when matters were not as prosperous with her family as they had been. I'm sure you find her most reliable and painstaking."

Christie did not say whether he did or he didn't. He was not given to discussing matters with either friends or strangers, and least of all was he inclined to discuss Edith Barnsley. What he thought about her was his own affair. It was only recently that he had made an attempt to gather together his various impressions of her, and bind them up together into one—a personality that had come to be of much attractiveness to him.

A FEW minutes later he left the house and set out to walk to his rooms. As he went he reflected much on the little item of news that Eleanor had given him. It had come to him as an absolute surprise though he couldn't explain to himself why it should be so. He did not know why he should give to the tale a second thought, and yet it filled his mind.

He had never regarded Edith as a marrying kind of girl. There were girls who obviously were marrying girls; they had the advertisements out in a dozen pretty ways; they had their campaigns all planned and laid out pretty much in the public eye, and no undue reticence about them. Edith had seemed different.

She was an astonishingly competent business woman, and it would be the worst kind of a nuisance if she did get married in this preposterously annoying fashion, for she was a veritable pearl among secretaries. He had never had one really serious worry since she joined the staff. Where to match her for all-round efficiency he did not know. Women of her stamp could be pretty near priceless, quiet, swift yet noiseless, with the gift of anticipation, reliable in matters big or little. The idea of such a woman getting married! It was nothing less than tragedy of the meanest type.

But that was the frightful drawback of her sex. A woman was unreliable in the one catastrophic matter. She did not know when she was well off. Why, a girl like Edith Barnsley might climb almost anywhere, she was potentially a ten thousand dollar woman, and cheap at the price. But there was the Achilles' heel in her, the one vulnerable spot. She would do the nonsensically tragic thing that marks her essential sex inferiority. Some fellow, more often than not an incapable nonentity whose sole gifts were an oily tongue, the ability to wear a suit of clothes like the dummy in the tailor's window and talk slushy sentiment, would drift along, and she would let everything else go and thrust herself into a halter that would last in such a case till they put up the inscription on the memorial stone,

"Also—wife of the above."
"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

or something tragic of that kind.

Of course, this inexperienced cynic mused as he strode moodily along, if women had sense there would be little matrimony, and so heaven had put blinkers on them in the interest of the maintenance of the human race. Still, there ought to be exceptions, and Edith Barnsley should most certainly be on the exempted list. He had thought, latterly especially, that she was really a bright, shrewd, practical girl, a very pleasant girl because she was so capable, the kind of girl a man hates to see get away from him. What on earth could she see in a fellow like Richard Chipperfield? Then again came the answer from within: "What does the average woman see in the man whose halter she assumes?"

He could find no answer either to the particular or general question. Chipperfield was a useful fellow in his way, did what he was told, stood hitched, never balked—real good old Dobbin kind. What kind of a man was that for a girl of Edith Barnsley's type? If she must get married she deserved a real kind of a man.

"And I guess you think the real kind of a man is something like Ewan Christie?" gibed the inner cynic.

The gibe went straight to the heart of Christie as if it had been a needle-pointed barb.

It threw his thoughts into confusion for a time, but as he went along the road, head bent, hands shoved deep in his pockets, he took up the suggestion in real earnest.

"And what if I do?" he challenged the dour inner companion.

"Nothing at all," the latter came back. "Only, you lunatic, you are in love with her yourself."

It was a quite unanswerable accusation, and wanted a lot of thinking about. He had very firm views about men in offices falling in love with women in the same offices. Only fools did that kind of thing. It was a negation of all the cardinal principles he believed in, deadly to proper efficiency. There was this he could urge in his own behalf, that he had not tried to fall in love with Edith. He was victim rather than culprit. Of course there was some amount of risk to be assumed when a man employed a girl as his secretary, but he had thought he was immune. She was not the first secretary he had employed by a good many. With any of the others he would have been as much inclined to sentimentality as with a telephone post out there in the road. This time everything was different. Edith was so thunderingly efficient, so clear-brained, so free from fussiness and chatter, and so tremendously pretty. He had got so accustomed to see her trim, quick-moving little figure about the office that it would be a dull hole when she went off to Chipperfield's. She never giggled, and in fact rarely laughed, but there was sweet, clean sunshine about her. And this Chipperfield man! Chipperfield was alright in his way, but there were lots of girls good enough for him in the world. What was his confounded business in meddling with matters too great and high for him? He would always be somebody's man, taking orders, doing as he was bid.

He pictured Edith as married to him and settling down in a little camp house to domestic work, getting her amusements and recreations in the tea-drinking and parties, with their small gossip, that furnished the lighter side of Ste. Brunhilde life. Then the picture made him angry, and he walked on past the hotel gloomy and pitiful. Some girls married for a home, he had heard, fools that they were. Perhaps if Edith's position was bettered she might give this matrimonial fad a second and wiser thought. She was inadequately paid for the work she did. There were men in the office pulling down a couple of thousands a year who were infinitely less valuable. Sometimes salary-pinching was poor economy.

"It isn't the loss of the secretary that's worrying you, Ewan Christie, it's the loss of the woman," said the inner irritant.

"And what if it is?" demanded Christie irritably.

"Nothing at all," came the grinning reply. "Only—she isn't Mrs. Chipperfield yet, and while there's life and the wedding ceremony's still ahead, there is hope of a kind. If you think Chipperfield's not the proper sort of man, well—what's the next best thing?"

Ewan Christie was still revolving the problem when sleep came to him.

To be Continued

Speed Record Claimed

Flying a Fiat BR biplane, Mr. Brack-Papa established what is claimed to be a world's record, on June 27th, by attaining a speed of 255 kilometres an hour (158½ miles), with two passengers aboard. The flight was officially controlled and the speed certified by a commission of the Aero Club of Italy. This is the highest speed ever attained in any element; the previous record was 143 miles an hour, established by the French pilot, Sadi-Lecoint, on a two-seater Spad biplane.

The Problem of Our New Canadians

Continued from Page 30

and followed with the query: "But how about boarding with one of these families?"

"It would be all right if they were clean," was the reply.

"Well, there is a good frame house about a mile and a half from the school," said the Official Trustee, laying stress on the distance.

"I walk 1¾ miles to my present school," bravely replied the teacher.

Then came the climax. Mr. Stratton said: "By the way, there is another house about half a mile from the school, which is said to be a good one. I never saw it. It is Tynko's house. It ought to be all right. He has been a long time in the country. In fact his father was the first Galician murderer hanged in the West."

But the teacher was equal to the occasion, and responded: "You can't scare me that way. That's a lesson to Tynko; besides, I have talked with the relatives of a murderer before now, and they did not seem different from other people. They were very much like you—and me—and besides, I've lived in a community with persons who should have been hanged."

Mr. Stratton looked at her and said, "I'll not send you down there, and I'll not say you shall not go. I need your sort, all right. Go home for a week and talk with your friends, and I will send a neighboring teacher to look into this question of accommodations. I have an idea that you would make it go—but it is a tough one."

She did make it go—and taught in two schools before leaving to take her second class normal.

School No. 1863 required a teacher. It was built early in the fall of 1917 and a three-roomed "teacherage" was mentioned in the advertisement as the home of the teacher. It was 18 miles from the railway station.

A qualified teacher came several hundred miles to accept if satisfactory. Her husband was then, and for nearly a year and a half had been, a prisoner of war in Germany, but she wanted to make a contribution towards building citizenship. She wished to go out alone until such time as an elderly friend could arrange to follow. Mr. Stratton asked her: "Will your nerves permit you to rest when out there all alone?" He was informed that they had done so when she was alone on their homestead for six weeks at a time. "Besides, I have a husky dog."

"Supposing you found yourself sick some morning and had to await the arrival of the children?" she was asked.

She replied, "I have thought about that possibility."

"How would it affect my plan of houses for teachers, if the daily papers announced some morning that you had been found dead by some of your non-English neighbors?" asked Mr. Stratton.

"I have thought the matter all over. I am not better than our soldiers are. I would like to die working. Some of them fall at their posts, you know, but recruiting goes on!"

She could not be persuaded to take a school less isolated, but went out and did a great year's work.

These two cases illustrate the spirit which wins, but do not exhaust the list of those who have faced the situation bravely. There are scores of heroic examples of what these "Light Bearers in Darkness" have done.

IN some of the older schools, the garden has been a great feature, and given endless opportunity to interest the older people. These schools are fitted with a coal-oil stove and kitchen utensils, and the surplus vegetables are picked and canned and stored in a locker for winter use. This work is all done by the pupils, under the direction of the teachers, and in many cases the mothers come to see how it was done. "The children see the whole process and take

You Must Keep Warm Next Winter

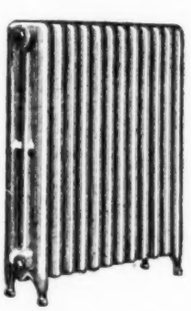
Comfort Says so, and the Doctor Says so, too

You must consult your comfort. Does your house really feel warm on cold days, on windy days, every day, all winter long? If not, don't try to make yourself think the present heating system will do. The discomfort of an insufficiently heated house is reason enough for putting in a new hot water boiler. But a stronger reason still, is that a chilly house causes colds, rheumatism, pneumonia and sicknesses of many kinds. Poorly heated houses are where the doctors most frequently call and where they present their largest bills.



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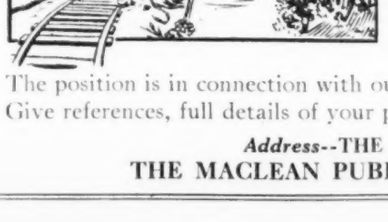
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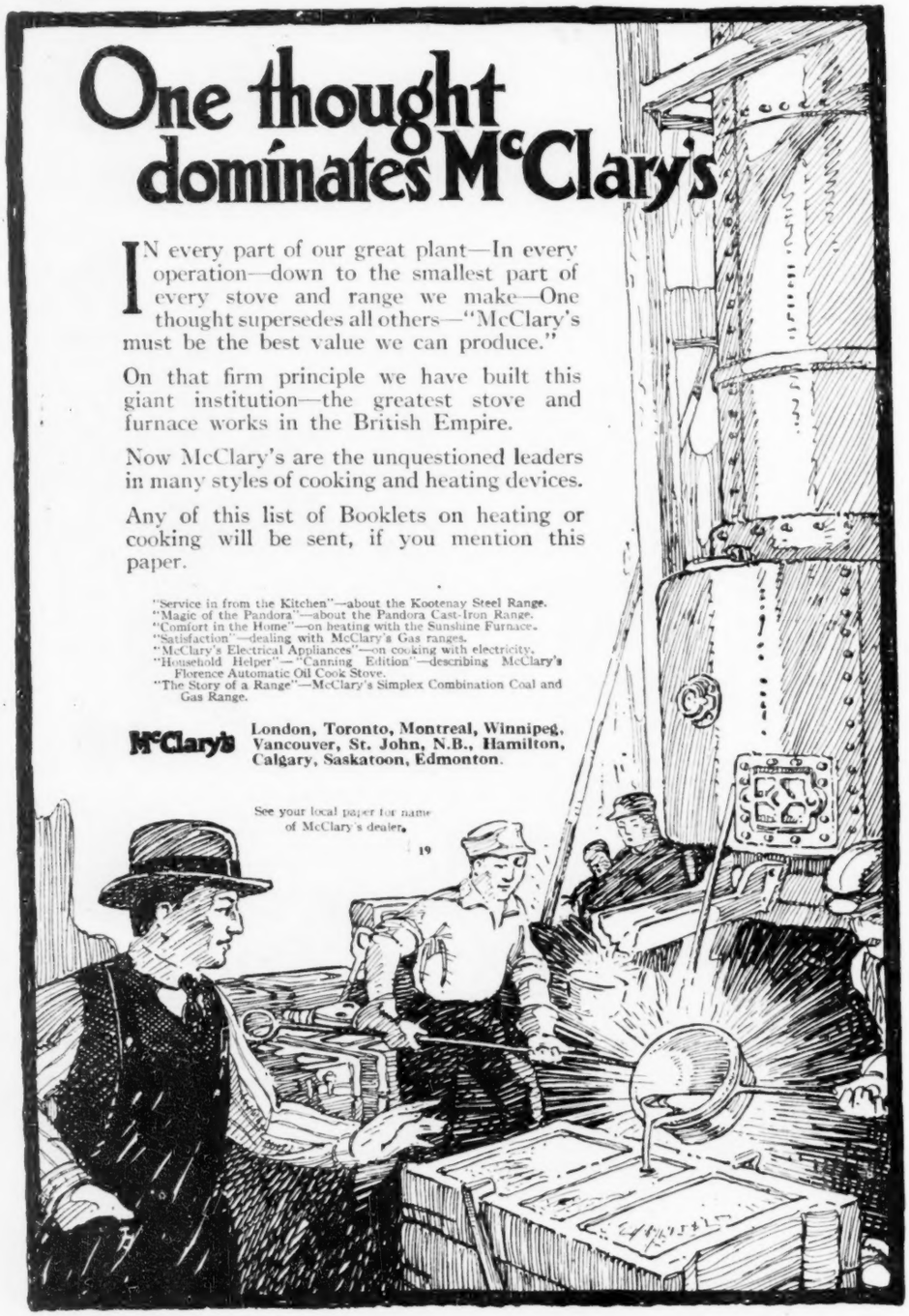
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part in it," one of the teachers explained to a party of visitors. "They took the seeds out of the package and planted them; then they watered them, hoed them, weeded them, watered them some more, watched them until they were ripe, then picked them, and either ate them or pickled them; and if they were pickled, they helped to eat them, and washed the dishes afterwards." The articles canned and preserved are used during the winter for helping out the hot lunch.

When the girls and boys get this instruction, it is easy to see that the knowledge of these new arts will be carried home. There are also wonderful displays of sewing in each of the schools, where towels, pillow covers and quilts are made under the direction of the teacher. All these useful arts have impressed the older people, and deepened the conviction that "English school—good thing." They might have been able to resist the appeal of English literature, but when Polly comes home with a nice new dress made "Canadian," and is able to make one for her mother, her whole family see that education has some advantages.

That the orthodox purpose of the school is not lost sight of, can be seen in the success of the pupils at the midsummer departmental examinations. In 1918, from four schools where additional accommodation had been provided in 1917, and qualified teachers installed, 26 candidates offered themselves for the entrance to the High School. 25 of them passed, and passed well.

The majority of the people are very appreciative of their schools and the advantages which come from them, and sometimes it has happened that the Anglo-Saxon—Canadian—"Huron and Bruce people" have been the indifferent ones.

The Opinion of the Syrian

IN one district not very far from Winnipeg, the Municipal Council had refused to form a district, when petitioned to do so. One farmer from Ontario had resided there for about 30 years and had three boys, seventeen, nineteen and twenty-two, who could not read or write. He held the foreigners in contempt. A foreign couple with nine children were clamoring for a school. They were planning to move to Winnipeg, rent a room or two and let the mother go out scrubbing while the children went to school. It was at this time that Mr. Stratton visited the district. The sons of the Ontario man expressed themselves very frankly as to their father not securing them a school, and declared that they would go to evening classes if a teacher would conduct same.

The Syrian father—who was quite intelligent and fine-looking—had just met with an injury which cost him a great deal for medical attention and unfitted him for most lines of work. Mr. Stratton had called to see him, and was an interested listener, as the father of nine explained his views on education.

While frying a rabbit for his caller's dinner, he turned to Mr. Stratton and said: "You Canadian a damn queer people—damn queer people—you raise money, you pay missionary for go China—you pay missionary for go India—you not give us any school."

Mr. Stratton acknowledged the justice of the criticism. He advised the Syrian to put off going to Winnipeg, assuring him that a school would be established, and without delay. Before he left, he rented a cottage, and a teacher was sent. The Syrian children attended the day school, and the young men of Canadian descent took advantage of the evening classes.

THERE may be people who have better ideas on the subject of educating new Canadians than Mr. Stratton. There may be. But there is no one putting any better ideas into practice. If they have them—they are still holding them. Mr. Stratton does not hold any ideas. He lets go of them at once, and puts them to work! He's so busy working them, he has but little time to talk of them, and he has never written any-

thing about his work. When urged to write a series of articles for one of the magazines, he declared he could not do it, for while he was writing he would be neglecting something. This is the story he told to illustrate the point:

A tenderfoot one time went out to hunt bear. His great desire was to get a grizzly, and he engaged the services of a real old seasoned hunter, who one day found "tracks." There they were—in the snow—real grizzly bear tracks!

"Where do you suppose he is now?" cried the tenderfoot in his excitement, to his guide.

His guide was cool, and very deliberate. Grizzly tracks were an old story to him.

"I reckon—he's right at the front end of them tracks—makin' more!"

"That's where I am," said Mr. Stratton—"and I can't stop!"

Germany Declares War Again

Writer Declares That Commercial Aggression Has Been Begun

UNDER the heading "The New War," Porter Emerson Browne sounds a warning note in *McClure's* on the score of the plans of Germany for the future. Mr. Browne is a writer who handles very serious subjects in a light vein but succeeds with his badinage in achieving a strong impression. For instance, before the United States went into this war, he wrote a series of articles that preached participation in no uncertain way—"Uncle Sham," "Scars and Stripes," and "We'll dally round the flag." It was a wonderfully effective series.

In the present instance he is telling of what he believes is a new form of war that Germany has declared on the rest of the world. In fact, he substantiates what was said in Colonel MacLean's article in the last issue of MacLean's. He writes in part:

The Germans of to-day have been bred to a belief of perfect egotism in an environment of vainglorious cupidity and remorseless cruelty. They have been trained to murder and rapine in war and to unscrupulousness and theachery in peace. From childhood they have been taught that they were the greatest little fellows on earth, that whatever they wanted was theirs for the getting, that other countries and other peoples had no rights that a German should respect, that might was right, and life was only the survival of the fattest, which was themselves.

Their lives laid down for them under a broadcast scheme of autocratic paternalism, they have had no chance to learn anything except what their government taught 'em and consequently developed into the greatest collection of Butterick pattern individuals the world has ever seen and the greatest collection of toy soldiers that anybody ever had to play with.

It used to puzzle me as to how the Germans, who would be tender toward their own children, could be so inhuman to Belgian babies. It is now obvious. To the German mind, a German baby was a baby; but a Belgian baby was a vermin.

Born in this way, they have been burbanked into a new type of person. Luther himself, by a similar process, has perfected a cactus free from spines. The reverse English would be equally possible and the Kaiser seems to have perfected a cactus that is nothing but spines. And though the Kaiser himself has departed, yet the cactus remains behind. Though the maker is gone, the carbon copy citizenry is still with us. Though the child is in Dutch, his toy soldiers remain. Their uniforms can be washed off; but they remain toy soldiers still.

And now, just because a paper has or has not been signed, we are going to believe that these people, so born, so raised, so trained, are suddenly going to become regular honest-to-goodness folk, with ideas and ideals and morals and ethics and social standards like the rest of us, and all in a minute?

The new German is ambitious. He lusts for power. He is greedy, jealous and unscrupulous. He has been so long told that Germany must rule, that he has become to believe it. He has been made restive, restless, energetic, untiring. His vision is broad; his money sense vast; he is defiant and undaunted. He thinks in terms of countries where most of us think in terms of counties. He knows no creed but Germany and himself.

In no sense does he feel himself to be defeated. He considers the war to have been an experiment that failed. For that he is sorry. It was the quick, the easy way, to success. But since it has failed, he will do the next best thing.

The peace terms have not subdued him. They have merely made him hot under the collar. He will live up to them if he has to. Otherwise, he won't. Meanwhile, he will try in every way he knows how, moral, immoral or unmoral, to gain by trickery that which he failed to gain by force.

His means will be many.

THERE are millions of Germans all over the world. Vast numbers of them, like him, are new Germans. During the war there were loyal to the country of their adoption only because they were afraid to be disloyal. They bought Liberty bonds, because Liberty bonds were a pretty good investment and a very good camouflage. They did lip service for the Allies because they felt they could be of more use to Germany outside an internment camp than in it. They went as far as they dared in their aid to Germany. Forced to be passive soldiers in the old war, they will be shock troops in the new. Their entrenched positions, their money, their commercial fox holes and their economic dugouts will all be at the disposal of the new General Staff of the new German army of conquest by peaceful (God save us!) penetration.

And already the war is on. Already the German language-press (which should have been stamped out like the scorpion it is) is beginning to sneer at America, to belittle England. Already German commercial agencies are getting ready to operate throughout the world. Already the propaganda machines are set up and operating.

The first move will be to try to diffuse distrust. The English-speaking peoples, with their present allies, are the natural basis of an enduring peace. This Germany will strive to break down. She will endeavor to cause us to do things to antagonize our friends; and our friends to do things to antagonize us.

By her international banking scheme, which provides that German banks throughout the world can be subsidized by the German Government, she can gain control of many smaller countries of vast wealth, and vast potentialities for trouble.

And as soon as they really get started, they'll have commercial liquid fire, and a new kind of economic submarine that will be a pippin. Their poison gas of propaganda is already drenching us. They'll overcharge in countries where they can effect a monopoly and undersell in other countries until they can get a monopoly. Commercial *schrecklichkeit* will be their specialty in this new war, as physical frightfulness was in the old.

Secret agreements will be made with nations that don't like us, and there are plenty of 'em and more since we tried to Simon Legree the Peace Conference the way we did. Rebating will become a fine art. Dumping will be reduced to a science. German goods, camouflaged by other names and other trademarks, will flood the world, and for these goods preference over allied manufactures will be gained by bribery and corruption. No one knows better than Germany that almost every man has his price, if not in money, in ambition, love of



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Undercurrents Among the Four

How the Leading Peace Makers Agreed and Disagreed Among Themselves

NOW that the main work of the Peace Conference is over, many stories are getting into print with reference to what happened. Some of the matter thus printed must be accepted with liberal pinches of salt, but all of it is more or less interesting. For instance, there is a correspondent of *Town Topics* (London) who never signs his name, but who writes of happenings behind the closed doors of Versailles. In a recent issue he tells a number of things, some of which are reprinted for what they may be worth.

He (Wilson) was a very difficult man to get at, and lived, I should imagine, in the everlasting fear of assassination. That is the impression I received from seeing the extraordinary precautions that were taken by his young army of secret police to prevent anybody getting near him. The correspondents have only hinted at the horror of the police after the signing of the Treaty when the crowd broke in and got close enough to pat him on the back.

* * *

By the way, the French, with an eye to business, sold the moving-picture rights of the signing of the Treaty for a million francs. They are *some* business people, and a friend of mine said they have made as much out of the Peace Conference as they lost in the war.

* * *

I can truly say that Wilson has gone back to America hated by the French as no American has ever been. Clemenceau loathes him, and I should like to know the acid thing that he said to Lloyd George after Wilson had left them one day. It must have been pretty bad, because the P. M. looked shocked, and said "Sh!" in a loud voice, and it takes something to shock the P. M., I can tell you.

* * *

Nobody ever says very much about what the British did, partly because the British say nothing themselves, and the Americans genuinely admired us for this, but I think the French take us at our own valuation.

Whatever the British did in the war, and we know jolly well that they did the real work of defeating the German, the British certainly have done all the work of the peace, and Lloyd George has certainly done splendidly. Though I dislike the man and distrust him, I must "hand it to him," as they say at the Astoria.

Before I say anything about this, let me tell you what one of the German delegates said to a French officer who was rude to him. He said: "You can thank God and the British that your political chiefs are not in the same position as us. If we hadn't been mad enough to attack the British first and had only smashed at the French in March we would have been in Paris by July. And I can tell you something else, the British would have been still fighting when you were touching your hats to German officers. We took on the hardest job first and that is why we failed."

As a matter of fact the Peace Treaty is the creation of an Englishman. Hirst, of the Foreign Office, drafted the whole of it, and a pretty good job he made of it. Wilson, of course, came as keen as mustard on securing the Free-



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dom of the Seas. That was really the big plank on his platform and was quite as important as the fourteen points.

He put it up to L. G. the first day they met in Paris, and L. G. said, "*If you are going to mess about with the British Navy you can have your peace conference by yourself.*" Clemenceau wasn't as keen on supporting the British point of view until L. G. made that statement, but he saw the fat was in the fire and he supported the P. M., and Wilson had to buckle under. The truth about Wilson's return visit to the U. S. in the midst of the conference is that he had to go back and explain to his bosses that they would have to cut out all that stuff about the Freedom of the Seas.

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Marie Spirodonova Ruled Russian Peasants For One Year

THE story of a frail girl, who killed a cruel Russian governor eleven years ago, spent eleven years incarcerated in Siberia in expiation of her "crime," and returned to Petrograd early in 1918 to find herself a legendary heroine with the Russian peasants, and able to sway them so that even Lenine feared her influence, is told in the "Forum" by H. de Wissen, writing a brief sketch of Marie Spirodonova's extraordinary career.

Twelve years ago, in the city of Tambov, in Russia, there lived a frail girl with gray eyes as round as saucers, and whose thick tresses of black hair set off her delicate face like a cameo. Marie Spirodonova was nineteen. She came of a moderately well-to-do family of Tambov, the father a comfortable merchant. Nor was there any record of violent Nihilism or Socialism behind the family. The girl Marie grew up like any middle-class European girl. She went to church, read the novels that were permitted her by her father, and anticipated the day when she would be married. But that was before Marie became a "student." It was traditionally true of the Russia of her girlhood that were a girl not of the aristocracy, to receive a good education, she forthwith became a "student." Now the connotation of the word "student," when applied to a Russian, is one who secretly meets persons of "liberal views" and feverishly talks of overthrowing "despotism." Marie read much philosophy that was good and much that was bad. There dawned in her the idea that womenkind were intolerably suppressed; there flowered in her a desire "to do something." She fell into the company of arch anarchists and plotters of assassination—while in his store her father blissfully went on selling the staples of trade. It was in the days of the White Czar and the Black Tyranny. Marie at her "student" meetings had early been taught to hate the Governor of Tambov, a fat, brutish man, to whom the suffering of human beings seemed to be a sensual gratification. The man with the brown face and the slitty black eyes was Lupjenovsky. To Marie's feverish imagination he became the Beast. Did you ever think that because dolts permit Lupjenovskys sometimes to sit in the high places of power that Maries are launched into the world?

At the secret meetings of the "students" Marie heard glowering men and feverish women say that Lupjenovsky ought to be killed. Perhaps if the hated Czar and enough of the men around him could be slain, the people would rise. Who could tell? And like most "students" Marie became imbued with a feeling of savage vengeance about Lupjenovsky and the thing for which he stood. Ever did she hear stories from the villages: how the Beast lined up the peasants on winter days, if they had not paid their taxes, and ordered their backs bared and flogged. She believed a story told of him from which a Grand Guignol play was later written. Lupjenovsky had brought before him a beautiful Jewish girl. Her brother he had just sent to Siberia. He told the girl how he had demanded that the brother inform upon his comrades; but that the youth refused to do so. "So I held the lighted end of my cigar," remarked Lupjenovsky, "against your brother's cheek and kept it there. . . . He was very foolish not to tell." Deeds like that with which the Governor was credited haunted Marie's mind. One day she heard a horrible tale; that Lupjenovsky had invited his Cossacks to help themselves to the women in the peasant village and had laughed at their screams. That day Marie quite calmly decided to kill Lupjenovsky. She simply could not bear to think of him as being alive, and, in her elemental Slavish way, she thought of no law, merely that Lupjenovsky must die.

THE day Marie Spirodonova met him in the railroad station at Tambov, she was nineteen. She had just left her studies. Had she been born in America, instead of in mad, inchoate Russia, she would probably have been graduated from a normal college—such was her station in life. When she saw Lupjenovsky's escort, her slim hand felt in her coat pocket. What her fingers touched felt pleasantly cool, even caressing. For weeks she had carried the revolver for just such a meeting. Her mood was as cold as ice. She looked about her. There were people in the station, crowds at the gate waiting to see the Governor. She must be careful. These people were innocent of any wrong. Drawing the revolver from her coat she fired over the heads of the crowd. This frightened them; bystanders scattered like sheep. From many directions, gendarmes and police spies bore down upon the girl, bellowing threats. Quite calmly then she raised the revolver a second time. She aimed at Lupjenovsky's heart. His cruel mouth sagged: his brownish face paled. Her hand did not tremble. Her finger squeezed the trigger, Lupjenovsky lay dead.

Hands seized her. The revolver was wrenched from her grasp, while she was coolly returning it to her pocket. Lupjenovsky's escort of Cossacks tore her from the police. They smashed her with their fists and kicked her with their boots. Then they flung her over a saddle and galloped with her to the jail. There they ripped her clothes from her and pushed her into a cell. They demanded that she tell the names of her accomplices, fellow "students." She regarded them coldly with her great gray eyes and would not speak. The Cossacks thought of the dead Lupjenovsky's favorite torture and they burned her body with the glowing tips of their cigarettes. Marie Spirodonova would not speak.

There was about her an air of refinement for she had been carefully brought up. There was that and a look of chaste severity upon her face which maddened the Cossacks. So for two nights they dealt with her coarsely, drinking heavily the while and washing out their scruples, if they had any, in a flood of vodka. Somehow Marie Spirodonova lived.

Perhaps the gods were keeping her alive so that they might later laugh. Perhaps her frailness was misleading; perhaps she possessed that tremendous wiry strength which is so deceptive. But Marie lived. She did not know anything. With that first harrowing night everything became for her blessedly blank. For the assassination of Lupjenovsky they sentenced her to Siberia. Why it was not the death penalty no one knows—no one but the gods who wanted her to live so they might laugh. As you shall see.

For eleven years Marie Spirodonova was in Siberia. Eleven winters claimed their victims on the Siberian steppes; men perished; and women perished,

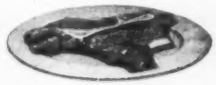


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and by the hundreds. But this frail girl who weighs no more than a hundred pounds, she lived. There was much she wanted to forget so she tried to occupy her mind with the study of languages. She taught herself to speak English, French, German and Italian. She was about to study Chinese when the February Revolution of 1917 burst over Russia.

On the general delivery of political prisoners from Siberia, Marie Spirodonova came home. In her absence she had become a legend. Lupjenovsky, the man she had slain, was the persecutor of the peasants. Marie had delivered the peasants out his hands, wherefore the muzhiks loved her—loved her during the eleven years she was in Siberia. In their eyes she was a martyr, not a murderess. About her had grown up exaggeration and superstition. In their credulous minds they had thought of her as they would think of a saint. She was to the ignorant muzhiks what Charlotte Corday was to France. And when into the seething Revolution there came this frail woman, now thirty, with the same great gray eyes now ringed with black, with the strange unearthly look about her, there were loutish peasants who fell on their knees and caught up the hem of her skirt to kiss it. "Our deliverer has come!" they cried.

Incredibly soon, as word of her sped from one village to another, Marie Spirodonova became the leader of the millions of peasants of Russia. The girl who at nineteen had shot down a man, who had been outraged by Cossacks and flung into Siberia, had by 1918 climbed to a height upon which, in her slender hands, she held extended the political leadership of the peasants of Russia. The balance of power of the Revolution was hers.

When Kerenskiy ruled Russia, Marie Spirodonova was a thorn in his side. She came to Petrograd with the peasants behind her. Soviets of peasants had sprung up with mushroom growth from out of the Russian soil. Little villages banded together, formed their Soviets, elected their delegates and sent them to the first All-Russian Peasants' Congress in Petrograd. And the legend of Marie Spirodonova, having spread for years from village to village, peasants throughout all Russia having lovingly mentioned her name during these years of exile in Siberia what subsequently happened in Petrograd was not a surprise to those who really understood the Russian Muzhik with his love for the superstitious.

To the peasants it was a miracle that she was alive. There were some indeed who said that she had died but that she had come to life with the Revolution, just to save theirs, the peasants', cause. These things are truth and unless one considers that a muzhik attributes all things to miracles and to "signs" they are difficult of credence. Of such elements was the hold of Marie Spirodonova upon the Russian peasants. That which happened at the All-Peasants' Congress in Petrograd was inevitable. Acclaiming her as their leader the peasants elected her President of the Congress. In that moment there was bestowed upon Marie Spirodonova the greatest political power held by any woman in the world. Indeed her power was potentially greater than Kerensky's, for whoever controlled the peasants controlled the balance of power in upheaving Russia.

Marie Spirodonova went from village to village addressing her peasants. She roused them to fury. The girl who delivered them out of the hands of the hated oppressor Lupjenovsky eleven years before, would now deliver them from the "greedy Bourgeoise Government." A second Congress of all the Peasant Soviets of Russia was held in Petrograd. The peasants in attendance from the uttermost parts of Russia made her President of the Congress, too, and her thin voice dominated it. The Social Revolutionists, the group more radical than Kerensky's, granted her demands for the peasants and incorporated it in their party platform. They called it the "Land Program of the Radicals."

Then came the overthrow of Kerensky, the rise of Lenine and Trotzky to the dictatorship of the Bolsheviki. Their position was uncertain. The less Radical elements of the Socialists were bitterly opposed to them. Outside of Petrograd the Bolsheviki had small support. In the background was Marie Spirodonova and her millions of peasants. Both the Bolsheviki and the Right Socialists were bidding for the support of the peasants. Whichever way that support was cast would decide the group in power in Russia. Lenine seized upon the "Land Program of the Radicals," and labeled it Bolsheviki. The Radicals were furious. Marie Spirodonova looked on amused. She did not care whose program it was. All she wanted was that the party in power would permit the looting of Russia's land for her peasants.

There came the Democratic Congress in Petrograd. The leaders of the less Radical Socialists, the adherents of Kerensky, were endeavoring to induce the delegates of all the Soviets to sanction a coalition, an absorption rather of the Bolsheviki by the Socialists. Marie Spirodonova and her peasants were there in the great hall. She knew that the Bolsheviki needed the support of the peasants if they would stay in power and that therefore Lenine could be trusted to give the peasants the land. She knew that the moderate Socialists would sanction no such colossal looting as this land-grab was. If Marie cast her support with the Socialists' coalition plan, the Bolsheviki were doomed; for no party could rule without the peasants' support. Conversely, if she supported the Bolsheviki w her peasants it would entrench Lenine in power.

After the Socialists' delegates had urged a policy of coalition upon the Congress, an absorbing of the Bolsheviki by them, Marie Spirodonova made a speech. It was a very brief speech, but its effect upon the Congress was magical.

"DEAR comrades—peasants," she said, "if you vote for coalition, you give up all hope of your land," and she faced them, a wisp of a woman, dressed in austere black with plain white collar, which blended with the whiteness of her delicate face. "What difference does it make who gives the peasants their land—Bolsheviki or who—so long as they get it?"

And the peasants roared their approval. Coalition, which would have meant the downfall of the Bolsheviki, was defeated. Lenine survived on his promise to seize the land of Russia from its rightful owners and give it to the peasants. To them Marie Spirodonova became a saint.

She established herself in Petrograd and opened an office to look after the interests of the peasants.

IN Petrograd, Marie Spirodonova slowly got the idea that the Bolsheviki leaders were not to be trusted. She feared foul play for her peasants at Lenine's hands. She anticipated that she and her peasants would be "double crossed." This was not half a year ago, when the Bolsheviki seemed quite firmly entrenched, when the signs of the disintegration of their regime were not apparent. So from her little office in Petrograd, Marie Spirodonova sent word throughout Russia for another meeting of all the peasant delegates in Petrograd. They came. The leaders of the Bolsheviki came, too, and in the great convention hall of Smolny—which used to be a finishing school for young ladies of the Russian court—there gathered the heavy-booted peasants from all parts of Russia, come to answer the call of their "inspired" leader.

Marie made one of the most hysterical speeches of her wild career. Thirsting in her was the desire to attack something or someone. Things had been too calm. The club must be swung; and it was quite proper that she swing it, on this occasion, for Lenine had "double crossed" her. The promised organized distribution of the land to the peasants had not been fulfilled. In those localities where the peasants were strong they had grabbed the land and kept it; in other parts of Russia where they were not strong they had been unable to grab it. Where was the long-awaited organized parcelling out of the land by the Bolsheviki? Of course the truth was that the Bolsheviki enjoyed no such control over Russia that would enable them to execute any such highly organized piece of land thievery. Marie, in her speech, boldly defied Lenine to defend himself and the Bolsheviki against her charge that they had broken their pledges to the peasantry.

THE crafty Lenine pledged the peasants' quick action and made adroit excuses which sent them back to their homes. As soon as they shuffled out of Petrograd, Lenine ordered the arrest and imprisonment of Marie. He would take no more chances of her arousing these peasants against him. And so Marie Spirodonova faced a second incarceration. Into the fortress of Peter and Paul she was cast—that grim pile of stone where to-day noble women of Russia await deliverance. But her arrest did not relieve Lenine of his problem with the peasants. News of their leader's plight spread through the rural communities of Russia. One by one the Soviets of Russian peasants turned against the Bolsheviki. Here and there revolts flamed up.

In desperation Lenine ordered Marie Spirodonova released and had her brought before him. He told her that she could be free if she would promise to whip the peasants in line to support again the Bolsheviki. Marie agreed, provided that Lenine carry out the promises he had made. Lenine would promise anything—and erase the promise from his memory the next moment.

But lo! when Marie sought again to gather the horde of Russian peasants under her banner, they would not be gathered. She was a fading legend. Her hold upon them was gone. She had promised them the land and she had been unable to keep her promise. So the peasants turned away from her. And to-day Marie Spirodonova still sits in her little office in Petrograd, telling herself with that amazing optimism of the fanatic, that "Everything is all right." But her power is empty and the Bolsheviki only tolerate her in the possible chance that she may be able to win some few peasant Soviets to their side. Like a wild horse the Russian peasants have suddenly run away, and no longer can the sugared words or spurs' red speech of Marie send them into the arena to do tricks at her behest. For a year she was the Empress of millions of peasants, but her throne was built upon hysteria and harebrained dreams. Yet for a year she ruled.

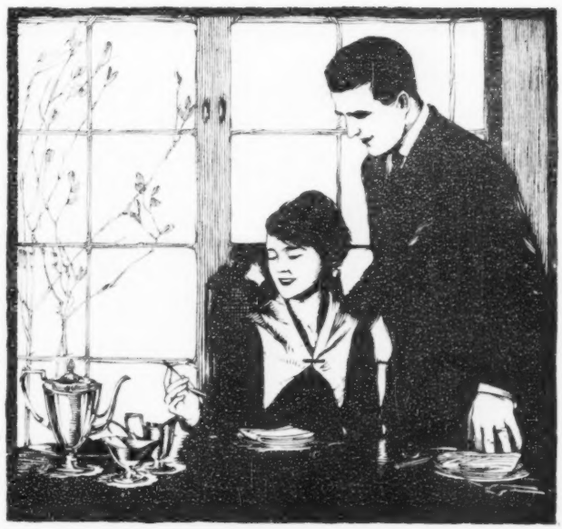
Klondyke Boyle

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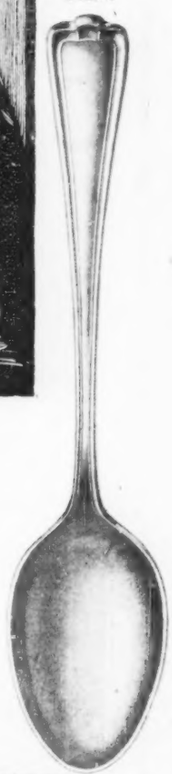
"You pay us two rubles a day?" he said.
"Yes," said the Colonel.
"Very well, we fight."

WITH this substantial backing, Boyle refused to give up his prisoners, and, after some heated controversy, the fleet agreed to let him continue his journey, providing he could get a safe conduct from General Mackensen. To secure this he telephoned the Prime Minister of Roumania, who was successful in getting it from Von Mackensen. Armed with the document, Boyle set sail and landed his prisoners at Sulina (at the mouth of the Danube), where the Russians from the Roumanian prisons were waiting under guard by two officers.

The Klondyker announced his intention of sailing with his new cargo on the Thurs-



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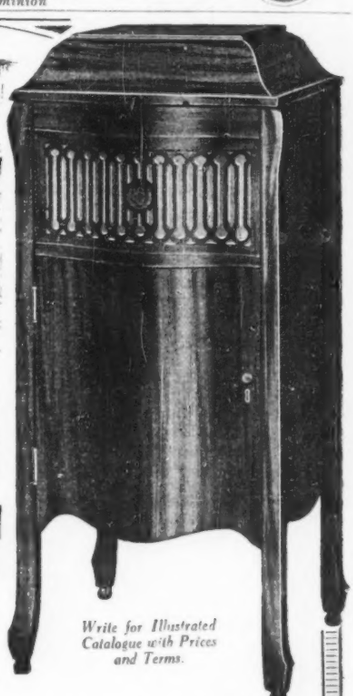


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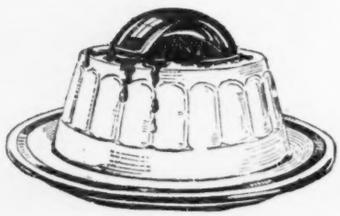
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(Enough for one medium sized pie)

¾ cup sugar, 6 tablespoonfuls Benson's Corn Starch, 1½ cups boiling water, juice and rind of two lemons, 2 egg yolks, 2 egg whites, 3 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar.

Mix corn starch, sugar, lemon juice, grated rind and beaten egg yolks. Add boiling water slowly, stirring constantly. Cook until thick and boiling. Cool, fill a baked pie shell and cover with a meringue made of the stiffly beaten egg whites, and powdered sugar. Brown meringue in a slow oven.



Pie Crust

2 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2-3 cup shortening, ¼ cup iced water.

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MONTREAL

day morning, it being then Tuesday, when a new and formidable situation presented itself.

The port was in the hands of the Austrians, who had four monitors and two large seaplanes there. One small Roumanian cruiser was also anchored in the harbour, and on Tuesday evening the commander of the latter ship notified Boyle that the Austrian commander had ordered him to inform the Canadian that he could not sail. The reasons given were: that it was a Bolshevik ship; that Austria was at war with the Bolsheviks; and that a British officer was on board.

Boyle protested that he had Mackensen's safe conduct; the Austrian was not only adamant, but arrogant. Boyle demanded that the Austrian's case be put in writing; the Commander did so amidst a verbal duel, which was marked by lack of politeness on both sides. The Austrian claimed he was under orders from the Austrian High Command and not Von Mackensen.

Nothing daunted, Boyle refused to change his sailing and sent the following historic message to his enemy.

"I am an Englishman and therefore I keep my word. I say I am going to sail at ten o'clock to-morrow morning and I shall sail at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. You are an Austrian and therefore you will not keep your word. You say you will prevent me. You will not prevent me."

Early Thurdsay morning Boyle got steam up and the four monitors cleared for action. One dropped down stream, one took position on the opposite side of the canal, and the remaining two took position directly in front of his little ship. In addition to these manoeuvres, the two seaplanes were manned and their machine guns trained on the adventurer.

"I sized the situation up," Boyle said to a friend of his in London, some months afterwards, "and figured that from a fighting standpoint I hadn't much chance. My boat was only a poor little freighter with one 2-inch gun in the stern, but I thought if they sank me it would be excellent propaganda in stirring up trouble between the Germans and the Austrians. So I put my prisoners on shore, cleared all the lines but one at the bow and one at the stern—and waited for ten o'clock."

At nine thirty a message arrived asking the Colonel to meet the Austrian Commander on board the Roumanian Cruiser, and as the Canadian had suggested that ship as a suitable meeting ground, he went aboard. The Austrian was extremely nervous and in jerky sentences informed Boyle that he had received confirmation of Von Mackensen's telegram and he would be allowed to proceed.

"Very well," said the Colonel, "but I want you to understand that I would have sailed with or without your permission."

And having thus had the last word, he boarded *The Chernamore* with his prisoners and steamed from the harbour. Throughout the affair Commander Lazu, of the Roumanian Cruiser, proved a staunch and fearless friend.

Words are strange things . . . . . the most carefully planned phrases frequently fail to convince. Occasionally a man writes a sentence almost without thought of construction and it lives for centuries.

"I am an Englishman and therefore I keep my word."

We shall not soon forget that.

He Is Now Duke of Jassy

BOYLE'S subsequent activities were confined to Roumania and South Russia, but in the latter case his work was of a political nature and the War Office will not authorize its publication. In Roumania he took charge of the food situation and performed such a number of offices for our ally that he has been called "The Saviour of Roumania" and news reached Fleet Street (the London Press) a few months ago that Joe Boyle of Dawson City had been created the Duke of Jassy.

There is no time to deal with his last great exploit when he organized an expedition to save the Russian Royal Family. As usual, he broke down all obstacles and nothing but the unwillingness of the ill-fated Royalists to venture from their palace prison in the Crimea, stood in the way of their freedom. The King of Roumania had asked him to undertake the task and intended placing the Palace of Sinaia at their disposal.

And that is the story of Klondyke Boyle. It is doubtful if Canadian History can show a man more fearless and audacious, nor one whose adventures have been more debonair and chivalrous than this grandson of Ireland and son of our own Dominion.

As I finish this little sketch, word comes that the Canadian Government is to give Roumania an open credit for $25,000,000 for trade with Canada. On more than one occasion I saw Lt.-Col. Boyle making his way to the Canadian Trade Commission's Office in London, so it is not difficult to trace the hand of the Klondyke King in this matter. This is but one little result of the work of the man who so honorably wore "CANADA" on his shoulders and made that name stand for absolute integrity. . . . Let our manufacturers remember that. I believe Boyle is to become a permanent resident in Roumania where he will act as guardian to Roumanian-Canadian interests.

I had almost forgotten this. The French Government bestowed the Croix de Guerre on Klondyke Boyle for invaluable services in connection with the French.

But that exploit is something that will have to remain a mystery until the Klondyke King talks. . . . . And from my knowledge of him, I think that will be a long, long time.

Meet Mr. Habitant!

Continued from Page 18

have in Quebec is "a few kisses." In 800 municipalities, there are more than six hundred which had not a single police officer, and do not need one. The Canadien is a man who minds his own business. There are more laughs in this Province in one day than in Ontario in a year. A good laugh and a drink goes a long way in Quebec. We are the happiest people in Canada.

"We have no trouble between the two races here in Quebec. All educated French people here know English and many of the English know French; but outside of this Province, how many English people can speak French? Take the children in St. Ursula street here. You may hear them—of both races—talking back and forth to each other in both languages. I heard a little boy of five—it was a son of "Chubby" Power, M.P., by the way—speaking French and English the other day.

"Well, what happens in Ontario? Let me tell you. Two young men of Quebec met on the streets of Toronto one day, not so very long ago, and greeted each other in French. A policeman heard them and came up, *tout de suite*.

"'None of that,' he commanded sternly. 'There is only one language spoken in this burg.' That is true."

But Quebec is ready to meet and welcome any sign of rapprochement. Witness W. H. Moore's "The Clash." When Macaulay's New Zealander has finished brooding o'er the ruins of London, he may, perhaps make a trip to Canada, which will then have long become the centre of the Empire; and, travelling through Quebec, he will hear the aerial brakesmen call: "St. Billimoore!" Even now he is beginning to be looked on as a fit subject for canonization. Let us trust the investigation into the claims preferred will not be so long and searching as that into saints in general! "The Clash" is being translated into French by an able Canadian journalist, Mr. Billodeau.

Life and Character of Habitant

THE habitant is the real "handy man." Give him an axe, and he can fend for himself anywhere. Wood notes the readiness with which he makes his phrases and their suitability: "Nor could people whose axes are worth a half a chest of tools describe a penniless but capable man better than by calling him *un homme ala hache*." "Give a French-Canadian an axe," said Sir Douglas Haig, "and he can build a telegraph line, shoe a horse, and fix your watch." The product of three centuries of woodsmen, he is the finest pioneer

we have; and the most useful type of settler in a new country.

The habitant is open-minded. Counties composed almost altogether of Canadiens have repeatedly elected English representatives. When Baldwin was rejected in his old Upper Canadian constituency, Rimouski took him in. He is happy and light-hearted. He is a born raconteur; and practically all the store Canada has of folk-lore and folk-songs is to be found in Quebec, some of which were brought from France in the very long ago, and others of which are due to his brilliant fancy. At birthdays and other celebrations, the old country dances are enjoyed to the music of the concertina or fiddle—sometimes, now, to the organ or piano. In Quebec, the habitant makes a real celebration of a wedding, when the festivities sometimes last for days. In fact, whenever he sets out to enjoy himself—and he sets pretty often—he does it with all his might.

Some readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE will recall an address once delivered in Ontario by Sir Lomer Gouin, in which he depicted the life and character of the habitant very skillfully and sympathetically. He described the festivities on New Year's Day, when la Benediction Paternelle was given to his children. Sometimes this is done after Mass. Many French historians give interesting examples of this custom. Some of the old customs have passed away, but family affection and respect for authority fortunately survive still.

There is no reason why we should be ignorant regarding Quebec; and a study of its history on the spot where those stirring scenes of our national infancy were enacted would be a good vacation school for every Canadian. But too many people know it only from the catch-phrases of religious bigotry. Take, for example, the words "Jesuit," and "Jesuitical." They are common expressions among certain classes of Protestants. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke in the Anglican Cathedral at Quebec a few years ago, and he had this to say about the Jesuits in Canada:

"They set the whole world an example of missionary enthusiasm and a steadfastness of persevering faith in the face of persecution and suffering which, while the world stands, will encircle with a halo of glory the memory of the Jesuit missionaries of 250 years ago."

FOR long years even Quebec seems to have forgotten those brave and devoted souls. Then, when they began to tear down the old Jesuits' College, erected in 1635, to build the present city hall, the remains of some of these Knights of the Holy Sacrament were discovered. The heroic stories of their sufferings and services were recalled; and, as a sort of belated recompense, a bill was introduced in the legislature to compensate the Jesuit order for the loss of property, including this post-office site, taken from them at different times. Readers will remember the commotion caused by the incident in Canadian politics at the time. The Dominion authorities and the Governor-General both refused to lend a hand in perpetuating a wrong; and the measure went through, as every principle of British justice and equity demanded it should.

Yes, a vacation school in early Canadian history, established at Quebec, would be an effective way of combatting bigotry. One night this summer, I read Wood's "An Ursuline Epic," which tells the heroic story of "La Mere Marie de l'Incarnation"; and Frechette's "Christmas in French Canada"—the old and the new; the heroic and the prosaic ages. When I had finished, the Angelus, which Champlain caused to be rung three times a day—a custom that is still kept up—was sounding; and I thought to myself: "The best way for a Presbyterian bigot to finish this 'debauch' is to attend early Mass at the Basilica."

There were a good many worshippers, beginning the day aright before going to work; or, from the other point of view, "heathen, in their blindness, bowing down to wood and stone"; but it seemed to me that the former conception was the more Christ-like. The hard seats, the bare walls, the plain pulpit, the Calvinism of my youth, is a far cry from this; but perhaps each form of worship is best adapted for the race which practises it. Anyway, "We'll all gae hame taegither."

And see how I was rewarded for my morning's devotion! As I was leaving the church a kindly French-Canadian member of Parliament came out behind me, tapped me on the shoulder and said: "Come to breakfast with me?"

Growing Under Gouin

Continued from Page 26

lamentable spectacle was presented of a Tory member from Nova Scotia fighting the proposal to grant the provinces money to spend on roads—lest it should be used for political purposes! The Quebec members on the Opposition side supported it; they seemed to have more faith in the honesty of Nova Scotians than the member for Annapolis himself had; and, then, they knew what good roads meant to a province. The genial Jacques Bureau, of Three Rivers, told what Quebec had done; and in his wholehearted manner invited every one down to see it.

The Quebec roads, at least, were paved with something more than good intentions; and every habitant who runs a vehicle over them feels that he is getting a good run for his money. The province has had no trouble in borrowing. It carried on through the war without a moratorium, and without deficits. It gets its funds in New York for the road-making work, and, for the present (1916) loan, paid 5%, loaning to the municipalities at 3%. They do not repay the principal, but pay interest for forty-one years, giving the Government a chance to create a sinking fund to repay the capital.

THE habitant is enthusiastic for this policy. The only trouble is in holding him back. He would like to see about ten or twelve million dollars a year expended, judging from the plans outlined and demands made. But Sir Lomer is cautious. He had to conduct a campaign of education to elevate the people of Quebec to this state, and realizes that one can have too much of even a good thing. The matter was explained to the habitant by means of lectures and demonstrations; and, notwithstanding what some critics may think, the French-Canadian is essentially open-minded.

Quebec, as I have mentioned, had no moratorium. Its financial position, and that of its people, was so good that, in the years '14, '15, '16, when the banks in other parts of Canada were closing, new branches were being opened up there. Although the Government gave or subscribed nearly two million dollars for war purposes, there was no special tax required. How did they do it? Oh, just the "*Bas de laine*"—the woollen sock, into which the French *paysan*, in whatever environment you find him, is always able to dip. There is a great fellow-feeling between the French and the Scotch everywhere. Whether they call it the centime or the bawbee, both realize the virtue of economy. There are Frasers, and Macdonalds, and Macleans scattered through Quebec, descendants of Wolfe's Highlanders, who cannot speak a word of English; but Scotch or French, they know that money talks—for them.

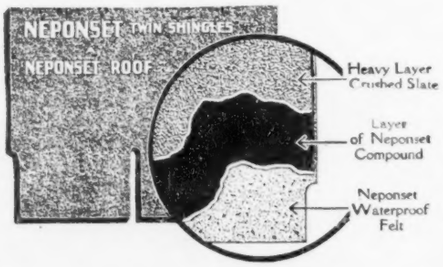
The third outstanding plank in the Gouin platform is that of education. The most common criticism formerly made of the French-Canadian was that he was "ignorant"; and it is a fact that, before the Gouin Government took hold of the problem in the same thorough fashion in which it handled other questions, primary education was neglected—comparatively, at least. The total amount spent on education when the present Government came into power was less than half a million; last year, it was more than a million and a half.



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191 Ask for the Package with the Handy Little Spout

The amount voted for education yearly has averaged more than a million dollars, and is constantly increasing. In addition, the grants for the current year to agriculture, forestry, and other vocational schools has been more than one hundred thousand dollars. The salaries paid to primary teachers in Quebec—as in other Eastern provinces—have been lamentably small. But this is a matter, not for the Provincial Government, but for the municipalities; and in Quebec the Provincial administration has set a good example to some other provinces by making special grants by way of bonus to those municipalities which agree to pay their teachers minimum salaries. It must be admitted that the minimum is small, but the general tendency is good, and has bettered the position of the teachers.

There is no Mininster of Education in the Quebec Government; which, is, perhaps, a weakness in the system. Instead, there is a Council of Public Instruction, consisting of two committees; a Roman Catholic one of thirty-six members, and a Protestant one of twenty-two members. The members are appointed for life, and include many of the leading men of the Province, in both the clergy and the laity. There is a popular supposition that Quebec is illiterate; but modern statistics show this is not the case, particularly with regard to the younger generation. The attendance at school is voluntary; but the percentage of attendance is almost exactly the same in Quebec and in Ontario. The percentage of illiterates in Quebec is only slightly higher than in Ontario, notwithstanding the fact that the real spread of education in Quebec began less than two decades ago.

That the habitant appreciates the value of education for his children, even if he missed it himself, is shown by the way in which he supports his schools. In 1891 the ratepayers contributed a little more than one million dollars a year to education; in 1917 they contributed nearly twelve millions. Neither Catholics nor Protestants are required to send their children to a school where the religious instruction is not agreeable to them, nor to contribute to the support of such school. The subsidies voted by the Legislature for schools, and the proceeds of taxes from joint stock companies, are distributed proportionately to the pupils of each denomination.

Lessons in Real Frugality

THE agricultural and industrial progress of Quebec in recent years have been its most interesting features to the world, as they have been the most noted because of their magnitude. There is no doubt that a good deal of the improved position of the farmer in Quebec is due to those 2,500 miles of first-class roads with which the Government has provided him to get his goods to market.

"God put the Canadien in Quebec," said a Quebec man of that race to me, "because the Scotchman or the Englishman would starve there." Even the Scotch do not really know what thrift means. Did you ever see the Canadien sowing oats, and compare it with the way seeding is done in the West? It is the difference between frugality and prodigality; and perhaps both peoples are extreme. My countryman will walk along sowing his oats by hand; and he lets the grains drop out as carefully as though they were gold. But that is not real frugality. That is represented by

The Pace-Maker

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, *in December, 1916, said: "The net result is that Quebec is far in the van of other Canadian provinces, having, as a matter of fact, more permanently improved highways than all the other provinces put together."*

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the little boy who walks along behind, and carefully picks up any grains that may seem to be going to waste!"

"It was the dairying industry which was the basis of the prosperity of Quebec," said Armand Lavergne, "and do not forget that Premier Mercier gave it its first encouragement."

However that may be, agriculture certainly lacks no reasonable encouragement to-day. The prices received by the Quebec farmer, and his big markets close at hand, have made him exceedingly prosperous in recent years. One-half the population of the Province is rural. In 1917 there were five and three-quarter million acres of land seeded in the province, and, of course, there was in addition a large amount of pasture land. The total value of the farm production was nearly four hundred million dollars. It was the farmer who peopled the colony in the first place, and the first of the race was Louis Hebert, who began operations just a little more than three hundred years ago. To-day, out of an area of about twenty-four million acres of occupied land, more than twenty-three million are divided into farm lots. Quebec is the best example of intensive cultivation in Canada; it is the true exemplification of "the little farm, well tilled." And do not forget the remainder of the couplet: "A little wife, well willed." The Quebec farm-wife is a true help-meet to her husband.

Outside of Quebec, on the road to Lorette, I stopped to look at a typical habitant's place. Although it was after six o'clock, "Bateeste" was not yet in from the fields; so I talked with his better half. She had a bright French wit of her own. She milked twenty-four cows—to "keep her out of mischief." All the children of the family had gone to places of their own or to the States; and she could not persuade the good man that he should give up the farm and move to the city. He did not speak any English, she said—"and very little French." Their comfortable house was rented to a city family for the summer, and they were living in an outhouse, which was comfortably fixed up. Delicacy forbade inquiring too intimately into her origin; but her coloring, "douceness," and general appearance gave one the idea that she might claim kinship somewhere in the past with some of Simon Fraser's Highlanders.

The Quebec farmer to-day is a prosperous, contented, and happy man. He works hard, but not so hard as to neglect the lighter things of life. Above all, he has the jewel of contentment.

The colonization policy which Sir Lomer Gouin promised in his 1905 platform has been energetically carried out. The progress in the new districts such as Abitibi, Lake St. John, Gaspe and Temiskaming in the past few years has been amazing. Roads and bridges are built there generously to make the work of the pioneer easier. The foundation of a great new empire is being laid.

6,000,000 H.P. to Spend

In the limited space of a magazine article only the high spots can be touched on; but the vast industrial progress of Quebec cannot be neglected. It is one of the many striking features of the recent development of the province. The development of the great water power of the province is responsible for much of its present industrial advancement. The Dominion Government estimated, after investigation, that the available water-power of Quebec amounted to more than six million h.p. Of this, nearly nine hundred thousand h.p. has already been developed, the Provincial Government having spent several million dollars in making this great and eternal source of wealth available for industrial purposes.

As a result of this enlightened policy, which will not only enhance the industrial development of the province, but be a source of revenue to the Government for all time, a truly remarkable manufacturing development has taken place in the St. Maurice Valley. The La Loutre dam, which the Government has built at the head of the St. Maurice at a cost of $2,000,000, is the largest artificial reservoir in the world. The plants of the Shawinigan Water and Power Company alone generate more than three hundred thousand h.p., and when full development of its plans is completed will have nearly 650,000 h.p. The town of Shawinigan Falls is a modern industrial centre with twelve thousand people, although it has not yet reached its majority. The Shawinigan Company controls five great manufacturing companies and seven public service companies through which it supplies light and power, as well as supplying power under contract to nine independent companies; and its development is only beginning.

The manufacturing output of the province, at the last census, represented a value of more than three hundred and fifty million dollars. The product of the pulp industry of the province in 1917 was in excess of forty-three million dollars; her minerals, more than sixteen million dollars. Nearly half of the latter wealth came from asbestos, for which Quebec is the main source of the world's supply. And these are only some of the high spots.

A long course of reading of campaign and other political literature as a rule leaves me cold to that sort of argument; but I must confess that I have read few more striking and illuminating "works" on Canadian development than a little gray-covered pamphlet entitled: "The Gouin Government and Its Works." As partisan propaganda it is naturally of no particular interest to the outsider; but if the Gouin Government had done only half of what it claims to have effected for the Province of Quebec in fifteen years, and if it could continue to keep itself honest, it would seem as through in this berated and belittled province of Quebec Canada had produced about as striking an example of progressive government as the world could show. All Governments, as we know, are apt to be to their own "virtues ever kind, and to their faults a little blind"; but when we read what strong Conservative papers like the Montreal *Star*, the Toronto *Mail and Empire* and the Quebec *Chronicle* have to say about Sir Lomer Gouin and his work in Quebec—when "even the ranks of Tuscany can scarce forbear to cheer"—it seems to me that we must admit that the French-Canadian has proved to the hilt that he is not only able to govern himself, but to do it honestly and well.

Evil Spirits

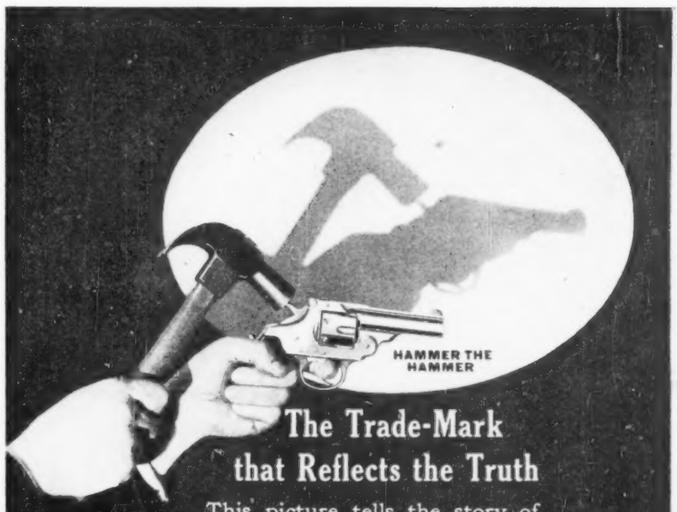
Continued from Page 22

"It's rotten to go alone, Bulldog. I'll get a dozen of the fellows, and we'll play rugby with those devilish *nichies* if they don't act like gentlemen."

Carney laughed. "If you'd been at Duck Lake or Cut Knife you'd know all about that. Your bally Remittance Men wouldn't have a chance, Fitz—not a chance. It would be a fight—your hot heads would start it—and after the first shot you wouldn't see anything to shoot at; you'd see the red spit of their rifles, and hear the singing note of their bullets. These Stonies are hunters; they can outwit a big-horn in the mountains; first thing he knows of their approach is when he's bowled over."

"How are you going to do it then, Mister Man? Go in and get shot up just because you feel that it's your fault?"

"No, I'm going to try and make good. If I can hook up with Jerry Platt we'll put before them the strongest kind of an argument, the only kind they'll listen to. They'll obey the police generally, because they know the 'Redcoat' is an agent of the Queen, the White Mother who feeds them; but, being drunk, the young bucks will be hostile—some of them will feel like pulling the White Mother's nose. But Standing Bear has got sense and he promised me when we were made blood brothers that his whole



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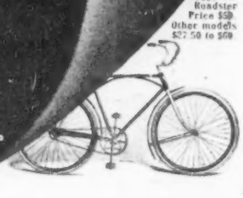
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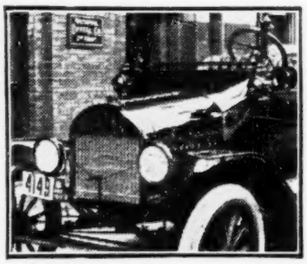
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tribe was pledged to me. I'm going down to collect—do you see, Fitz?"

They were riding into town now, and FitzHerbert made another plea: "Let me go with you, Bulldog. I'm petrified with fanning the air with my eyes, and nothing doing. I sit here in this damned village watching the west wind blow the boulders up the street, and the east wind blow them back again till they're worn to the size of golf balls. I'm atrophied; my insides are like an enamelled pot from the damned alkaline dust."

"Sorry, my dear boy, but I know what would happen if you went with me. While I'd be holding a pow-wow with Standing Bear one of those boozed Stonies would spit in your eye, and you'd knock him down; then hell would break loose."

"You're generally right, Bulldog, Mister Some-man; none of us have got the cool courage you've got. I guess it's rather moral cowardice. I've seen you stand more abuse than a mule-skinner gives his mule and not lose caste over it, because we all knew." He held out his big hand saying: "Good luck, old boy! I rather fancy Standing Bear will be back on his reserve or this will be good-bye to Bulldog."

IF was dark when Carney rode out of Fort Calbert heading for the heavy gloomed line of the Vermillions. The little buckskin pricked his ears, threw up his head with a playful clamp at the bit, and broke into a long graceful lope; beneath them the chocolate trail swam by like shadow chasing shadow over a mirror. A red-faced moon that had come peeping over Fort Calbert, chased the rider, traversing the blue upturned prairie above, as if it were too hurried to rebuke with its silent serenity the turbulent ones in the foothills. It cast a mystic, sleepy haze over the plain that lay in restful lethargy, bathed in an atmosphere so peaceful that Carney's mission seemed but the promptings of a phantasmagoria. There was a pungent, acrid taint of burning grass in the sleepy air, and off to the south glinted against the horizon the peeping red eyes of a prairie fire. They were like the rimmed lights of a shore-held city.

The way was always up hill, the low unperceived grade of the prairie uplifting so gradually to the foothills, and the buckskin, as if his instinct told him that their way was long, broke his lope into the easy shuffling pace of a cayuse.

Carney, roused from the reverie into which the somnolence of the gentle night had cast him, patted the slim neck approvingly. Then his mind slipped back into the fairy boat that ferried it across leagues of ocean to the land of green hills and oak-hidden castles.

Something of the squalid endeavor ahead bred in his mind a distaste for his life of adventure. Was it good enough? Danger, the pitting of his wits against other wits, carried a savor of excitement that was better than remembering. The foolish past could only be kept in oblivion by action, by strain, by danger, by adventure, by winning out against odds; but the thing ahead, drunken, brawling lumberjacks and Indians thrust back into primitive savagery because of him, put in his soul the taste of the ashes of regret.

Even the test he was going to put himself to was not enough to deaden this suddenly awakened remorse. To the blond giant he had minimized the danger, the prospect of conflict, but he knew that he was playing a game with Fate that the roll of the dice would decide. He was going to pit himself against the young bucks of the Stonies. They were an offshoot of the Sioux; in their veins ran fighting blood, the blood of killers; and inflamed by liquor the blood would be the blood of ghazis. It would all depend upon Standing Bear, for Carney could not quit, could not weaken; he must turn them back from the valley of the Vermillion, or remain there with his face upturned to the sky, and his soul seeking the Ferryman at the crossing of the Styx.

HE had ridden three hours, scarce conscious of anything but the mental traverse, when the palpitating beat of hoofs pounding the drum-like turf fell upon his ears. From far down the trail to the West came the sound that

was like the drum of a mating pheasant's wings.

The trail he rode dipped into a little hollow. Here he slipped from the saddle, led the buckskin to one side, and dropped the bridle rein over his head. Then he took a newspaper from his pocket, canopied it into a little gray mound on the trail, and, drawing his gun, stepped five paces to one side and waited.

All this precaution was that he might hold converse with the galloping horseman without the startling semblance of a hold-up; sometimes the too abrupt command to halt meant a pistol shot.

As the pound of the hoofs neared, the rhythmic cadence separated into staccato beats of, "pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat," and Carney muttered: "Rather like a drunken nichie; he's riding hell-bent-for-leather."

Now the racing horseman was close; now he loomed against the sky as he topped the farther bank. Half way down the dipping trail the cayuse saw the paper mound, and with his prairie-bred instinct took it for a crouching wolf. With a squealing snort he swerved, propped, and his rider, in search of equilibrium, shot over his head. As he staggered to his feet a strong hand was on his arm, and a disagreeably cold circle of steel was touching his cheek.

"By gar!" the frightened traveler cried aghast, "don't s'oot me."

Carney laughed, and lowering his gun said: "Certainly not, boy—just a precaution, that's all. Where are you going?"

"I'm goin' to de Fort, me," the French half-breed replied. "De Stoney nichies an' de lumber jacks is raise hell; by gar! Dere's fine row; dey s'oot de Sergeant, Jerry Platt."

"Where?"

"Jus' by Yellowstone Creek, De Stonies pitch dere tepees dere."

"Where's the Sergeant?"

"I don' know, me. He get de bullet in de shoulder, but he swear by *le bon Dieu* dat he'll get hes man, an' mak' de Injun go back to hes reserve. He's hell of brave mans, dat Jerry."

"All right, boy," Carney said; "you ride on to the Fort, and tell the Superintendent that Bulldog Carney—"

"Sacre! Bulldog Carney?" the poor breed gasped the words much as if the devil had clapped him on the shoulder.

"Yes; tell him that Bulldog Carney has gone to help Jerry Platt put the fear of God into those drunken bums. Now pull out."

The breed, who had hung to the bridle rein, mounted his cayuse, crying, as he clattered away: "May de Holy Mudder give you de help, Bulldog. Dat's me, Ba'tiste, wish dat."

Then Carney swung to the back of the little buckskin, and pushed on to the help of Jerry Platt.

DOZING in the saddle he rode while the gallant horse ate up mile after mile in that steady shuffling trot that he had learned from his cold-blooded brothers of the plains.

The grade was now steeper; they were approaching the foothills that rose first in undulating mounds like a heavy ground swell; then commenced to take shape against the sky line, looking like the escarpments of a fort.

The trail Carney followed wound, as he knew, into the Vermillion Valley, at the upper end of which, near the gap, the Indians were encamped on Yellowstone Creek.

The Indians' clock, the long-handled dipper, had swung around the North star off to Carney's right, and he had tabulated the hours by its sweep. It was near morning he knew, for the handle was climbing up in the East.

Then, faintly at first, there carried to his ears the droning tump-tump, tump-tump, tump-tump, tump-tump! of tom-toms, punctuated at intervals by a shrill, high-pitched sing-song of "Hi-yi, hi-yi, hi-yi, hi-yi!"

Carney pulled his buckskin to a halt, his trained ear interpreted the well-known time that was beaten from the tom-tom; it was the gambling note. That was the Indians all over; when drunk to squat on the ground in a circle, a blanket between them to hide the guessing bean, and one of their number beating an exciting tattoo from the skin-covered hoop, ceasing his flagellation at times to tighten the sagging skin by the heat of a fire.

Carney slipped from the buckskin's back, stripped the saddle off, picketed the horse, and stretched himself on the turf, muttering as he drifted into quick slumber: "The cold gray light of morning is the birth time of the yellow streak—I'll tackle them then."

The sun was flicking the upper benches of the Vermillion Range when Carney opened his eyes. He sat up and watched the golden light leap down the mountain side from crag to crag as the fount of all this liquid gold climbed majestically the eastern sky.

As Carney stood up the buckskin canted to his feet. Bulldog laid his cheek against the soft mouse-colored nose, and said: "Patsy, old boy, it's business first this morning—we'll eat afterwards; though you've had a fair snack of this jolly buffalo grass, I see from your tummy."

The tom-tom was still troubling the morning air, and the crackle of two or three gunshots came down the valley.

As Carney saddled the buckskin he tried to formulate a plan. There was nothing to plan about; he had no clue to where he might find Platt—that part of it was all chance. Failing to locate the Sergeant he must go on and play his hand alone against the Stonies.

AS he rode, the trail wound along the flat bank of a little lake that was like an oval turquoise set in platinum and dull gold. Beyond it skirted the lake's feeder, a rippling stream that threw cascades of pearl tints and sapphire as it splashed over and against the stubborn rocks. From beyond, on the far side, floated down from green fir-clad the haunting melody of a French-Canadian song. It was like riding into a valley of peace; and just around the bend were the droning tom-toms. As Carney rounded the bend in the trail he could see the smoke-stained tepees of the Stonies.

At that instant the valley was filled with the vocal turmoil of yelping, snarling dogs, the pack dogs of the Indians.

At first Carney thought that he was the incentive to this demonstration; but a quick searching look discovered a khaki-clad figure on a bay police horse, taking a ford of the shallow stream. It was Sergeant Jerry Platt, all alone save for a half-breed scout that trailed behind.

Pandemonium broke loose in the Indian encampment. Half-naked bucks swarmed in and out among the tepees like rabbits in a muskeg; some of them still groggy, pitched headlong over a root, or a stone. Many of them raced for their hobbled ponies, and clambered to their backs. Two or three had rushed from their tepees, Winchester in hand, and when they saw the policeman banged at the unoffending sky in the way of bravado.

Carney shook up his mount, and at a smart canter reached the Sergeant just as his horse came up to the level of the trail fifty yards short of the camp.

Platt's shoulder had been roughly bandaged by the guide, and his left arm was bound across his chest in the way of a sling. The Sergeant's face, that yesterday had been the genial, merry face of Jerry, was drawn and haggard; grim determination had buried the boyishness that many had said would never leave him. His blue eyes warmed out of their dreadful cold tired fixity, and his voice essayed some of the old-time recklessness as he called: "Hello, Bulldog. What in the name of lost mavericks are you doing here—collecting?"

"Came to give you a hand, Jerry."

"A hand, Bulldog?"

"That's the palaver, Jerry. Somebody ran me in the news of this"—he swept an arm toward the tepees—"and I've ridden all night to help bust this hellery. Heard on the trail you'd got pinked."

"Not much—just through the flesh. A couple of drunken lumberjacks potted me from cover. I've been over at the Company's shacks, but I'm pretty sure they've taken cover with the Indians. I'll get them if they're here. But I've

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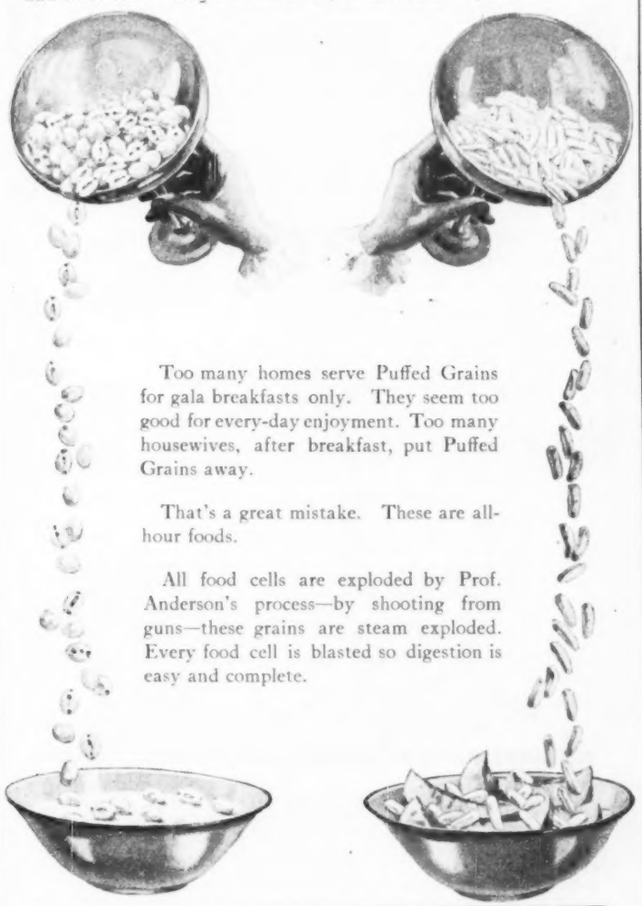
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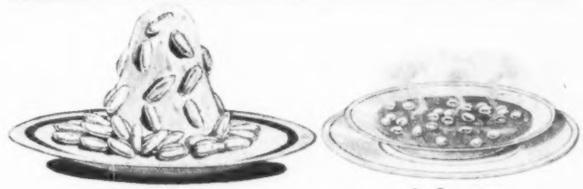
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got to herd these bronc-headed bucks back to the reserve."

"They'll put up an argument, Sergeant."

"I expect it; but it's got to be done. They'll go back, or Corporal McBane will get a promotion—he's next in line to Jerry Platt."

"Good stuff, Jerry, I'll—"

"Pss-s-ing!"

BULLDOG'S statement of what he would do was cut short by the whining moan of a bullet cutting the air above their heads. A little cloud of white smoke was spiraling up from the door of a tepee.

"That's bluff," Jerry grunted.

"We've got to move in, Jerry—if we hesitate after that they'll buzz like flies. If you start kicking an Indian off the lot, keep him moving. I'm under your command; I've swern myself in, a special; but I know Standing Bear well, and if you'll allow it, I'll make a powwow. But I'm in it to the finish, boy."

"Thanks, Bulldog"—they were moving along at a steady walk of the horses toward the tepees—; "but you know our way—you've got to stand a heil of a lot of dirt; if you don't, Bulldog, and start anything, you'll make me wish you hadn't come. It's better to get wiped out than be known as having lost our heads. D'you get it?"

"I'm on, Jerry."

Carney knew Standing Bear's tepee; it was larger than the others; on its moose-skin cover was painted his caste mark, something meant to represent a huge-toothed grizzley.

But everything animate in the camp was now focused on their advent. The old men of wisdom, the half-naked bucks, squaws, dogs, ponies, it was a shifting, interminably twisting kaleidoscope of gaudy, draggled, vociferous creatures.

A little dry laugh issued from Jerry's lips, and he grunted: "Some circus, Bulldog. Keep an eye skinned that those two, skulking Frenchmen don't slip from a tepee."

Standing Bear stood in front of his tepee. He was a big, fine-looking Indian. Over his strong Sioux-like features hovered a half-drunken gravity. In one hand he held an eagle's wing, token of chieftainship, and the other hand rested suggestively upon the butt of a .45 revolver.

Carney knew enough Stoney to make himself understood, for he had hunted much with the tribe.

"Ho, Chief of the mighty hunters," he greeted.

"Why does the Redcoat come?" And Standing Bear indicated the Sergeant with a sweep of the eagle wing.

"We come as friends to Chief Standing Bear," Carney answered.

"Huh, that is good. The trail is open; now you may pass."

"Not so, Chief," Carney answered softly. "Harm has been done. Two white men, with evil in their hearts against the police of the Great White Mother, whose children the Stonies are, have wounded one of her Redcoat soldiers; and also the White Mother has sent a message by her Redcoat that Standing Bear is to take his braves back to the reserve."

At this the bucks, who had been listening impatiently, broke into a clamor of defiance; the high-pitched battle cry of "hi-yi, yi-yi, yi-hi!" rose from fifty throats. The mounted braves swirled their ponies, driving them with quirt and heel in a mad pony war dance. Half-a-dozen times the lean racing cayuse bumped into the mounts of the two white men.

Running Antelope, a Stoney whose always evil face had been made horrible by the sweep of a bear's claws, raced his pony, chest on, against the buckskin, thrust his ugly visage almost into Carney's face, and spat.

Bulldog wiped it off with the barrel of his gun, then dropped the gun back into its holster, saying quietly: "Some day, Running Antelope, I'll cover that stain with your blood."

The Sergeant sat as stolid as a bronze statue.

The squaws stood in groups either side the Chief's tepee, and hurled foul epithets at the two white men. Little copper-skinned imps threw handfuls of sand, and gravel, and bits of turf.

The dogs howled and snapped as they skulked amongst their red masters.

"We will not go back to the reserve, Bulldog," the Chief said with solemn dignity, and held the eagle wing above his head; "it is the time of our hunt, and a new treaty has been made that we go to the hunt when the payment is made. Of the two pale faces that have done evil I know not."

"They are here in the tepees," Bulldog declared.

"The tepees are the homes of my tribe, and what is there is there. Go back while the trail is open, Bulldog, you and the Redcoat; my braves may do harm if you remain."

"Chief, we are blood brothers—was it not so spoken?"

"Standing Bear has said that it is so, Bulldog."

"And Standing Bear said that when his white brother asked a gift Standing Bear would hear the words of his brother."

"Standing Bear said that, Bulldog."

"Then, Chief, Bulldog askes the favor, not for himself, but for the good of Standing Bear and his braves."

"What asks the Bulldog of Standing Bear?"

"That he give into the hand of the White Mother's Redcoat the two *moneas*, the Frenchmen; and that he strike the tepees and command the squaws to load them on the travois, and lead the braves back to the reserve."

Running Antelope pushed himself between Carney and the Chief, and in rapid, fierce language denounced this request to Standing Bear.

A ringing whoop of approval from the bucks greeted Antelope's harangue.

"My braves will not go back to the reserve, Bulldog," the Chief declared.

"Is Standing Bear Chief of the Stonies?" Carney asked; "or is he an old outcast buffalo bull—and does the herd follow Running Antelope?"

The Chief's face twisted with the shock of this thrust, and Running Antelope scowled and flashed a hunting knife from his belt.

"If Standing Bear is Chief of the Stonies, the White Mother's Redcoat asks him to deliver the two evil *moneas!*" Carney added.

Standing Bear seemed to waver; his yellow-streaked, black pointed eyes swept back and forth from the faces of the white men to the faces of the braves.

In a few rapid words Carney explained to Sergeant Platt the situation, saying: "Now is the test, Jerry. We've got to act. I've a hunch the two men you want are in that old blackguard's tepee. Shall I carry out something I mean to do?"

"Don't strike an Indian, Bulldog; don't wound one; anything else goes. If they start shooting, go to it—then we'll fight to the finish."

The Sergeant pulled out his watch, saying: "Give them five minutes to strike the tepee, that may cow them. We've got to keep going."

Standing Bear saw the watch, and asked: "What medicine does the Redcoat make?"

Carney explained that the Sergeant gave him five minutes to strike his tepee as a sign to the others.

"And if Standing Bear says that talk is not good talk, that a Chief of the Stonies is not a dog to be driven from his hunting, what will the Redcoat do?" the Chief asked haughtily.

But Carney simply answered: "Bulldog is the friend of Standing Bear, his blood brother, but at the end of five minutes Bulldog and the White Mother's soldier will lead the Stonies back to the reserve."

A silence followed this; the dreadful heaviness of a sudden stilling of the tumult, for the Chief, raising his eagle wing had commanded silence.

"Standing Bear will wait to see the medicine making of the Redcoat," he said to Carney.

ONE minute, two minutes, three minutes, four minutes; the two men sat their horses facing the sullen redskins. A thrilling exhilaration was tingling the nerves of Carney; a test such as this lifted him. And Jerry, as

brave as Bulldog, sat throned on his duty, waiting, patient—but it *must* be.

"The five minutes are up," he said quietly.

Carney seemed toying with his lariat idly as he answered: "Put your watch back in your pocket, Jerry, and command, in the Queen's name, Standing Bear to strike his tepee. The authority game, old boy. I'll interpret, and if he doesn't obey I'm going to pull his shack down. Does that go?"

"It does, and the Lord be with us."

Jerry dropped the watch dramatically into his pocket, raised his voice in solemn declamation, and Carney interpreted the command.

The Chief seemed to waver; his eyes were shifty, like the eyes of a wolf that hesitates between a charge and a skulk away.

"Speak," Carney commanded: "tell your braves to strike their tepees."

"Go back on the trail, Bulldog."

STANDING BEAR'S words were cut short by the zipp of a rope; from Carney's right hand the lariat floated up like the loosening coils of a snake, the noose settled down over the keypole, at a pull of the rein the little buckskin raced backward, and the tepee collapsed to earth like a pricked balloon.

The extraordinary, unlooked-for event had the effect of a sudden, vivid shaft of lightning from out a troubled sky. Half paralyzed the Indians stood in gasping suspense, and into the Chief's clever brain flashed the knowledge that all his bluff had failed, that he must yield or take the awful consequence of thrusting his little tribe into a war with the great nation of the palefaces; he must yield or kill, and to kill a Redcoat on duty, or even Bulldog, a paleface who had not struck a tribesman, meant the dreaded punishment of hanging.

The god of chance took the matter out of his hands.

From the entangling folds of the skin tepee two swarthy, flannel-shirt white men wriggled like badgers escaping from a hole, and stood up gazing about in bewilderment. One of them had drawn a gun, and in the hand of the other was a vicious knife.

Sergeant Jerry drew a pair of handcuffs from a pocket, and pushed his way forward to cut off the retreat of the Frenchmen, commanding: "You are under arrest—hands up!"

As he spoke, with an ugly oath the man with the gun fired. The report was echoed by the crack of Carney's gun and the Frenchman's hand dropped to his side, his pistol clattering to earth.

Sergeant Jerry threw the handcuffs to the man with the knife, saying sharply: "Shackle yourself by the right wrist to the left wrist of your companion."

The man hesitated, sweeping with his vicious eyes the band of the cowed Indians.

One look at the gun in Carney's hands and muttering, "Sacre! dem damn Injuns is coward dogs!" he picked up the chained rings and snapped them on his mate's wrists and his own.

Carney turned to Standing Bear who stood pertified by the rapidity of events.

"Chief," he said, "with these white outcasts the way is different, they are evil; the Indians are children of the White Mother."

The wily old Chief quickly repudiated the two Frenchmen; he could see that the policeman and Bulldog were not to be bluffed.

"If the two *moneas* have broken the law, take them," he said magnanimously; "but tell the Redcoat that Standing Bear and his tribe will go from here up into the hills for the hunt, for to return to the reserve would bring hunger to the Stonies when the white rain lies on the ground. Ask the Redcoat to say that this is good, that we may go quickly, and the evil be at an end."

Carney conveyed this to Jerry. It was perhaps the better way, he advised, for the breaking up of the hunt, during which they laid in a stock of meat for the winter, and skins and furs, would be a distinct hardship.

"You can take the prisoners in, Sergeant," Carney said, "and I'll stay with Standing Bear till they're up in the mountains away from the lumberjacks."

"They must destroy any whisky they have," Jerry declared.

This the Chief agreed to do.

In half an hour the tepees were all down, packed on the poled travois, blankets and bundles were strapped to the backs of the dogs, and in a straggling line the Stonies were heading for the hills.

Toward the east the two Frenchmen, linked together, plodded sullenly over the trail, and behind them rode Sergeant Jerry and his half-breed scout.

The White Eagle at Niagara Camp

Continued from Page 25

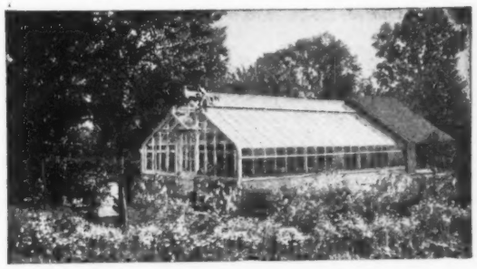
IT must be said frankly that the good people of Niagara had misgivings when they learned that an army of Poles was to be mobilized in their midst. They had heard of affrays in the streets, of shooting, of blood-lettings at midnight, of many terrible things amongst foreigners. Perhaps such might come to pass in their peaceful town. But such did not. There was not in the entire history of the camp a case of real fighting or violence. At the termination of the Polish occupation the local newspaper could say, with the whole-hearted approval of the townspeople, that in the history of Niagara there had never been a more orderly camp, or a more courteous or well-conducted body of men.

There were many good people who in the early days of the camp manifested great concern at the massing of great numbers of so-called alien enemies on Canadian soil. Were we not bringing in thousands of German and Austrian citizens under a thin Polish disguise? No! Once a Pole, always a Pole. The men who chanced to be born in that part of Poland that was filched by Germany or by Austria could never be Germans or Austrians; they are always and forever Poles. Besides, most of the recruits came from the territory of a fallen ally. Approximately sixty-two per cent. were born in Russian Poland, thirty-two per cent. in Austrian Poland, and but three per cent. in German Poland. The practical absence of suspected disloyalty is seen in the fact that of the 22,400 recruits received, only five were discharged as undesirable.

One does not need to write of Polish patriotism. There is not in all history a more stirring example of devotion to an ideal than that of the people of Poland who have kept the national soul alive and glowing for a hundred and twenty-three years without the support of a bodily existence. It is in this spirit that men gave up good jobs in their adopted country, and for less than half the daily pay that they might have received in the United States army, with no separation allowance for their families and no guaranteed pension, pledged themselves to fight on foreign fields for a country that existed only in the mind and heart.

THE test of service on the French front has shown the Polish army to possess the fighting spirit that lent lustre to the names of Kosciuszko, Dombrowski and Jozef Poniatowski. For several months the first division was actively engaged in the army of General Gouraud in the sector immediately east of Rheims, and the list of decorations awarded members of this force for distinguished service is a warranty that much may be expected of it when it reaches its longed-for objective.

The impression of those who witnessed the event of the Polish occupation will inevitably be dimmed with the passage of time, but there is at least one lasting physical memento. Beneath a cross in the cemetery of St. Vincent de Paul at Niagara, there rest twenty-five young men, who, as wrote the good Father Rydlewski in the inscription, "Gave their lives for Poland."



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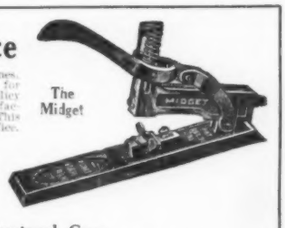
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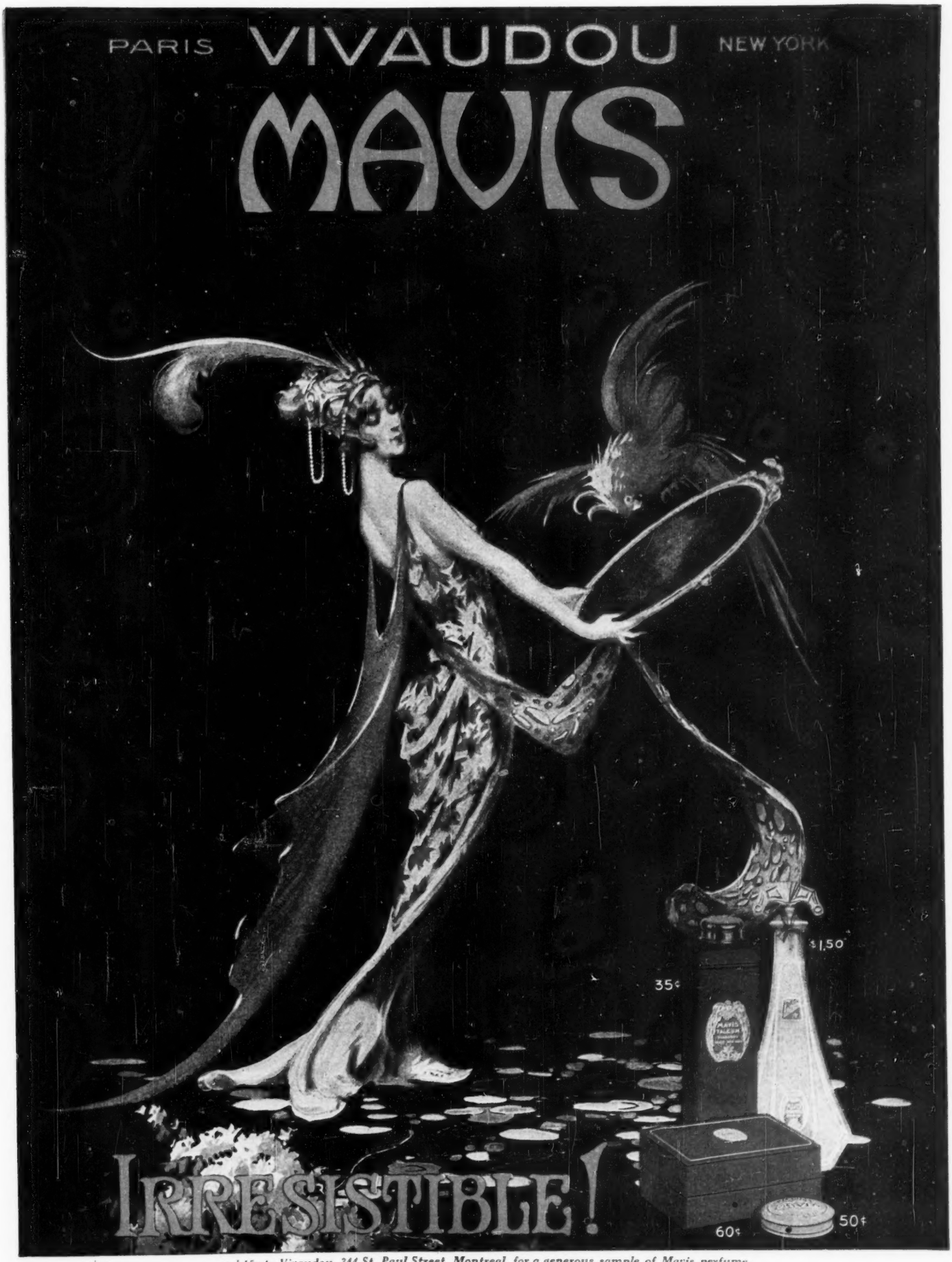
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You'll find Chiclets welcome everywhere. Why? The dainty size and shape; the delightful candy-coating of peppermint; the wholesome goodness of the gum inside.

Chiclets are sold everywhere---ten for 5c.---and in the 25 cents Week-End Box, which is the right packet to take home to the family.

MADE IN CANADA

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"How soft and warm, Mother!"

"Clydella" Flannel
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is a fabric that will appeal to the woman who makes clothing for herself and the family.

"Clydella" is a soft flannel of fine texture that *will not* shrink in washing. The company guarantees this. Made by the manufacturers of "Viyella."

"Clydella" has a multitude of uses. For women's blouses, underclothes, waists, pajamas, nightgowns and children's wear. Also smartly fashioned into men's shirts by custom shirt manufacturers.

"Clydella" is imported from England for those who want a superior dependable fabric of beautiful appearance and that will give long service.

"Clydella" keeps the skin dry by readily absorbing and radiating moisture. You, of course, realize how desirable this is.

"Clydella" is now being stocked by leading dealers. If you have any difficulty in obtaining ***"Clydella"*** write us for name of nearest dealer. The genuine material has a detachable selvage label every few yards.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY, LTD.
(OF LONDON, ENGLAND)
28 Wellington Street West, TORONTO, Canada

45 East 17th Street DAY & NIGHT WEAR Trade Mark Reg'd New York City

Where Women Have No Names

Formerly, Women Had No Moral Existence in Korea—Now They Go to School Until Thirty

THE Rt. Rev. Bishop Frodsham, writing in the "Fortnightly" on Korean life, and Japanese colonizing influence there, forecasts a bright future for "The Land of Morning Calm" under Nipponese stimulus. In vivid contrast with the present, he recalls that it is not so long since women in Korea were exceedingly down-trodden and ignored. He writes:

The French missionaries, who knew most of the social life of old Cho-sen, constantly maintained that according to Korean philosophy a woman had no moral existence. She was an instrument of work or a bauble of pleasure, but never a comrade, still less an equal. She had not even a name. In childhood she had a surname by which she was known in her own family. To all other she was 'the sister' of such a one, or 'the daughter' of so-and-so. After marriage she became entirely nameless. Her own parents spoke of her by the district into which she was married, her parents-in-law by the village from which she came. When she bore male children she became 'the mother' of her son. If she was luckless enough to be haled before the magistrate, in order to save time and trouble, she received a court name under which she was tried and acquitted or condemned. Could anything be more illuminative of the great gulf between East and West than this statement, which must be accepted as accurate? None the less, women have many ways of making their authority felt besides through the franchise. Bishop Corfe used to maintain to me stoutly that many a Korean male who lorded it in the open streets was compelled to sink his crest at home. The grim faces of the old ladies and their sturdy frames—united to what I had heard of the murdered Empress' methods with her political opponents—made me inclined to accept this witness without reserve. Besides, was it not a Far Western observer of human nature who said that the sauciest man in the world was the henpecked husband away from home?

Very early in the day Japanese efforts at reform began to benefit Korean women. In annulling the traditional custom of the men being clad only in white robes, the women were delivered from a life of continuous laundry work. In stopping the picturesque custom of the woman's hour in Seoul—when at the clanging of the great bell the ladies walked abroad and the men, under penalty of being smacked with paddles, stayed at home—a blow was struck at the mischievous conventions which hid beneath a cloak of protection a deep contempt of women. To the Japanese also women must credit the repeal of the unjust law that the wife and children of a criminal must share his fate. The honor of beginning the work of education must be given to the Christian missionaries. When the Sisters of St. Peter, an Anglican community, first began their work, not only was no woman allowed to be seen in public, but only a few of the highest rank were considered capable of learning letters. Under Japanese rule education for women is far more than playing at school, and what will English educationists think of a system which includes the extension of women's education to the age of thirty? And yet this is literally the case. What will happen to the products of this system when they leave school simply staggers the imagination of those who have seen the Korean houses and have wondered at the strange conventionalities of Korean life. One thing is certain. Old Korea, if it has not already vanished, is fast fading away.

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is a most satisfactory beverage. Fine flavor and aroma and it is healthful.

Well made cocoa contains nothing that is harmful and much that is beneficial.

It is practically all nutrition.

Choice Recipe book free.

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Neave's Food

Thousands of Mothers, in all parts of the world, have borne testimony to the value of this Infants' food; the standard in England for 90 years.

It is the oldest, best, and still the cheapest. It has always obtained the highest award when tested in competition with other Infants' Foods.

It obtained the **GOLD MEDAL** in London in 1900 and 1906; in Liverpool in 1914, and in Paris.

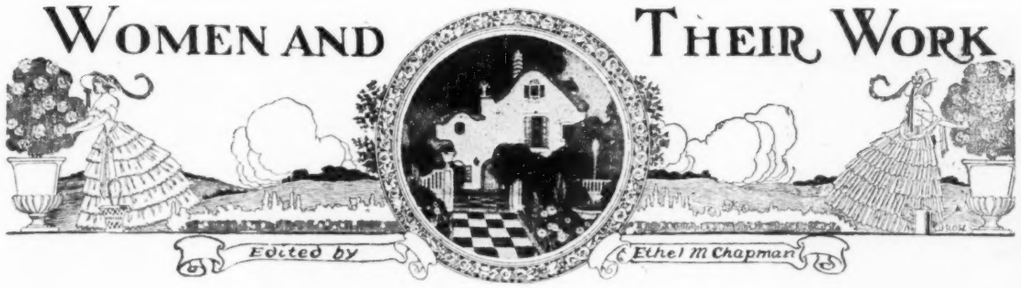
At the CHILDREN'S WELFARE EXHIBITION in London in 1914, it was awarded the **GOLD MEDAL for THE HEALTHIEST FOOD FOR BABIES.**

On 9th Dec., 1915, Mrs. Wolstenholme, of 277 Lappin Avenue, Toronto, writes: "I am pleased to say that Neave's Food has done wonders for our little boy. We tried many others, but none did so well."

Neave's Food is sold in 1-lb. tins by all druggists.

FREE TO MOTHERS—Write for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of our book, "Hints About Baby," to the Canadian Agent,

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Canada's First Woman Alderman

By Mrs. W. J. GALE

The city of Calgary has the first woman alderman in the Dominion, the first woman acting mayor in the Empire. At our special request, Mrs. Gale tells her own story. It's an inspiration.

I HAVE been an Alderman of this City for the past eighteen months, and at the time of writing I am also Acting Mayor.

I am an Englishwoman, born in Worcestershire, and was educated at the Proprietary School for Girls, Dudley. I married, in 1901, William John Gale, civil engineer, and came with him to Calgary direct from England, in 1912, bringing my two sons. I was then a very conservative woman, was not particularly interested in woman's suffrage, but the wrong conditions prevailing here forced me to take action.

I was struck with what to me appeared the absurdly high price of land in what seemed to me the small town of Calgary. We arrived at the height of the boom, there were no houses to be rented and we had to buy a house to get a roof over our heads. I looked with suspicion on the fever, the gambling spirit, of the real estate dealers. I looked around for industries, mills, something stable behind the city and could find very few. I could not understand the poor quality and the fearfully high price of vegetables—with millions of acres of unsurveyed land in the Province we poor emigrants were compelled to pay a quarter for two or three mouldy carrots, a quarter for a miserable, frost-bitten cabbage, which would be only fed to cows in the Old Country. Then I watched a friend of mine grow English vegetables, white turnips, etc., on her husband's ranch, and looked on while she vainly visited all the stores in Calgary to find a purchaser, but all the merchants had contracts with British Columbia growers which they could not break to encourage the settlers of their own Province. This short-sightedness surprised me greatly—also the want of control of the real estate boom exhibited by the Government of the city; so that when the first Consumers' League was organized here you can readily understand that I took the work of establishing a Municipal Market where small producers could find purchasers for their products.

A fighting spirit, which was engendered absolutely, by the necessities of this undertaking remains with me to this day, and gives me courage to dare to oppose a full Council of men when occasion arises.

In getting legislation for the market I was more than ever impressed with the fact that the Province must depend for its development on its agriculture. So I used to meet the members of our City Board of Health to get regulations eliminated from the Health Act to encourage the small producers, and meet the Aldermen of the Legislative Committee to get by-laws made and amended. On several of these occasions, when pleading with reactionary business men, I remarked: "Why do we not elect women with vision? We could get there so much quicker." But I never imagined in those days that we ever should dream of doing such an audacious thing. Together with the Consumers' League work I worked as a member of the Board of the Vacant Lots Garden Club trying to dispel the prevailing wrong impression, that Alberta could not grow vegetables to equal her sister Province, British Columbia. That absurd fallacy now is finally dispelled, and I look back with feelings of great pleasure to a potato lunch, which the Consumers' League had as an inauguration to a Potato Exhibition at the City Market, and to which we invited Senator Lougheed, Dr. Rutherford, the Mayor and Commissioners and members of the City Council. I also look back with pleasure to a flower sale inaugurated in September, 1917. The flowers were grown on



Mrs. Gale, a woman with a far-seeing mind, practical executive ability and gracious personality—the kind of woman we need in public affairs.

the vacant lots, were auctioned by R. P. Bennett, Esq., and netted almost $800.00 for the Patriotic Fund of the Province, proving also the artistic value of the vacant lot.

MANY were the tales of misery and unhappiness told me by Old Country women, when I came out, of the hardships endured on lonely homesteads; and the injustice and criminal shortsightedness on the part of the various Governments rankles in me still. Old Country women, in many cases delicately nurtured, had been induced to move and settle with no doctor for thirty miles, in some cases more—no provision whatever, for the coming of the first baby. Compare that with the Government's care for the raising of stock, the providing of the Veterinary Surgeon free of cost to the farmer to attend at the delivery of the foal, regardless of the distance from town. I heard of the death of many mothers for want of a doctor or the lack of skill of the attending doctor. Can anyone wonder that I am an ardent suffragette to-day?

I took to my next work as Secretary of the Free Public Hospitals League, with an enthusiasm and a sympathetic knowledge engendered by what seemed to me such wrong conditions. I worked for Hospitals as free as the Public School System and preached that the health of the community should be the first duty of the State. To-day, Alberta leads in progressive health legislation.

My next activity was the organizing of the first and only Women's Ratepayers' Association in the Dominion. At this time I was president of St. Mark's Guild. I am an Anglican, and I found that I could deal with more progressive matters in my Ratepayers' Association than in the Church Guild. For instance, I could call a meeting to hear the candidates for the Dominion Parliament as a president of Ratepayers' Association, but hardly as president of a Church Guild. I could take a much more active interest in elections. *I belong to no Party and feel that women should be independent of all Party ties and Party Politics.* We should be free lances, steering our course by the righteousness and justice of the questions before us. We should be perfectly disinterested, and we could then be of untold benefit in raising the tone of public service, which is generally conceded to be badly in need of such elevation. And here I want to urge, to plead, with women who have the leisure and qualifications, to offer themselves for election on all the governing bodies throughout the Dominion. I was very pleased to see that Frederic Wright, the Editor of the *Canadian Municipal Journal*, points out the great opportunities that await women in municipal offices. He wrote, "In the many schemes for reconstruction that have been and are being discussed, very little has been said about the women, only so far as they may, or may not, be helpful to schemes in which men are the guiding spirits. The war, however, has brought out the fact that in executive and organizing ability, women have proved themselves the equal of men, so that when the question is asked: "Are women fitted to do their full part during the reconstruction period,' there can be only an answer in the affirmative. One could say that our women folk must take a prominent and definite part in the social welfare of Canada to-day, if their children are to become citizens of no mean country."

AND it is in municipal work that the women who have done such splendid war work can show what the country can do in peace work. To me, municipal work has always meant, not just levying and collecting taxes, policing the streets, constructing sewers—but to give service—to fulfil my duty to my neighbors, to discharge my share of responsibility towards the social welfare of the citizens, the health of the community, the full protection, and safe-



Perfect Foot Comfort for Growing Boys and Girls

See that your children wear these shoes regularly. They are made to protect the growing feet of children 3 to 14 years of age.



They keep the foot bones straight. They protect tender muscles — prevent fallen arches, weak ankles, enlarged joints and other serious foot ills.

Chums REGISTERED

SHOES

Are broad-toed. They give perfect freedom to all five toes. There are no nails to bruise the foot. The stitching is placed so it cannot touch the foot.

The sole yields to the foot-muscles and it is extremely durable. The heel is low and wide.

The dealer who sells Chums shoes for growing children is a good man to know. Write to-day for the name of the nearest dealer and for other information regarding the perfect shoe.

Charles A. AHRENS Limited
KITCHENER, ONT.



Her Mouth Is Growing Old

STILL young—but her mouth is growing old. The pretty lips are losing their youthful contour. They are taking on the look of withered age.

"Pyorrhea," says her dentist. A long neglected case. The gums are shrunken and receding—the teeth loosening, and decaying fast.

Pyorrhea is a preventable disease. Take proper care of your gums and teeth and you will not have it.

Forhan's for the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary tooth pastes and powders cannot do this.

If you have tender, bleeding gums (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) start to use Forhan's immediately. Then watch that bleeding stop, and the tenderness disappear.

But better still, don't wait for symptoms. End the trouble before it begins. Keep Pyorrhea, its disfigurements and train of dangerous ills away by using Forhan's for the Gums. It makes the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in Canada and United States. At all druggists.

Forhan's, Ltd., 307 St. James St., Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

guarding of the public morals. The welfare of my neighbors' sons and daughters is part of my duty; to see justice dealt to everyone, the erring ones as well as the others, and encouragement given to the making of good citizens of these erring ones, and a woman can do so much if she only will, to see that the school system does its full share in making and moulding Canadians that we shall be proud of.

When I come to the closing years of my life I want to feel that I have helped to establish in this nation a standard of public service which will go down through the ages as equalling or surpassing the traditions of the older countries. This is work for woman and I am sorry to say, there is great need of it.



Mrs. Gale's sons.

I maintain that no man or woman should stand for election who has not some knowledge of the Labor situation of Canada. For two years I was treasurer of Calgary Forum, attending Sunday after Sunday to listen to the many speakers and so developed great sympathy with and understanding of the so-called labor movement in dealing with our civic employees, wage schedules, and working conditions, I gained understanding and sympathy, which I maintain should be the part and parcel of the make-up of every person on every governing body, if we are to come through this present crisis in the labor movement without more bloodshed and misery and injustice.

The Free Hospital movement here and the opposition placed in the way of it by the conservative members of the Medical Association, taught me a great deal. I regard in much the same way the opposing forces in the labor movement, independent women can do a great deal to help forward the obtaining of justice and a square deal to labor. We women in our Women's Council are already pledged to protect women in industry, to prevent child labor, to obtain equal pay for equal work irrespective of sex. We can accomplish work along these lines so much more speedily by being on the legislative bodies of our country and if, in this long ramble which I have written at the request of the Editor, I have been able to convince women of the need and the desirability of women preparing themselves to shoulder their full responsibilities side by side with the men, I shall have accomplished my object.

NOW I come to my work as an Alderman. The work I found arduous at first and it necessitated as many as four days a week continuously. There was much to learn and understand, but I love the work. Now problems arise each week on which one concentrates, keeping up a never failing interest.

I have, in all the eighteen months, missed only one regular Council meeting and that was last summer when I was away with my family on our yearly vacation. During the first six months of this year we had twenty-six regular and special meetings of the Council and I have attended about thirty Committee meetings in addition. I have served on the Special Hospital Committee, the regular Reception Committee and the Fair Price Enquiry Committee. We have held long examinations inquiring into the price of boots and shoes, clothing, and meat, and have requested a full public examination into the price of meat before a Judge and two Commissioners, one representing the particular article under enquiry and one representing labor or the consumer. I am the only member of the Advisory Committee of the Market, which work has demanded a great deal of time. I am strongly in favor of municipalization of the retailing and wholesaling of all food commodities.

We carry on a commission business, selling produce consigned to the market from all parts of the Province, but there is room for a much greater development of business, and until we have more women in the Council, I do not expect that much more will be done along that line.

My duties as Acting Mayor consist of taking the place of the Mayor if he should be ill or away from the city. I have a full sense of the responsibility of an Alderman and have conscientiously tried to do my duty to all the citizens—to all classes. If I am in doubt, I always decide on what I consider is the greatest good to the greatest number. So far all my work has been honorary.

Calgary does not pay any salary or grant any remuneration to its Aldermen.

Who Killed the Children?

By Dr. HELEN MacMURCHY

THIRTY lives, mostly children's lives, were lost in Toronto through automobile accidents, from January 1st to August 8th, 1919, according to one of Toronto evening papers of August 9, 1919.

Thirty homes desolate—thirty graves opened—thirty Canadian careers untimely closed—the hopes of Canada for thirty of her citizens—in that one Canadian city—buried in these graves.

Motors we must have. They are a necessity in modern life. This is not an attack upon motors. But who killed the children?

Of these thirty Canadians twenty-four were children under thirteen.

Twenty-four Children Killed By Automobiles in Toronto This Year

From August to December, 1919, at that rate, there will probably be sixteen more children killed. Forty children killed by motors in Toronto in one year!

"It would appear that in the majority of cases, the children were themselves to blame, as only in a few instances have the police found sufficient evidence to lay a charge against the motorists and it is rare for these charges to be upheld in court.

It is estimated that nearly a hundred youngsters have been more or less injured by automobiles, as rarely a day passes but what a child is run down by a car. In many cases the child is with his or her parents when the accident occurs. In quite a few instances, the victim has suddenly broken away fram the mother and tried to cross the road, only to run directly in front of a car.

Playing on streets much frequented by traffic is also responsible for a large number of these accidents, while stealing a ride on vehicles has caused numerous accidents. Police officials say that the only way to prevent these unfortunate occurrences is to educate the children, impress upon them the dangers they incur on city streets unless they exercise caution."—*Press Report.*

Another Picture

There is another picture in the Book of the Prophet Zachariah, "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

We are almost educated up to the point where the rails of the Street Railway Track spell "Danger." We do not linger over the two steps, or three steps at most, which carry us over these rails.

Tetlow's Pussywillow Face Powder



ARE you missing the delightful charm of Pussywillow?

The finest complexion powder produced by the house of Henry Tetlow in fifty years.

Sifted through silk, transparent, adherent, charming odor. Made in white, flesh, pink, cream and brunette.

Free Sample on Request
(State Shade Wanted)

Pussywillow Talc de Luxe, delightfully different.

Pussywillow Powder Tablets White and Flesh.

Pussywillow Rouge, Dark, Medium and Rose.

Pussywillow Toilet Cream.

The name of Henry Tetlow is on each box—look for it.

HENRY TETLOW CO.
Est. 1849
Makers of Pussywillow Dry Shampoo
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BOOK ON
Dog Diseases
AND
How to Feed
Mailed free to any address by the Author

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
118 West 31st Street
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

No one disregards the gong on which the motorman stamps his foot. To the double ring of the conductor's bell our ears are well attuned. But it would seem that our education is not complete. We must teach ourselves and our children that the only safe place for us is the foot-passenger's portion of the highway—the sidewalk. Crossing a thoroughfare in safety from one such sidewalk to another is something of a feat. There are few days when, if we are honest, we should not say to ourselves, "I was not quite careful enough." "I should have been more careful." "I must be more careful."

Teaching the Children

For those in charge of children—and this means you—there is something more to remember, and something more to learn. It would be well for our friends the Psychologists and Psychiatrists and Intelligence Testers to see if they could not make one more Revision of the Binet-Simon Tests and inform us as to the Mental Age of the child who can be safely trusted to cross a city street alone. All these twenty-four children that Toronto mourns were under thirteen years of age. It is an imperative duty for those in charge of children to teach them the tremendous danger of the open roadway. When you walk with them on the street, they should be placed on that side of you which is farthest from the roadway, and from their earliest years, with the same care and assiduity that we teach them not to touch dangerous or hurtful things, we should teach them not to stray on to the roadway but to keep their feet on the sidewalk.

There are children on the streets today who make a play of daring motorists, as it were. Everyone knows how ill-behaved children will dart out in front of a motor—pretend to be frightened—and laugh at the inconvenience and alarm they cause to the motorists, thinking it a great joke. How would it do to give this child, thus escaping uninjured, a free ride to its home in the motor, get the name and address of the parents and give this information to the Juvenile Court or the Children's Aid Society, so that the parents might be summoned for the neglect of their children? If this is not neglect, what is? It is contributory negligence which may cause the death of the child. Some of these twenty-four children lost their lives through the neglect of their parents.

Any city or town might pass a by-law in regard to the parents of children who thus mis-conduct themselves. By-laws have been passed before now for which there was less need than there is for this one. And when this by-law is being considered, perhaps it would be a good plan to prohibit "stealing rides" and riding on a bicycle with one hand on the mudguard of a motor or on the hand rail of a street car. Lives are lost just in these ways.

What We Can Do

Mary's mother is sick in bed, and ten-year-old Mary had to go to the grocer's to get some milk for her mother and baby. The milkman forgot to call and there is no one but Mary to go for the milk. When she "stands on the roadway or on the pavement gray," with palpitating heart, trying to cross carefully, do you have a care for her and go and cross beside her, so as to shield her from harm? All day you will feel better for such a little good deed "in the deep heart's core."

Could we not have a few back streets in Toronto closed to motors for certain hours so that the children could play there? More playgrounds would be better still.

If you are driving your motor, and see curly-headed five-year-old John playing joyously on the pavement before his father's door, with his back to the road, running hither and thither with shouts of glee, please remember that little John's joy in play has rendered him deaf and blind to all else. He does not know yet what danger is. Do you protect him? You are the only

Travel with a GABLE-END TRUNK

Clothes packed in it will arrive without Creases or Wrinkles



The worries of packing, unpacking or calling a tailor when your destination is reached are eliminated.

All compartments in Gable-End Wardrobe Trunks are made under proper measurements. Everything that is needed upon a trip has been considered and a place made for it. The most inexperienced can pack a Gable-End Trunk in fifteen minutes.

Let us send you our illustrated booklet with complete information — a card will bring it.

These trunks made subject to railway specifications. Sold by all good dealers.



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Look Young!! A Fresh, Lovely Skin

A woman's attractiveness lies in her complexion. Skin defects of all non-infectious kinds are successfully treated by our methods, proved by twenty-five years' experience. If you cannot call at the Institute for consultation or treatment, write us and we will send you the proper preparations, with full instructions for use at home. Consultation FREE. Communications confidential.

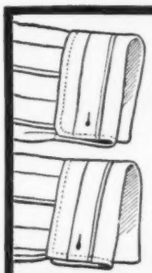
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Turned Out

Turned In



Returned Men!

This is NEW. Invented While You Were Overseas

Clever, isn't it?

No one thought it possible to design a cuff that would fold as neat and flat when turned in as when turned out.

But it has been done.

Now when the cuff of your W. G. & R. shirt gets soiled, you turn the other side of the Double Wear Cuff. This enables a man to wear his shirt twice as long before sending it to the laundry. It cuts your laundry bills on shirts clean in two.

It adds months to the life of your shirt, because everyone knows that laundering a shirt is harder on it than wearing it.

And remember:—

These shirts cost no more than good shirts should.

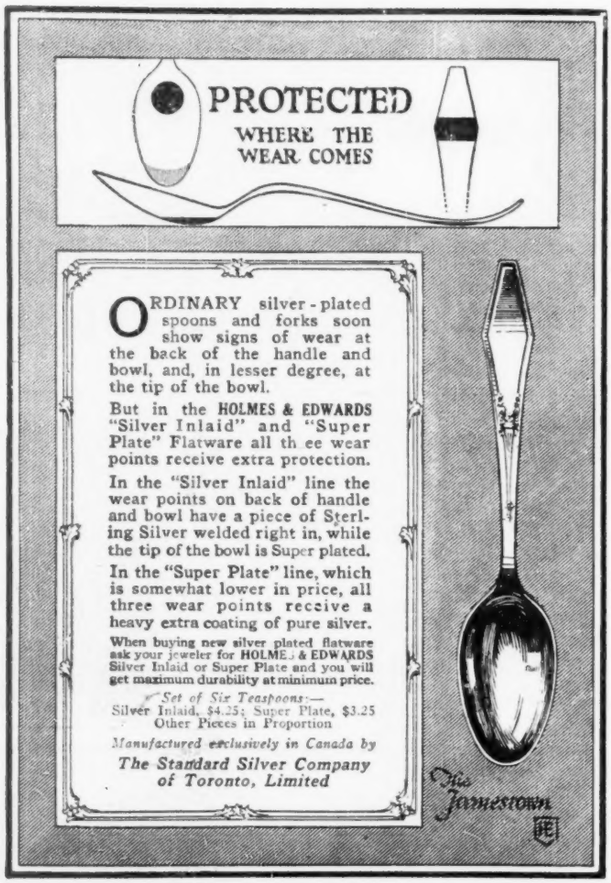
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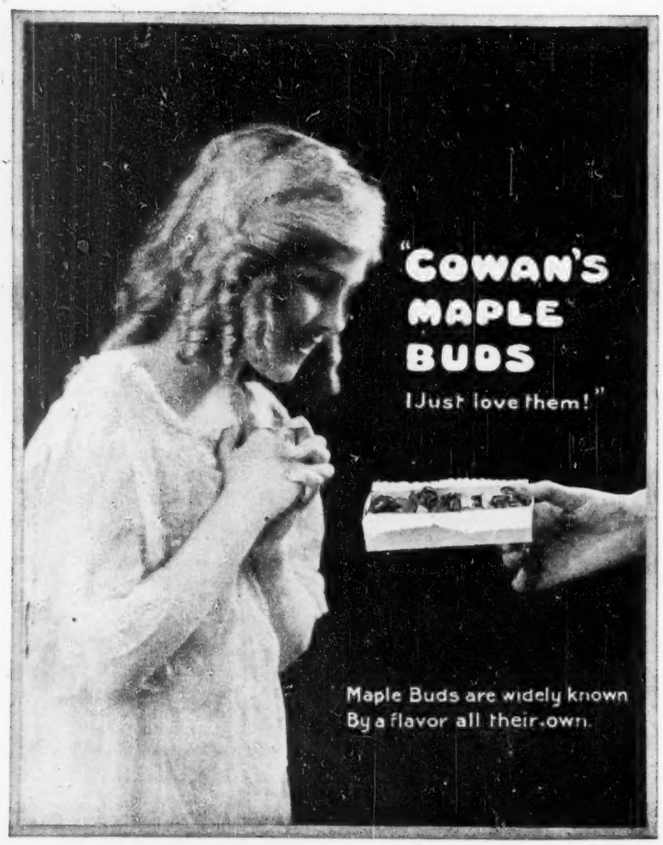
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Shirts with
DOUBLE WEAR CUFFS
Trade Mark *Patented 1918*

"the cuff that doubles the life of the shirt"

212





one who can. Cut off your gasoline—it is only for three seconds. Throttle her down just for three seconds till you are safely past. Your wheels are only five feet from his precious little curly head. If he, in the rigor of the game, runs backwards only five feet, and trips ever so little, then that little golden head! O Horrors! God forbid your good motor should ever be dabbled in blood. You can prevent it! Listen. Learn to regard the first sight of a child on a street as a Danger Signal. Train yourself automatically to cut off speed when you see that Danger Signal. Then you will never put yourself in the awful position of one who sees that in another instant he is going to kill a child *and is unable to stop himself from causing that tragedy!* Always give yourself a chance. You won't really lose any time. To kill anybody is to lose a lifetime! Look for a clear road. No dashing past a motor on your right and risking some child's jumping out from its shelter right under your wheels. Give yourself a chance. You will make up time in the rest of your life. You will often get a clear road.

Who killed the children? Not You! Do your bit in taking charge of all Canada's children, and the mark of blood will never brand your wheels nor grieve your heart.

Fitting Boys for Service

Sane Military Training for Public Schools

By Dr. WOODS HUTCHINSON

THE terrible events of the last four years have driven into our minds with a logic as inescapable as brutal, that, however confident we may be of peace for the future, it is no longer safe to continue without preparing to defend ourselves against the dangers that undeniably may threaten us as a nation.

Profoundly as we may regret and even bitterly as we may loathe the necessity, it has plainly become the part of common prudence to include in the training of our boys some small measure, at least, of such information and acquirement as will fit them for the defence of their country should the need arise, even though we fervently hope that it never will. The most philosophic course appears to be to admit the necessity and to see how much we can save from the wreck. That is to say, how much war training can be given which will, at the same time, be of value in peace and industry if war should ever come. Looked at from this point of view, the problem becomes a more cheerful one. Indeed, we have some ground for hoping that, especially under the radically changed conditions of modern warfare, we may be able to introduce into the curricula of our schools many subjects and branches which will balance some of its defects and be of fundamental and lasting value to the rising generation.

One obvious and indisputable advantage of the inclusion of military subjects and training in our school curricula would be the correction of the dreadful tendency toward "indoorness" and desk- and book-work of our present system. To keep children in a state of muscular suspended animation and mental catalepsy is termed discipline, and the preservation of an appearance of order is rated as one of the highest and most important functions of a teacher. To this desk-paralysis tendency, military training would furnish a valuable antidote. It has its discipline, but it is active instead of passive—harmony in doing something instead of unanimity in doing nothing, an outdoor instead of an indoor drill. If military training were to take the form, say, of half an hour's marching, countermarching, group skirmishing; half an hour's shelter-making, trenching, and "digging in"; and half an hour of group calisthenics, either outdoors or in the gymnasium, so as to take the youngsters out of the deadly schoolroom for an hour and a half out of the sacred five or six, it would be a benefit in every way. It would give them no more exercise than they need to keep them in health, it would quicken and sharpen their minds so markedly that they would do even more book-work in the school-day than they did before, and thus, instead of time lost, it would be time gained. Perfectly good military drill and training could be given in marches, hikes, plays, scouting, fortification-building and attacking, scaling and besieging games, which would neither overstrain nor make undue demands upon the immature muscles and minds of young boys, nor be anything more than vigorous, wholesome, enjoyable exercises in the open air, physically beneficial from every point of view.

ANOTHER part of the training for modern warfare which would have a valuable corrective effect upon our house-bound system of education is the field and camp side of it. Much as it has changed in some respects, war upon one side is still emphatically woodcraft, hunting, and scouting. The modern soldier must know how to estimate and make a mental map, a naked-eye survey of his country, so as to find his way about in it and take advantage of its natural features for attack or defence. He must know the capacities and difficulties and advantages of different kinds of country. He must know just where the bad spots in a particular sweep of country will come; just where an enemy could lie in wait; just where a valley could be crossed readily, or would be almost impassable, and what kind of going would probably be found under each particular type of timber. This means that he must come to know the open country for miles all about his home town and as much farther off as is necessary to give every different variety of lie possible.

This can be acquired only by constant and habitual tramping and hiking and exploring in all sorts of weather, at all seasons of the year, at every hour of the day and night. And if a day or even a day and a half each week of the regular school routine were to be devoted to scouting and camping and sham-battle explorations of this description, it would be time well spent. As a practical basis for the study of geography, agriculture, pioneer history, zoology, botany—indeed, of nearly everything that goes into school-books—these exploring and scouting excursions and surveys would be invaluable.

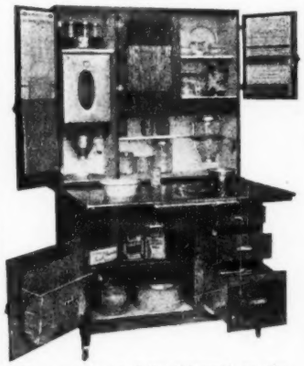
Another point at which intelligent modern military training would greatly strengthen and enrich the present curricula is on the side of hygiene, physiology, and sanitation. The modern army, when in camp, is one of the greatest schools of health in the world. Every man who enters it must not only be physically fit, but must know how to keep himself so, how to balance his diet, what dangers to avoid in his drinking-water, how to protect himself from the weather, how to steer clear of risks of infection. It is no longer sufficient for the army doctor and commissariat officer to be informed upon these subjects. They lay down the rules and provide the raw material, so to speak, but the real work of health protection is done by the non-commissioned officers, by the squads detailed for service under them, and by the soldier in the ranks.

THE deadliest enemies of armies in the field are not bullets, but bugs; not battle-wounds, but camp-diseases—typhoid, pneumonia, dysentery, rheumatism, cholera. Granted a fair amount of courage and intelligence (and the

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average in both these basic qualities runs pretty much the same in all nations), the man who can take care of and depend on his health under all circumstances, so as to be fit at all times and capable of prolonged endurance in forced marches, long sieges, and week-long battles, will make the best soldier. There is no human activity which so vividly illustrates and enforces the value of personal hygiene, preventive medicine, and community sanitation as does modern war. When a half-civilized, or tropical, or even easy-going average civilized town is taken over and occupied by a modern army, it gets such a cleaning up, sanitation, model health service, and suppression of nuisances generally as it never had before.

The military motive for the care of the health and community hygiene is of particular value in getting boys interested in these subjects. They are apt to think, with perhaps some shade of excuse, that to be particular about one's health and the tidiness of one's surroundings is unmanly and old-maidish, if not a trifle cowardly. But when it comes to keep themselves, their company and regiment and camp fit and ready to defend their country, then they will fairly turn themselves inside out in their efforts for spotlessness and wholesomeness.

Last, but by no means least, comes the enormous and dominant, or at least overwhelmingly preponderating part played by mechanics and engineering in modern warfare. While a soldier must be taught to march and to shoot and to take care of himself in the open, man for man, the heaviest, the most important, most deciding part in modern campaigning is coming to be played by the intelligent skilled mechanic, the scientific craftsman.

ALMOST everything that we do to train our children for modern industrial life trains them also for modern war, with its field telephones and telegraphs, its helio signal-stations, its wireless plants, its aeroplanes, its underground galleries and mines with their scores of miles of electric lighting and communications, its huge cannon, which look like a combination of a machine shop and an observatory on wheels, its troop trains, its ammunition trains, its hospital trains, its bath trains, its thousands of motors in every conceivable form—motor ambulances, fleets of motor lorries for the swift transportation of reserve battalions to the weak spot in the line of battle, auto-trucks, motor-driven kitchens on wheels. The man behind the gun is no longer a picturesque hero in a gaudy uniform, with a flashing sword or shining gun—even the firing-line has got down to khaki now—but a hard-working, prosaic, master mechanic in blue overalls with grease-marks on them.

We send our sons out not to fight muzzle to muzzle, or struggle breast to breast with the bayonet and the butt, but to be chewed up by machinery and crushed by pile-drivers and trip-hammers. The pile-drivers and trip-hammers don't kill any larger percentage of them than the bullets and the bayonets and the swords and the pikes did, but it makes the naked horribleness of the thing called war a little more sickeningly obvious.

But war for us is fortunately not an immediate probability. Glorious as it is to die for one's country, comparatively few people will ever enjoy that privilege. On the other hand, it is even greater to live for one's country, and that is possible for every citizen, although we seem to have forgotten—or almost so—that the latter is almost as patriotic as the former. So while some such system of military training as has been sketched would provide very valuable instruction for embryonic soldiers in the event of war, its greatest value, to which the military aspect is but incidental, would consist of turning out to face the battle of life more efficient men and more useful citizens.



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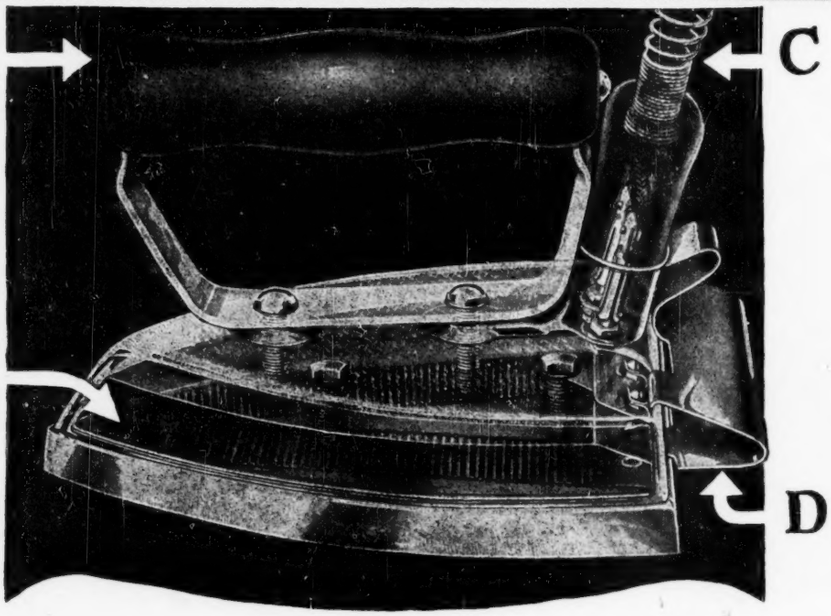
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Should you take the Canadian Beauty Iron apart you would see at (B) the tip of the element. The tape-like wire is the source of heat. It is wound around mica that is entirely free from mineral veins. This clear mica costs more, but it means better service. The winding is graduated to provide exactly the proper distribution of heat. As the point of the ironing surface is the first to strike the cold damp materials, the tip of the Canadian Beauty Iron is *extra hot.*

The element lies between the sole plate and a carefully made pressure plate which you see outlined in the picture. The element fits with such nicety of precision that no dead air spaces occur. Thus the heat is conducted from the element quickly and without loss to the ironing surface of the sole plate. Danger of burn-outs is minimized.

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Look at the attached backstand at (D) in the picture. How handy not to have to be continually lifting the heavy iron and locating the old fashioned iron rest that often gets hot and is always in the way. Just tip the Canadian Beauty iron up on end anywhere—the backstand is convenient—and it won't topple over.

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Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the BLOOM. Presto! Such beauty and cool freshness in a few moments! *Note:* Don't use too much BLOOM. Get a natural result.



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